1. Uno
2. Dos
3. Tres
4. Cuatro
5. Cinco
6. Seis
7. Siete
8. Ocho
9. Nueve
10. Diez
11. Once
12. Doce
13. Trece
14. Catorce
15. Quince
16. Dieciséis
17. Diecisiete
18. Dieciocho
19. Diecinueve
20. Veinte
21. Veintiuno
22. Veintidós
23. Veintitrés
24. Veinticuatro
25. Veinticinco
26. Veintiseis
27. Veintisiete
28. Veintiocho
29. Veintinueve
30. Treinta
31. Treinta Y Uno
32. Treinta Y Dos
33. Treinta Y Tres
34. Treinta Y Cuatro
35. Treinta Y Cinco (Fin)
36. EL PLUS

Uno

Jennie flopped onto her bed, exhausted, eyes stinging from lack of sleep. She hadn't rested at all, just dropped by the house to change clothes. Her mind was spinning, her body running on empty. Her mother, Ji-hyun Kim, had been rushed to the hospital again. Another confinement. Another round of worrying.

It was her heart again. Her mom had a chronic heart condition, and things had only gotten worse since Jennie's dad passed away. It's been eight months, but it still felt fresh, like it happened yesterday.

Min-ho Kim, her father, had been in Japan on business, trying to lock down a deal with some big-time Japanese investors for their import-export company. But he never made it home. His plane crashed on its way back to Korea.

Technical fault, the airline said. They took responsibility for everything—retrieving the remains, arranging for the families, and even compensating the grieving loved ones. But money didn't fix the hole that was left behind. And no amount of condolences could mend her mother's broken heart.

Her mom had never truly recovered. The grief clung to her body like a shadow. She grew weaker each day. Now, the hospital had become a second home for them. In and out, over and over again.

Jennie tried to be strong. She had to be. She'd put her entire life on hold—the business, her appointments, everything. Investors from overseas had been waiting to meet with her, but she just couldn't leave her mother alone at the hospital.

Thankfully, the merger happened just in time.

Her parents, along with their longtime partners—the Kim family—had decided to combine their businesses into one. That's how KMCorp. (KIMCorporation) came to life.

Now, Kim Taehyung—the eldest son of the Kim partners—was the CEO and Chairman. He was the one managing most of the company's operations. Importing raw materials like coal, oil, and other essentials from Australia, Africa, and Russia... processing them in Korea, and then exporting finished goods to the US, Europe, China, and Japan. That was their game.

Jennie was originally in charge of production, but with her constantly at the hospital, Taehyung had taken over her department temporarily. She appreciated him stepping in. Still, it didn't sit well with her to leave her responsibilities behind, even for family. But right now... her mom came first.

She lay there staring at the ceiling, eyes blank. At just twenty-two, she was already drowning in the mess of corporate life. Fresh out of college with her Business Administration degree, she jumped straight into the family business, working side by side with her dad. Now she's twenty-eight, still stuck, and busier than ever running the company.

It felt like yesterday when she told him, "Dad, I'm ready. Let me help you."

She wiped a tear from her cheek. It never got easier.

The pain was quiet, but deep. Her dad wasn't just a father—he was her mentor, her number one supporter, the man who always made her feel like she could do anything. She had been so close to both her parents. And now, seeing her mom wither away every day... it was breaking her.

And then there was that chapter of her life. The one mistake that still haunted her.

Ten years ago.

She was eighteen, young and painfully naïve. She thought love was

enough. That strong emotions could solve everything. That being in love could conquer all. She believed in that fairytale once.

But she was wrong.

She scoffed quietly to herself. The kind of bitter smile that only people who've been burned could wear. She swore she'd never let herself get to that place again. Never again would she fall that hard, love that recklessly, or give someone the power to break her like that.

She refused to be that girl again.

With a heavy heart, Jennie stood up. She needed to go. She had meetings lined up—rescheduled ones that couldn't wait any longer. Her mom was stable for now, and she knew her mom would hate it if she let everything fall apart.

Jennie took a quick shower and changed into a crisp white blouse and beige slacks. Professional. Clean. Sharp. But inside, she felt hollow—like she was moving on autopilot.

She looked at herself in the mirror.

Her face looked tired. There were shadows under her eyes from all the sleepless nights. Her cat-like eyes were slightly swollen from crying. Her cute round face and chubby mandu cheeks still had that natural glow. Her small pointed nose, defined jawline, and naturally pink lips looked perfect even without makeup. She didn't even bother putting on lipstick these days.

Her skin was flawless and fair. At 5'4", she looked taller than she actually was, thanks to her posture—always straight, always poised. She hated heels, preferring flats or sneakers, and her long black hair was almost down to her waist now.

She was slim, toned—though her dad used to tease her by calling her "his little anaconda," joking about how she could eat like a sumo wrestler and never gain a pound. She smiled faintly at the memory.

Those were good times. Happy times. Simple.

Now? Everything was complicated.

She grabbed her bag, glanced at her phone—another message from the office—and headed out. Another long day ahead. Another day of pretending to be okay. Another day without her dad. Another day hoping her mom would make it through.

And somehow, despite it all, she kept going. Because that's what Jennie Kim did. Even with a heavy heart, she moved forward.

For her mom. For her dad.

And maybe, one day... for herself too.

—

"Ms. Jennie, your coffee is here," Mina greeted warmly as she walked in with a tray. "By the way, Ms, Sir Taehyung just called. He said he's already on his way here."

Jennie looked up from the documents she'd been reviewing, offering a small nod. "Thanks, Mina. Just let him in when he arrives, okay?"

Kim Taehyung—her fiancé.

He wasn't just a business partner. He was the son of her father's long-time friend and business associate. They met two years ago through their families, who arranged for them to get to know each other. Thankfully, there was no pressure to rush into anything. Their parents gave them space to spend time together, see if things could work out naturally.

And surprisingly... they did, in a calm and quiet sort of way.

He was tall, undeniably handsome, always polite and thoughtful. She could tell he'd make a good husband—and probably a great father too. He was stable, grounded. Everything a woman could ask for, at least on paper.

Jennie had done her part, too. She tried to meet him halfway, to match his efforts and kindness. There weren't any fireworks

between them—no breathless moments or dizzying passion. But there was respect, and that counted for something.

So when he proposed, she said yes.

At twenty-eight, she figured it was time to start her own family. And she knew their marriage would make her parents happy—especially her mom, who needed some joy back in her life. Taehyung came from a good family, had a good reputation, and shared the same business goals. It just made sense.

She glanced at the engagement ring on her finger—an heirloom passed down from Taehyung's ancestors, given only to the firstborn son's bride. She traced her thumb over the band absentmindedly.

Before long, there was a soft knock on the door.

"Ms. Jennie, Sir Taehyung's here," Mina said, peeking in.

Taehyung entered with a gentle smile, but his eyes were filled with concern. "Hey... how are you feeling, hon?"

Jennie straightened in her seat. "I'm managing. Barely," she joked lightly.

"If you're not up for tonight, it's fine," he said, stepping closer. "My parents will understand. Especially with your mom still in the hospital."

Jennie shook her head, smiling faintly. "I can't miss their anniversary celebration. I talked to Mom last night—she made me promise I'd go. She said if she can't attend, I should be there for both of us. And besides... it's also our engagement announcement, remember?"

She looked at him with a serious expression. "We need to look united if we want the investors to trust us more."

Taehyung nodded, squeezing her hand gently. "Okay. As long as you're sure."

That was one thing they both had in common—they were practical

thinkers. No sugarcoating, no illusions. Their relationship was rooted in goals and logic. And she was... content.

Or so she told herself.

Liar . A voice whispered inside her. *You're lying to yourself.*

Jennie pushed the thought away and turned back to Taehyung with a soft sigh. "So, what time are you picking me up?"

"Would 7p.m. work?"

She gave a short nod. "That's fine."

Taehyung's expression turned more serious. He shifted gears almost immediately—back into business mode. "Oh—almost forgot. I arranged a quick meeting with our Russian investor at Grand Hyatt Seoul today. We've got an hour to prepare."

Jennie blinked. "Today? That's fast?"

"I just found out this morning. There's increasing pirate activity along the African route. We need to reroute our shipments before it gets worse."

"Yeah, I got a report about that last week. I haven't had time to go through it in detail though... I've been at the hospital."

"You can scan through it on the way," he offered. "We'll go over the main points together."

Jennie nodded again, grabbing a brown envelope and sliding the documents inside. She left Mina some quick instructions, then followed Taehyung out the door.

They arrived early at the hotel. While waiting for the Russian team, they ordered some drinks and settled in.

Jennie flipped through the papers silently, eyes scanning each line with practiced focus. Not long after, their guests arrived and the meeting began.

It dragged on until late afternoon. Both of them were exhausted when it finally wrapped up.

"Hon," Taehyung said, rubbing his neck, "It's already 4 p.m. We should eat now before the party. You know we won't get a decent meal later."

Jennie smiled. "Good point. I could use a little recharge."

They called for a waiter and placed their orders. But as they waited, Jennie noticed something off. Taehyung seemed... restless. Like something was bothering him.

"What's going on?" she asked, setting her glass down. "You've been fidgeting since earlier. Is it business? What is it?"

He hesitated. "I didn't want to bring this up, especially not today... but I think you need to know."

Jennie sat up straighter.

"There's talk that someone's trying to buy us out."

Her brows furrowed. "What do you mean?"

"I just got confirmation that someone purchased forty percent of our company shares. And from what I've heard, they're offering the other shareholders very high prices to sell too."

Jennie stared at him, speechless.

"We own thirty percent combined," he continued. "But if this person —or whoever they are—manages to get a majority, there could be a full-blown takeover."

She exhaled sharply, the weight of it sinking in.

"Then we really need to be solid tonight," she said firmly. "We need to assure the investors that everything is stable—that we're stable. With the global market so shaky, we can't afford to lose their trust."

Taehyung looked at her, admiration flickering in his eyes. "You

have no idea how lucky I am you said yes to marrying me."

Jennie gave him a small smile. "It's a partnership, Taehyung. That's what this is."

He reached out and took her hand again. "I'll take care of you and your mom, Jennie. You won't regret choosing me."

Jennie's gaze softened. "We're practical people. Love?" She gave a short laugh. "It's just a fleeting emotion most people use to get what they want—or to manipulate others."

"At least we both know where we stand," she added. "No pretending."

They had talked about this before—about their past heartbreaks. Taehyung once loved someone deeply—a woman from a humble background. His parents disapproved. They pressured him to end it. He fought for her, but she disappeared without warning. No note, no goodbye. Just gone. He searched for her everywhere—across South Korea, the US, Europe, and beyond—spending years wondering if his parents had something to do with her disappearance.

Eventually, he gave up. He came home and poured everything into the business.

After their meal, Taehyung drove Jennie back to her office to pick up her car.

"I'll see you at seven," she told him as she got out.

He nodded and drove off.

Jennie headed home with just over an hour to spare. She walked into her quiet house, dropped her bag on the couch, and headed straight for the bathroom. She decided to take a long soak—she needed to relax before the night ahead.

She lit her favorite candle, a mix of citrus, soft jasmine, and baby powder, and soon the rich floral scent filled the room. That smell always grounded her—calming and a little nostalgic. She even had

matching jasmine body wash and shampoo.

As she sank into the warm water, her thoughts began to drift.

"I love your smell, Nini. So fresh, so sexy."

The voice from her past echoed in her mind—soft, teasing.

She sat up suddenly, splashing water everywhere.

"Ugh, stop it," she muttered to herself, annoyed.

She wasn't supposed to think about her. Not now. Not ever again. Maybe it was just pre-engagement jitters. That had to be it.

What she was feeling? Totally normal. It didn't mean anything.

She leaned back again, trying to shake the memory away. She needed to stay focused. Logical. Strategic.

Once, she let her heart lead the way—and it ended in heartbreak.

This time, she'd follow her head.

No risks. No drama. Just the life she planned. With Taehyung.

The life that made sense.

—

Jennie stood in front of her full-length mirror, slowly turning to check her reflection.

She had chosen to wear a stunning off-shoulder trumpet gown that shimmered subtly with linear crystal beading. The neckline gracefully framed her collarbones and the upper curves of her chest, while the back dipped just low enough to reveal the smooth expanse of her fair skin. The dress hugged her body perfectly—elegant, sexy, but tasteful. It flowed down to her ankles, just brushing the floor.

She paired it with silver three-inch stilettos, sleek and simple, giving her just the right lift. Her hair was curled softly, falling just

below her shoulders in gentle waves. She'd used a temporary curler earlier and was happy with how it turned out—not too fancy, just soft and romantic.

She kept her makeup light—peachy tones on her cheeks, a subtle nude-pink lipstick, and only a touch of shimmer on her eyelids. For her finishing touch, she wore teardrop-shaped pearl earrings with a tiny diamond accent above them.

Jennie smiled faintly at her reflection. She looked... good. Confident. Like someone who had everything together.

She could still hear her father's voice echoing in her mind:

"You portray what you are, Jennie. If you feel and look successful, you'll become successful. Board members and investors won't listen to someone who doesn't look the part—voice trembling, face unprepared."

Her smile faded just a little. God, she missed him.

"This is for you, Dad," she whispered quietly. "I hope you're proud of me."

At exactly 6:55 p.m., she heard a car pull up outside. Right on time.

Taehyung arrived looking as dashing as ever—but tonight, even more so. He wore a classic black tuxedo, perfectly tailored to his lean, tall frame. The dark color made his pale skin and sharp features stand out more. He usually wore gray suits to the office, always looking neat and composed... but tonight, he looked formal, polished—almost princely.

Jennie stepped out of her house, and Taehyung's eyes widened slightly before he let out a playful whistle.

"You look absolutely gorgeous, Mrs. Kim-to-be," he teased, grinning.

She froze for a brief second.

Mrs. Kim-to-be.

Something about hearing it out loud... made her skin crawl just a

little. It didn't sound sweet or romantic. It sounded final. Heavy.

She almost pulled her hand away from his grasp out of instinct, but she quickly caught herself.

Right. She was going to be Mrs. Taehyung Kim in a few months.

They hadn't set a date yet—everything was still on hold because of her mom's condition. But it was only a matter of time. It was happening. Eventually.

She pushed away the sudden tightness in her chest. Be practical, Jennie. That's what she always told herself. Follow your head, not your heart. That way, you won't get hurt.

After steadying herself, she gave Taehyung a soft smile. "You don't look too bad yourself, hon," she joked, smoothing a wrinkle on his sleeve.

"You ready?" he asked.

"As I'll ever be."

Taehyung led her to his black Ferrari, opened the passenger side door like a proper gentleman, and helped her in. They settled into their seats, buckled up... and then silence.

No music. No conversation. Just the faint hum of the engine and the occasional sound of passing traffic.

Jennie sat quietly, gazing out the window, her thoughts in overdrive.

She could feel her stomach knotting, nerves tangled with uncertainty.

Am I really doing this? she asked herself for what felt like the hundredth time. Am I marrying for the right reasons? Or just to avoid getting hurt again?

Everyone said marriage wasn't something you could just walk into and back out of when it got hard. It wasn't like tasting hot soup—

you couldn't just spit it out if it burned.

She sighed deeply and turned her gaze to the man beside her.

Taehyung's eyes were focused on the road. His profile looked calm, serious, even kind. He was a good man. She knew that.

He had never made her cry. He was always there, always respectful. He listened. He cared.

But... her heart didn't race when he touched her. There were no butterflies. No quiet thrills.

She stared a moment longer. He was composed, responsible. Handsome, even. Everything she should want.

And yet...

Suddenly, he turned his head and smiled at her as if he could read her thoughts. "We'll make it work," he said softly, with a confidence that almost sounded like reassurance—for her, or maybe for himself too.

Jennie didn't know what to say. Maybe he sensed it. Maybe he, too, had doubts. But like her, he was choosing to move forward anyway.

She didn't respond. She simply nodded, keeping her hands folded tightly on her lap, and watched quietly as the city lights passed them by.

They drove in silence the rest of the way to the Grand Kim Mansion, where the celebration—and the future—was waiting for both of them.

Dos

"Jennie, we're so glad you made it!" Taehyung's mother, Mrs. Kim Na-ra, greeted warmly the moment Jennie stepped into the garden. The woman was glowing in a luxurious red evening gown, adorned with dazzling jewels on her wrists, ears, and even her neck. Her elegance was impossible to miss—she practically radiated wealth and status.

"You look beautiful, Mrs. Kim," Jennie said politely, offering a respectful bow.

"Oh, you flatter me," Na-ra replied, smiling gracefully. "But truly, we're happy to see you here."

"We're very sorry to hear about your mother," Mr. Kim Chang-wook, Taehyung's father, chimed in as he approached them. "We're praying for her full and fast recovery."

"Thank you, Sir," Jennie said softly. "She's still under observation, but I'm hopeful."

Jennie looked at Mr. Kim and was surprised by how much he resembled Taehyung—same sharp eyes, same jawline. Taehyung was only slightly taller, but it wasn't hard to imagine what he'd look like in twenty or thirty years.

Then Taehyung cleared his throat and spoke up. "Actually, Mom, Dad... Jennie and I were thinking. Maybe we should postpone tonight's engagement announcement."

Jennie turned slightly to him, surprised.

Taehyung continued, his voice calm but firm. "We've already been engaged for over six months. Waiting a little longer won't hurt. We just think it would be more respectful to Jennie's mom, since she's

still in the hospital and couldn't join us tonight."

The elder Kims glanced at each other, clearly exchanging unspoken thoughts.

"I believe our son has a point," Mrs. Kim said after a moment. "It wouldn't feel right without her mother present."

Mr. Kim nodded in agreement. "Yes. Let's not push it tonight. We'll plan an engagement party soon. We'll make sure it's grand and fitting for the two of you."

Jennie felt some of the tension drain from her shoulders. She hadn't even realized how tight her chest had felt until now. She smiled, both out of relief and appreciation.

Her heart, still uncertain, hesitated. But her mind—her always rational, always practical mind—knew that Taehyung was the right choice. Maybe her cold feet were just nerves. Totally normal, right?

"You look like the color came back to your face," Taehyung teased gently. "No more panic-stricken fiancée."

Jennie rolled her eyes with a small laugh. "Please, you looked more nervous than me earlier. I almost thought you were gonna bolt."

He chuckled and gave a dramatic bow. "Touché. But thanks for being okay with postponing it."

She smiled at him, sincerely this time. "Thank you, Taehyung. That meant a lot."

He nodded and gave a little wink. "Well then, my dear Jennie... shall we go and mingle with our crowd of VIPs?"

"Absolutely. Let's go smile like toothpaste models."

The party was in full swing at the Kim family estate. Their garden was massive—elegantly decorated with fairy lights, flower arrangements, and crystal chandeliers hanging from the canopy. Soft jazz music played in the background. The place screamed old-money elegance. At least a hundred guests were scattered around,

sipping champagne and chatting in perfect, practiced poise.

Jennie had never seen so many expensive dresses and polished shoes in one place.

"Come on, I'll introduce you to everyone," Taehyung said, wrapping a gentle arm around her waist.

For the next hour, Jennie found herself stuck in the loop of smiles, handshakes, polite laughter, and endless small talk. Some of the guests were distant relatives of the Kim family, while others were potential investors—people Taehyung and Jennie needed to impress.

Her cheeks were starting to ache from smiling. Her feet were begging for relief. And honestly, if one more overly perfumed lady flashed her diamond necklace in her face and asked which designer she was wearing, she might lose it.

Jennie, breathe. You're doing this for the business. For your family. For stability, she reminded herself.

Unlike most of the guests, she wasn't born into luxury. Her parents had worked hard to build what they had. She had witnessed every step of her father's grind—every late night, every risk, every lesson. She wasn't spoiled growing up. She was sent to a private school, yes, but only because her parents prioritized education. No excess. Just what was needed.

The moment she graduated from college, she didn't take a break. She jumped right into the business to help her dad. She had earned her place at that party.

So she kept smiling. Kept shaking hands. Kept being the poised fiancée.

She probably looked like a walking toothpaste commercial by now.

Eventually, she leaned toward Taehyung and whispered, "Would you like something to drink?"

"Sure," he said, still in mid-conversation with one of the investors.

"What would you like?"

Jennie laughed softly. "Don't pretend to be all chivalrous now. I can see it in your eyes—you're dying to convince Mr. Lee to invest in KK Corp."

Taehyung smirked. "You know me too well."

Then, without warning, he leaned in and playfully pinched her nose. "You're the cutest business partner I've ever had."

He kissed her forehead gently. To anyone watching, they looked like the perfect couple—sweet, affectionate, in love.

Then he pulled her closer by the waist, his breath warm against her ear as he whispered, "I swear, our acting tonight is award-winning. This feels like a K-drama scene."

Jennie grinned and whispered back, "I'd say more like Oscar-level."

Her eyes twinkled with playful sarcasm. She gave a polite nod to Mr. Lee before excusing herself to head to the refreshment table.

As she walked away, she found herself smiling. Not because she was in love. Not because she was overwhelmed with emotion. But because she knew how to play the game.

She was Jennie Kim—strong, smart, and strategic.

And tonight, that would be enough.

—

From a distance, a pair of dark, intense eyes had been watching her and Taehyung like a hawk—burning, narrowed, and practically seething with quiet fury. The owner of those eyes was none other than Dr. Lalisa Manoban. Her tan skin looked even shining under the golden glow of the garden lights, but what stood out the most was the silent storm brewing in her eyes.

"How dare she get engaged to someone else?" Lisa muttered in her head, jaw clenching tightly. "She has no right. She made a promise

to me. To us. And now she's standing there like nothing ever happened?"

Lisa's hand twitched slightly, snapping her back to the present when the woman beside her—Somi—lightly tugged at her arm and motioned toward the table where Taehyung and Jennie were now seated.

Meanwhile, Jennie returned to the table with two drinks in hand, the soft clink of the glass against the table breaking Taehyung's conversation. She had taken a small detour to the bar earlier—just one shot of tequila, nothing crazy, just enough to calm her nerves. For some reason, her chest felt tight tonight. Her instincts were buzzing, her skin prickling. Something just didn't feel right. And the tension in her gut was relentless.

Dutch courage, she reminded herself. Just a little liquid courage.

"I got your drink, hon," she said sweetly, linking her arm through Taehyung's and sliding the glass of orange juice in front of him.

"Thanks, hon." Taehyung smiled, then gestured toward the two women standing near them. "By the way, I'd like you to meet some new friends. This is Miss Jeon Somi, one of the country's top fashion models. And this is her friend—Dr. Lalisa Manoban, an award-winning surgeon who's practiced both here and in the U.S."

And there it was.

Jennie's whole body went rigid for a second. Her eyes flicked up—and met the furious, unreadable gaze of Lisa. The Lisa. The ghost of her past. The woman who had broken her heart... and who still had the power to make her legs feel weak with just one look.

No. Not now. Not here.

But Lisa's expression didn't waver. Her jaw was tense. Her glare sharp. Her emotions were like a wildfire hiding behind her eyes—and Jennie felt the burn.

Unbelievable , Jennie thought. *She's angry? She has the audacity to be angry at me? After what she did?* Her hands clenched for a moment

before she relaxed them.

She couldn't deny it though—Lisa looked even more stunning now. Taller, broader. Her curves were more defined under that sleek black tux. Her jawline sharper. Her eyes more intense. Time hadn't dulled her appeal—if anything, it made her even more dangerous to be near.

But Jennie kept her composure. She offered a polite smile and extended her hand toward Somi first.

"It's a pleasure to meet you both," she said as calmly as possible.

Somi smiled brightly and shook her hand. "Likewise, Jennie. I've heard a lot about you."

Then Jennie turned to Lisa. And to her surprise, Lisa didn't just shake her hand—she took it between both of hers, leaned forward, and kissed it.

Not just a polite peck. It was slow. Open-mouthed. She even traced the pad of her tongue slightly against Jennie's skin—so faint, so quick, but unmistakable.

Electricity exploded through Jennie's entire body. Her breath caught in her throat. What the hell was that?

Lisa didn't let go. Not right away. She held Jennie's gaze the entire time—eyes gleaming with something dark and unspoken, a twisted smirk on her lips like she knew exactly what that kiss did to her.

Jennie yanked her hand back, forcing a shaky laugh. "Well... that was... polite."

Lisa's smirk grew. "You're very lucky, Mr. Kim," she said casually, turning to Taehyung without breaking eye contact with Jennie. "Your fiancée is breathtaking. Truly. So... when's the wedding?"

Jennie didn't give Taehyung the chance to answer.

"We haven't set a date yet," she said quickly, a little too loudly. "But we've been engaged for over six months now."

As she spoke, she very deliberately twisted her hand so that the engagement ring sparkled in the light—right in Lisa's line of vision.

Lisa just raised an eyebrow. No comment. No reaction. Nothing but that same maddening smirk.

Jennie bit the inside of her cheek. Why isn't she saying anything?

Somi, on the other hand, looked like she was two seconds away from climbing Lisa like a tree and claiming her in front of everyone. She had subtly latched onto Lisa's arm like a lifeline, pressing against her side with a smile that now looked less friendly and more possessive. It was clear: back off, she's mine.

Jennie wanted to laugh. Or maybe scream. Either would've worked.

Thankfully, Taehyung decided to fill the silence. "We've been meaning to plan the wedding, but... things have been a bit difficult," he said, his tone softening. "I'm not sure if you've heard, but Jennie's father passed away six months ago, and her mom is currently in the hospital. It just didn't feel right to start organizing something celebratory yet."

For a brief second, Lisa's teasing expression dropped. Her eyes softened—barely—and she gave a small nod.

Jennie felt something twist in her chest at that tiny moment of sincerity from Lisa.

She needed to get out of there. The tension, the memories, the weight of Lisa's presence—it was suffocating.

She straightened up, forcing a cool tone into her voice. "Miss Jeon, Dr. Manoban... please excuse us. Taehyung, I think your parents are calling us from across the lawn."

He looked up, confused. "Really?"

"Yes," she insisted quickly, slipping her hand into his. "We should go."

Taehyung nodded and stood, giving a polite nod to Somi and Lisa.

"It was nice meeting you both."

As they walked away, Jennie didn't look back.

She could still feel Lisa's kiss burning on her skin.

And she hated how much she still wanted to turn around.

—

Hours passed. The night dragged on longer than she expected. Jennie had been stuck in nonstop conversations, smiling through clenched teeth, nodding to overly chatty socialites, and enduring shallow small talk with Taehyung's parents' friends—some of whom couldn't stop bragging about their husbands' businesses or their latest European trips.

She was exhausted.

Her cheeks hurt from fake smiling, and her feet felt like they were going to fall off. She scanned the garden for Taehyung. She needed to find him and say goodbye. More than anything, she just wanted to lie down and sleep. Her head was pounding. Probably because of the tequila shots—four of them, to be exact. Add to that a glass of margarita and a couple of sips of champagne... and yeah, it was officially the most alcohol she had consumed in her life.

She wasn't drunk—just tired. Emotionally drained. And it was all because of one person: Lalisa Manoban.

She was supposed to be part of Jennie's past—buried, forgotten. Ten years. She thought she had moved on, closed that chapter for good.

But the moment she saw Lisa again... she knew she was wrong.

Lisa wasn't just under her skin. She was still there. Still powerful. Still dangerous. Still capable of shaking Jennie to her core with just one look.

Jennie finally found Taehyung by the front door, talking to one of their guests.

"Hon," she said, gently tugging his arm, "I'm heading out. I think I've maxed out my social battery for the month."

Taehyung turned to her, concern on his face. "You okay? You don't look so good."

"I'll be fine. Just tired. My head's killing me."

"I'll have the driver take you home," he offered.

Jennie shook her head. "No, let Mr. Sung rest. He's been driving you around since morning. I'll just grab a cab."

Taehyung frowned. "No way, hon. I'm taking you myself."

"What about the guests?" she asked, raising an eyebrow. "You're the host. You can't just leave."

"They'll still be here when I get back. Come on, let's go."

"Taehyung, I can handle myself. I've taken a taxi plenty of times. It's not a big deal."

Before he could argue more, a familiar voice suddenly cut in from behind them.

"I'll take her home."

Jennie froze.

That voice.

That voice that still echoed in her dreams sometimes.

She slowly turned and found Lisa standing there, casual as ever. "I'm heading out anyway," Lisa added smoothly. "I don't mind taking her."

Jennie's chest thudded. She glanced at Taehyung quickly, hoping he would say no, tell Lisa it wasn't necessary, offer some polite excuse.

But instead, he nodded. He agreed.

"Sure, if that's okay with you, Doc. I would've driven her myself, but Mom and Dad are a little overwhelmed with the guests. I really can't leave them."

Jennie stared at him in disbelief.

Seriously?!

And before she could say anything, Lisa was already leading the way, and Taehyung—like some kind of perfect gentleman—opened the door of Lisa's sleek black Lamborghini and helped Jennie into the front seat like nothing was weird.

Once inside, Lisa leaned forward to buckle her seatbelt. Her face was inches from Jennie's—close enough to steal her breath. Jennie immediately squeezed her eyes shut.

Click.

She heard the seatbelt lock in place. When she opened her eyes, Lisa's lips were curled into the tiniest, smug smile. That smile again.

The moment they exited the gates of the Kim Mansion, Lisa broke the silence. "You hungry?"

Jennie looked straight ahead, jaw tight. She didn't want to talk. Didn't want to feel. Didn't want to sit here next to her ex like it was no big deal.

She needed distance.

"I just want to go home," she muttered.

Lisa gave a knowing chuckle. "Your head hurts, doesn't it? Let me guess—empty stomach and way too much tequila."

Jennie scowled. "How would you know?"

Lisa turned toward her, eyes amused. "Because I know you. You always drink like a fish when you're stressed. You're not built for hard liquor, Nini."

That name.

God.

Her heart skipped without permission. Nini. The endearment only Lisa ever called her. Jennie hated that she still felt something at the sound of it. She mentally slapped herself.

"You don't get to call me that anymore," she snapped. "You're not my anything. You don't even have the right to comment on my choices. Not even Taehyung does that."

Lisa didn't flinch. "I'm impressed he let me drive you. I wouldn't, if it were me. Even if our families were close."

"There's trust between us," Jennie replied firmly.

Lisa's jaw clenched. "Funny. Trust was never something you gave me."

Jennie whipped her head toward her. "The past is the past, Lisa. Let's not go digging up the grave of what we had."

There was silence for a beat. Jennie thought that was the end of it—until Lisa murmured under her breath, "If I were your fiancé... you wouldn't be in someone else's car right now."

The air grew still.

Jennie felt the words before she even processed them. And when she did—her mouth moved before her brain caught up.

"Then where would I be, huh?"

Lisa's eyes flicked over to her, and her lips curved into a wicked grin.

"Tied to my bed," she said without hesitation. "Underneath me. Screaming my name."

Jennie choked on her own breath.

Blood rushed to her face, down her neck, and probably all the way to her toes. Her entire body felt like it was on fire. She couldn't speak. She didn't even blink.

Lisa, the shameless woman that she was, just kept her eyes on the road—smiling like she hadn't just said the most sinful thing on Earth.

Jennie cleared her throat loudly, desperate to change the subject. "There's a McDonald's near my place. It's open 24/7. We can grab something and eat at home."

"Sounds good," Lisa said easily. "We'll eat at your place. That way we can both crash after."

Jennie narrowed her eyes. "What do you mean we?"

Lisa raised an eyebrow. "Your place is in Seoul. Mine's in Daejeon. You really want me driving home this late? After I volunteered to be your hero? Where's your heart, Nini?"

"No one forced you to drive me!" she snapped.

Lisa just shrugged. "Still, I showed up like your knight in shining armor. You could at least pretend to be grateful. Besides, I'm sure your house has more than one bedroom."

Jennie groaned. Her head throbbed harder.

This was not how she expected their reunion to go. She imagined anger, maybe cold indifference. But this? This playful banter? This ridiculous tension?

Lisa was joking around like they were... fine.

And worst of all—Jennie found herself smiling.

"If you're trying to be funny, it's not working," Jennie said stiffly.

Lisa side-eyed her. "Do I look like I'm joking? These eyebags are bigger than dinner plates. I look like the walking dead."

Jennie couldn't help it—she laughed. Loudly.

"Oh please. You're still tanner than a burnt frying pan," she teased.

Lisa gasped mock-offended. "Excuse me! I spent years getting body scrubs and facials in the U.S. to brighten my skin. I've been scammed by American dermatologists!"

Jennie was still laughing when they pulled into the McDonald's drive-thru. They ordered burgers and fries, and soon enough, they were at her house.

She made hot chocolate for them both, and they ate together at her kitchen counter—quietly, comfortably.

She led Lisa to the guest room, needing the space to breathe. But Lisa paused at the doorway, raising a brow at the two-bedroom gap between their rooms.

She looked at Jennie's face for a second... then gave a slow, knowing smile.

"Good night, Nini," she whispered.

Jennie didn't reply. She just turned around and walked straight into her own room, locking the door behind her.

She needed a shower. A cold one. And about ten hours of sleep.

Because somehow... Lisa was still dangerous.

And Jennie wasn't sure if she was strong enough to resist.

Tres

She had probably been tossing and turning for an hour now. Jennie had no idea why sleep refused to visit her tonight. She was exhausted earlier—her whole body ached from everything that happened during the day—but now? She was wide awake like a zombie, eyes wide open, staring at the dark ceiling of her room.

She turned over again, burying her face in her pillow.

"Ugh," she groaned softly. "What the hell is wrong with me?"

Her mind, of course, had one answer. Lisa.

How was she doing now? Was she already asleep? Was she dreaming? Peacefully curled up under the covers—probably not even thinking of her...

Jennie shut her eyes tight, hoping to block out the memories that were starting to crawl their way back in like they always did when the world went quiet.

But it was useless. The past came knocking—louder than ever.

———

FLASHBACK

Jennie was seventeen when she first met Lisa.

She had just started her freshman year in Business Administration at Ewha Womans University. Back then, she and her family were still living in Busan, so the daily commute to Seoul wasn't even an option. Her parents eventually agreed to let her stay in the dorms.

They weren't too worried—Ewha was a strict all-girls university run by super conservative nuns. The dorms were under tight surveillance, and rules were posted practically on every hallway wall.

And it was there where she first met Roseanne Park Manoban.

Rosé was bubbly, talkative, and instantly likable. They hit it off right away. They became dormmates, classmates, and pretty soon, practically inseparable. Despite being total opposites in personality, they clicked. It was a little weird how much they agreed on everything—same taste in food, same pet peeves, even the same guilty pleasure K-dramas.

One day while they were eating instant noodles on the dorm balcony, Rosé started talking about her family.

"You know, I have a twin sister," she said, slurping the last of her noodles.

Jennie blinked. "You do?"

"Yup. Her name's Lisa. She's at Seoul National University, also a first-year, but she's pre-med. Total opposite of me."

Jennie tilted her head. "Is she nice?"

"She's okay," Rosé said with a little smirk. "She's... let's just say, flirty. She's got that tan skin, that cool-and-confident vibe. Kind of a heartbreaker, if you ask me."

Jennie laughed. "So not my type. And I'm straight, okay? I'm not into girls."

"I know," Rosé giggled. "You're into the pale, quiet types. My sister's more... dark and dangerous. And she can bend all the straight girls—she's flirty and hot. She even has a deep secret that would make any girl fall for her and scream for her. But it's not my place to tell that secret."

Jennie raised her brows. "Seriously? Is she even good-looking?"

Rosé pulled out her phone and showed a photo. It was Lisa, standing on a beach in a white shirt, her tan skin glowing under the sun, her round face giving off that sharp-yet-soft doll-like charm. Her features were

striking—defined cheekbones, strong jawline, and eyes that looked like they could stare into your soul.

"Okay... I'll admit, she's kinda good-looking and hot" Jennie muttered.

Rosé grinned. "Told you."

Jennie didn't think much of it at the time.

Not until Rosé's 18th Birthday.

It was her first time at the Manoban residence. Jennie wore a soft peach gown that complimented her pale skin. She wasn't part of the cotillion because she had to help her mom with their family business earlier in the day, but she still showed up looking fresh and elegant.

The moment she walked into the house, loud music and voices filled the air. Rosé greeted her at the door with a tight hug.

"You look so pretty!! Come, I'll introduce you to everyone."

Jennie was then dragged through a crowd of relatives, family friends, and cousins. And that's when she saw her—Lisa.

And oh god, she looked even better in person.

Lisa was leaning against a doorway, wearing a crisp white shirt, one hand in her pocket, smirking like the world was her playground. Her skin had this golden tan glow that stood out in the sea of pale faces, and her confidence made it even more magnetic.

But Jennie wasn't interested—not in her. Her eyes immediately locked onto someone else: Kai, Lisa and Rosé's older cousin. He was mestizo, tall, charming, and three years older. Totally her type.

Unfortunately, he was taken.

"I know, sis," Rosé said in a low voice as Jennie watched Kai from across the room. "He and Krystal have been dating for two months."

Jennie sighed. "Figures. All the good ones are taken."

"Hey," Lisa suddenly cut in, appearing out of nowhere like a ghost. "I'm available."

Jennie blinked. "Excuse me?"

Lisa smirked. "Just saying. Why go for someone who's taken when you've got someone tall, pretty handsome, and single right in front of you?"

"Lalisa, back off," Rosé said, rolling her eyes. "She's not into your type, okay? Jennie likes Korean types. Pale. Clean cut. Not... sun-kissed and cocky."

Lisa only laughed. "Can't blame a girl for trying."

From that moment on, Lisa never stopped trying.

She kept her eyes on Jennie the whole night. No one else dared come near—not when Lisa stood just a few feet behind her like some personal security detail. She didn't even care how obvious it looked.

After that night, Lisa started showing up at their dorm more often.

She'd "drop by" to see Rosé, but somehow always managed to pull Jennie into conversation. Sometimes, she'd bring snacks. Other times, she'd convince Rosé to tag along for late-night street food runs—and of course, Jennie had to come too.

Eventually, Jennie started to look forward to those visits.

Then one evening, while they were walking back from a convenience store, Lisa just blurted it out.

"I like you," she said simply.

Jennie stared at her, stunned.

"And... I want to be honest with you," Lisa continued, her voice quieter this time. "I'm intersex."

There was no dramatic pause. No pity party. Just honesty.

Jennie didn't know what to say at first. It was a lot. She had never met

anyone like Lisa before—not just because of her identity, but because of the way she owned it. There was no shame, no hesitation.

At first, Jennie felt unsure. Confused, even. But over time, Lisa's warmth, her honesty, her care—it all got to her.

And eventually... she said yes.

She said yes to being with Lisa.

She said yes to the way Lisa looked at her like she was made of stars.

She said yes to being held, cared for, and loved like she had never experienced before.

And just like that—despite everything she thought she knew about her "type"—Jennie fell. Completely, hopelessly, deeply.

—

Just before Jennie's eighteenth birthday, her father finally returned home after working abroad for years.

Her parents had been planning for her birthday for weeks, wanting to make it special now that the whole family was complete. It wasn't just any birthday—it was her debut, and everything had to be perfect.

As expected, Rosé and Lisa were among the first to arrive. They were practically family by now.

The backyard was filled with lights, soft music, and tables filled with food and guests. Jennie was busy making her rounds, greeting relatives and family friends, but her eyes always seemed to drift toward Lisa—who, of course, hadn't stopped staring at her since she walked in wearing that flowing pink dress.

Jennie was fixing a plate of food when Lisa suddenly appeared beside her.

"Nini," she said sweetly, using her nickname. "Can we... go to your garden for a bit?"

Jennie raised an eyebrow. "What now, Ms. Lalisa Manoban? I have guests to entertain, in case you forgot." She tried to sound annoyed, but her tone gave her away. There was a smile tugging at her lips.

Lisa grinned, cocking her head to the side. "Come on, just five minutes. I swear, no pranks. Just... come with me."

Jennie sighed dramatically. "Fine. But if someone asks where I went, I'm blaming you."

Lisa laughed as they slipped away from the crowd and into the quieter part of the Kim family's garden, where fairy lights glowed softly under the moonlight.

"You know I'd follow you anywhere, right?" Jennie murmured as they walked.

"I was about to say the same thing," Lisa said with a smirk.

When they reached the center of the garden, Lisa suddenly turned serious. Her playful aura softened, and she took Jennie's hands gently in hers.

"You've been clinging to me all night," Jennie teased, trying to lighten the tension. "Touching my hand every chance you get. Taking advantage of my weakness, huh?"

Lisa let out a soft chuckle. "You're calling me the clingy one? You've been eyeing me since the party started. I felt your stare the moment I walked in."

Jennie rolled her eyes and smacked her lightly on the arm. "Whatever. What are we doing out here anyway?"

Lisa didn't answer. Instead, she reached into the pocket of her coat and pulled out a small velvet box.

Jennie's breath caught in her throat.

Lisa slowly knelt down on one knee, her eyes never leaving Jennie's.

"I know what people might say. That we're too young. That this is just

puppy love. But Jennie," she said quietly, voice steady and full of emotion, "this isn't just a phase for me. I feel it in my bones—you are the one I want to grow old with."

She opened the box to reveal a delicate ring.

"I want to spend every birthday with you, until we're old and wrinkled, and my knees ache from chasing our kids around. I want to be there when you're happy, when you're tired, when life gets messy. So... Jennie Kim, my Nini... will you marry me?"

Jennie gasped, covering her mouth as tears welled up in her eyes.

She hadn't expected it—not tonight. And yet, every part of her heart screamed yes. She had loved Lisa for nearly a year, deeply and fiercely. She knew Lisa. Knew her flaws, her truths, even her identity as an intersex—and none of it ever made her hesitate.

Through her tears, she whispered, "Yes. Yes, of course I will."

Lisa stood up, slipping the ring onto her finger before pulling her into a warm, shaky hug.

They stayed like that in the quiet garden, hearts pounding, completely unaware of the world beyond the fairy lights.

———

Later that night, Jennie sat down with her parents in the living room, still glowing from the proposal. Her mom noticed the ring immediately.

"Jennie... is that a—?"

Jennie nodded and took a deep breath. "I wanted to tell you right away. Lisa proposed. And I said yes."

Her dad's eyes widened, clearly caught off guard. Her mom gasped quietly but didn't say a word—just stared at Jennie's face as if trying to read every thought.

"She makes me really happy, mom... dad. I know we're young, but this isn't just a rush. We've been together for almost a year now. And I'm

sure."

Her mother, who had grown very fond of both Rosé and Lisa over time, especially after learning about Lisa's intersex condition and how courageously she carried herself, gently reached out to hold Jennie's hand.

"I believe you," she said. "I see the way she looks at you, and how you look back at her. She loves you."

Jennie nodded tearfully. "I promise I'll still finish college. I'll help with the family business, too. Nothing will change that."

Her father remained quiet for a long while before finally letting out a sigh.

"Lisa is... different," he said slowly. "But if you've thought this through, and if you're truly happy, then I won't stand in your way. Just keep your promises. Finish your studies first."

Jennie's face lit up. "Thank you, dad! I promise I will."

———

A week later, Lisa, Rosé, and their parents formally came over to Jennie's house to ask for her hand in marriage.

Jennie's mom, ever the gracious host, welcomed them warmly. She had grown to love the Manoban twins like her own daughters.

Jennie's father, though still reserved, respectfully welcomed them and joined them at the table.

Both Lisa and Jennie vowed in front of everyone that they would still prioritize their education, and that marriage wouldn't distract them from their responsibilities.

After some heartfelt conversations, laughter, and the passing of snacks and tea across the table, both families eventually agreed on a date.

The wedding would take place two months later—during summer vacation.

That way, they could celebrate without missing classes.

And just like that, a new chapter in their love story officially began.

Cuatro

After the Manobans left, Jennie was still in her room, admiring the ring on her finger when a knock came on her door.

It was her dad, Min-ho.

He stepped inside quietly, his face unreadable. "Can I talk to you for a bit, Jenjen?"

Jennie sat up and nodded. "Of course, Dad."

He took a seat at the edge of her bed, eyes roaming the room before settling on her face.

"You really sure about this decision?" he asked, voice calm but heavy.

"I am," Jennie replied without hesitation. "I know what you're thinking, Dad. That I'm too young. That maybe this is just infatuation or a phase. But I've thought about it. A lot. And I know what I feel for Lisa is real. I love her. Deeply. She's the one I want to spend the rest of my life with."

Min-ho remained silent for a while, studying her with eyes filled with both concern and a quiet kind of heartbreak.

Jennie leaned closer, her voice softening. "Sometimes I feel like my heart's going to burst just thinking about spending forever with her. That's how happy I am. I think... that's how you feel about Mom, right?"

Min-ho turned his gaze toward the window, the corner of his lips twitching slightly. "You have two more months to really think it over. No rush. You know the Manobans are well-off, and I don't doubt Lisa's sincerity. But... you're still young. It wouldn't hurt to enjoy your youth a little more."

Jennie grinned playfully. "Dad, I am enjoying my youth. With Lisa."

Min-ho sighed and stood up, ruffling her hair gently. "Just think it through, Jenjen. Love is one thing, but life—marriage—it's not easy. It's not all fairy tales."

Jennie nodded. "I know, Dad. I promise I'm not rushing blindly."

That was all he said before leaving the room. She watched the door close behind him, her heart both full and heavy.

———

A week later...

It was a Friday afternoon. Jennie had just arrived at Lisa's boarding house near the university. They had planned to head to Busan together for the weekend. Lisa had her own car, and Jennie usually preferred riding with her instead of taking the train.

She plopped down on Lisa's bed, dropping her overnight bag on the floor. Lisa knelt in front of her, leaning on her knees so their faces were nearly level. With Jennie's 5'4" frame and Lisa's 5'9" height, this was the only way they could really look eye to eye.

"So," Jennie asked, twirling a loose strand of Lisa's hair between her fingers, "how many kids do you want?"

Lisa's eyes sparkled mischievously. "Enough to form a soccer team."

Jennie's jaw dropped. "Eleven?! Are you out of your mind?"

Lisa leaned closer. "Yep. So you better get ready, Mrs. Jennie Kim-Manoban."

Jennie rolled her eyes. "You're so annoying. You're just trying to wear me out."

Lisa smirked. "Not wear you out... pleasure you. Every. Single. Night."

Jennie laughed, giving her a playful shove. "You're ridiculous. Come on, let's get going before it gets dark."

Lisa pouted. "Wait. One kiss before we go?"

Jennie leaned in to give her a quick peck, but Lisa had other plans.

The kiss deepened. Jennie felt Lisa's hand slide gently to the back of her neck, pulling her closer. Then Lisa's tongue brushed against her lips, asking silently.

It sent a tremor down her spine. The feeling was unfamiliar... but exciting. She allowed it—responded to it.

Their breathing grew heavier as Lisa's lips trailed down her jaw, then to her neck.

Jennie's mind spun. Somewhere along the way, Lisa had unbuttoned the top of her blouse.

She gasped softly when Lisa's lips found her chest. Her fingers tangled into Lisa's hair, her body trembling as heat spread like wildfire. Lisa moved to the other side, her touch gentle but hungry.

"Liliii ahhhhmn..." Jennie moaned.

Then—just as suddenly—Lisa stopped.

She gently fixed Jennie's bra, slowly buttoned her blouse back up, and sat back with a breathless smile.

"Let's stop here," Lisa said, her voice hoarse but full of restraint. "Two more months. I'll wait. I want our first time to be... special. On our honeymoon."

Jennie bit her lip, cheeks flushed and heart racing. They were both panting lightly, faces red.

They looked at each other—and burst into laughter, trying to calm their nerves.

———

It's been over a month since Lisa officially asked Jennie to marry her—but lately, something had been feeling a little... off.

Jennie tried to brush it off at first, telling herself maybe it was just

nerves or the stress of planning. But deep down, she couldn't ignore how her dad had been acting. He wasn't angry, not exactly. He didn't say anything hurtful or raise his voice—but his silence said a lot. It was the kind of quiet that sat heavy in the room, like a fog that wouldn't lift.

She'd tried to talk to him. Several times.

"Appa, I'm still finishing school, you know that. Lisa supports that, she really does," she told him one evening as they sat in the living room, the TV playing low in the background.
"I'm not giving up the future you want for me... or the one I want for myself."

Her dad had just nodded, barely looking away from the screen.
"I know," he said. But that was it.

It hurt, more than she'd expected. She missed the comfort of their closeness, their little jokes and banter, even his usual overprotective warnings. But instead of lectures or concerns, there was just this distant, almost empty space where their connection used to be.

Then came Tuesday.

Jennie had plans with Lisa. They were supposed to meet up at Lisa's place that afternoon. Lisa had arranged for them to meet a priest—someone close to her, someone she trusted—to talk about the wedding. They wanted the ceremony to feel personal, meaningful. Jennie had been looking forward to it all week.

Lisa had given her a spare key to the boarding house a while ago. She'd used it plenty of times before, so it didn't feel weird at all to let herself in without knocking.

But the moment she opened the door... her whole world cracked in half.

There, on the bed, was Lisa. Completely naked.

And on top of her—another woman. Just as bare. Moving.

Jennie's breath caught in her throat. Her body locked up. She couldn't even speak.

The woman... she didn't even flinch. She looked Jennie straight in the eye—and didn't stop. Didn't scramble to get off. Didn't even try to hide. Just kept going, like Jennie didn't matter, like she wasn't even real.

Jennie couldn't see Lisa's face—it was turned to the side, lost in the pillows.

She didn't want to see more. She couldn't.

Her heart felt like it had shattered in the quiet of that room.

Without a word, Jennie turned around and bolted. Her hands were shaking as she fumbled with the doorknob. Her vision blurred with tears she didn't even know had started falling.

She didn't even know where she was running to. All she knew was she had to get away.

———

Days passed before Jennie agreed to see Lisa again. Her heart was shattered, and every time she replayed that moment in her head—Lisa in bed with someone else—it made her stomach twist. She didn't want to face her, didn't want to hear excuses. But eventually, after countless texts and voicemails, and some nudging from her mom who could see how deeply Jennie was hurting, she gave in.

Lisa came to the house. Jennie's parents, still shocked and disappointed, allowed it—but with stern eyes and folded arms from across the living room.

Jennie opened the door and walked into the living area slowly, her arms crossed tightly over her chest like a shield. Lisa stood the moment she saw her, looking nervous and worn out—eyes tired, face pale, like she hadn't slept properly in days.

"Please, Jennie..." Lisa's voice cracked as she stepped closer. "I swear, I don't even know who that woman was."

Jennie let out a cold laugh, standing a few feet away, not budging. "Really? That's your excuse? You don't know her? And yet there she was —on top of you. Naked. And she looked me straight in the eye like I

didn't even exist."

Lisa looked desperate, like she was clinging to whatever thread she could find. "I—I woke up with a terrible headache. My head was pounding, I could barely remember anything. I still had my boxers on, Jen. She was already dressing when I woke up. She didn't say a word. I didn't even know what happened."

Jennie's eyes narrowed, voice cutting like a blade. "Come on, Lisa. Do you think I'm that dumb? You can come up with a better lie than that. At least make it believable." She crossed her arms tighter. "This is over. Go home. And be grateful my parents even let you step inside after what you did."

Lisa's lips parted, eyes filled with disbelief and panic. "You... you really don't trust me anymore?" she asked quietly, like saying it out loud was too painful.

Jennie looked her straight in the eye. "What do you think?"

Silence.

Lisa stood there, frozen, wanting to say more—but Jennie turned away first. That was the end of it.

But Lisa didn't give up easily.

The next day, she was outside their house again. Standing by the gate, waiting. Then the day after that. Rain or shine, she was there—holding an umbrella or just getting soaked, unmoving. Sometimes with flowers. Sometimes with a letter. Always with hope.

Jennie never came out.

She watched from her bedroom window sometimes, hidden behind the curtain. Tears slipped down her cheeks silently as she watched Lisa waiting, but she couldn't do it. Her heart couldn't survive another break.

It didn't matter how much she loved her. Something had cracked too deep inside her. And love didn't feel safe anymore.

Eventually, the house was packed.

Her parents had decided—it was time to move. Seoul would be a fresh start. Jennie didn't argue.

She left the dorm, but didn't transfer schools. Just needed space. She deleted and blocked their numbers, burned all their old photos—like ripping out pages she didn't want to read again.

She cut off every tie, every chance of going back.

By the next semester, Rosé was gone too. No goodbyes. No explanation.

Word going around was that the entire Manoban family had moved to the States. Just disappeared—like they were never there.

And just like that... it was over.

Flashback Ends...

—

Jennie slowly blinked back to the present, her chest rising and falling as memories faded into the silence of her dark room.

The weight of everything she had just remembered settled deep into her heart. The pain, the love, the laughter... the betrayal. It all still lived inside her, no matter how much she tried to bury it.

Tears continued to roll down her cheeks, one after another, soaking the edge of her pillow. She didn't bother wiping them away.

She let herself cry—quiet, tired sobs that she had kept in for too long.

"Maybe it's time," she whispered into the dark, her voice barely audible. "Maybe it's time to finally let go of all this."

Tomorrow.

Yes, tomorrow... she would talk to Lisa.

Jennie wasn't sure what would happen or what she even wanted from the conversation. Closure, maybe. Forgiveness. Or at the very

least... a proper goodbye.

They both needed it.

They had spent so long hurting in silence. Maybe, just maybe, it was time to put an end to it. Not to get back together—no, she wasn't hoping for that anymore—but maybe they could finally forgive each other.

Maybe they could even be friends someday. Who knows?

Jennie sighed, her heart aching but somehow lighter just thinking about the idea. For the first time in a long time, she allowed herself to believe that healing was possible.

She turned to her side, pulling the blanket closer to her chin, letting the steady rhythm of her heartbeat soothe her tired mind.

Eventually... sleep won over.

And after everything—after the flood of memories, the pain, the longing—Jennie finally closed her eyes.

And rested..

Cinco

It was already late afternoon by the time Jennie finally woke up.

She had slept longer than she expected—her body clearly catching up on exhaustion from all the emotional weight she'd been carrying. She stretched lazily, her limbs heavy, and dragged herself to the ensuite bathroom. After a quick shower, she slipped into fresh clothes and made her way downstairs.

One of the housemaids informed her that Lisa had already left earlier.

"She said not to wake you, ma'am. She'll just give you a call later," the maid added with a small smile.

Jennie let out a long, disappointed sigh.

She had thought Lisa would wait for her. Even just a few minutes more. Jennie had wanted to talk. Not to fight. Just... clear the air, once and for all.

They were bound to keep bumping into each other. Same social circles, same events. She had hoped they could at least learn to be civil. They didn't have to be friends—Jennie wasn't even sure if that was possible, not with how deep the wounds still ran—but maybe they could slowly begin to heal. Maybe meet halfway.

She sat at the dining table alone, picking at a light late lunch. She brought her glass of juice to her lips just as her phone buzzed on the table beside her.

She set the glass down and answered. "Hello?"

"Nini?" Lisa's voice rang gently from the other end, low and concerned. "Did you get enough rest?"

Jennie blinked, her breath catching slightly at the familiar nickname. Nini.

The way Lisa said it—soft, teasing, so warm—it was like her chest tightened automatically. Since they saw each other again, that nickname had come back like it never left. And the way Lisa said it... it still got to her.

Jennie mentally cursed herself. No. Stop. Don't fall for it again. You know better now.

She closed her eyes for a second, composing herself. "How did you get my number?" she asked sharply.

Lisa chuckled on the other end, a quiet laugh that made Jennie's chest stir despite herself. "You're still as suspicious as ever. Your maid gave it to me. I asked her for it before I left since I didn't want to wake you up. I told her I'd call you instead."

That did it.

Jennie's irritation flared. Of course Lisa would do that. Always assuming. Always charming her way through people like it was no big deal.

And just like that, her mind spiraled again—Lisa's lingering glances, the heat of her touch, the way her lips used to trail kisses down her neck... Things she didn't want to remember anymore. Things she had no place in her heart for now.

Not after what happened.

Not after what she went through to move on.

"No, Lisa. No. We're not doing this," Jennie said firmly, her voice tight. "Look, I'm fine. You're fine. The world's still spinning. So stop calling me. Stop caring. You have your own life. I have mine. You have Somi now. And in case you forgot—I'm getting married to Taehyung. Let's stop this before it gets any messier."

She took a breath, her voice rising with the bitterness she didn't want but couldn't hide. "If it were up to me, I wouldn't even want to

see your face ever again. But we both know that's impossible, right? Since we're stuck in the same damn social bubble. So let's do each other a favor. Keep your distance—and I'll keep mine."

Her chest heaved as the last word came out.

The memory of Somi clinging to Lisa the other night came rushing back like a slap. Jennie could still see the smug way Somi smiled, how possessive she looked holding Lisa's arm. Jennie didn't want to imagine how many women had come and gone in Lisa's life since that night ten years ago.

Especially in the US., huh? her mind whispered cruelly.

The ache in her chest was now a roaring fire.

Then came Lisa's low voice again, completely unbothered. "Wow. Someone woke up on the wrong side of the bed today, huh? Fine, fine. I'll call you tomorrow. Maybe by then Jack the Ripper won't be living in your head."

Jennie clenched her teeth. "I'm serious, Lisa. I don't want any communication with you ever again."

"Well, too bad," Lisa said breezily. "I do what I want. And it just so happens, hearing your voice? Seeing your face? That gives me joy. So sorry, Nini... but no can do. Get some more rest. I'll be in touch."

Click.

The line went dead.

Jennie stared at the phone in disbelief. "The nerve of that woman! Grrr—"

Her phone buzzed again. She snatched it up, fully expecting to rip Lisa a new one.

"What now?!" she snapped.

But the voice on the other end wasn't Lisa's.

"Did I call you at the wrong time, hon?" Taehyung's gentle, confused voice came through.

Jennie froze.

It felt like someone had just dumped a bucket of cold water over her head. Guilt washed over her instantly.

"No—no, of course not!" she replied quickly, forcing her voice to steady. "I just... had a prank caller earlier. Got a little annoyed, sorry."

Taehyung chuckled, but Jennie could hear the slight unease in his tone. "Okay... if you say so. Can I see you today? I'll pick you up in an hour."

From the urgency in his voice, Jennie could tell something was going on. Most likely business-related—she knew that tone.

"Make it half an hour," she said quickly. "I'll be ready."

As she ended the call, she stared at her reflection in the nearby mirror.

This day was already spiraling—and it was only just beginning.

—

Taehyung brought Jennie to a quiet, upscale restaurant tucked away in a private corner of Gangnam. It was the kind of place where everyone whispered, where chandeliers glowed warm against the dark wood walls, and where the air smelled faintly of aged wine and soft jazz.

A waiter led them to a secluded table near a tall window overlooking the city. After placing their orders, Jennie noticed how uncharacteristically quiet Taehyung had become. His fingers drummed gently on the tablecloth, his jaw set.

"Hey," she said softly. "What's on your mind?"

Taehyung looked up, met her gaze seriously, and took a deep

breath.

"There's going to be an urgent board meeting this Wednesday," he began. "Someone just bought forty-five percent of KMCorp's total shares."

Jennie's eyes widened. "That's almost half of the company..."

Taehyung nodded. "Exactly. And whoever this person is... they're planning to contest my position as CEO. That's why there's going to be a vote in three days."

"What the—?" Jennie leaned forward, stunned. "Do you have any idea who the buyer is?"

"Not yet. Everything was done through layers of shell companies. We're trying to trace it. But the fact that they want to vote so soon... means they've already done their homework."

Jennie straightened in her seat. "You already know you have my loyalty, Tae. I own fifteen percent of the company—that vote is yours."

He gave her a small smile. "And I hold another fifteen. That still leaves twenty-five percent floating among the other board members. That's what worries me."

Jennie nodded, already shifting into strategy mode. "Then we'll figure out who's on the fence and who we can count on. Talk to them. Remind them of your track record. You've brought the company to where it is now."

Taehyung reached across the table and squeezed her hand. "We'll make it through this together."

"Always," she said without hesitation.

But Taehyung didn't let go of her hand just yet. His fingers lingered a moment longer, and his eyes searched hers carefully.

"I need to say something else," he said quietly.

Jennie tilted her head. "What is it?"

He leaned back slightly, giving her a look that was both thoughtful and a little teasing.

"If the board decides to elect a new CEO," he said slowly, "You know that person has the power to reorganize the entire executive team. That includes department heads. Even shareholders like you."

Jennie nodded. "I know. Everything could shift."

He let out a sigh. "So much is happening right now... First your dad's passing, then your mom's health issues..."

"And now this," she muttered. "Feels like I can't even catch a break."

"Then there's Dr. Manoban," he added, raising a brow.

Jennie blinked, lips parting slightly. She wasn't expecting that name to come up. Especially not from him.

She thought he didn't notice anything last night.

"I felt it, Jennie," he said softly, a hint of playfulness in his tone. "The electricity between you two was stronger than KEPCO's power lines."

She groaned and covered her face with both hands. "Tae, come on. Don't joke."

"I'm not mad," he said with a light chuckle. "Just... observing. She's your past, right?"

Jennie slowly lowered her hands and nodded. "Yes. Past. That's exactly where she belongs."

Taehyung gave her a look—one that said he wasn't entirely convinced. "Still... from the way you looked at each other, it didn't feel like the past. Looked more like unfinished business."

Jennie reached across the table this time, placing her hand on top of his. "Taehyung, hon... don't go there. Please. There's nothing

between us anymore."

He smiled gently, squeezing her hand. "Okay. I believe you. Just don't let her shake you. You've come so far."

Jennie nodded, letting out a small sigh. "Thank you."

With that, they shifted the conversation back to business—the upcoming board meeting, the possible scenarios, and how to approach key stakeholders. Jennie offered strategies, listed names, and even suggested meeting some of them personally.

Still, deep in her heart, she couldn't ignore how easily Lisa's name had unsettled her... and how Taehyung, despite everything, still held her hand with trust.

—

Lisa decided to stay at her parents' house in Daejeon for a while. She had actually bought a house nearby, just across the block, but she was really missing her family—and after everything that happened, she needed the comfort of home.

She had been back in South Korea for three weeks already, but she had been swamped with business meetings, legal papers, and setting up things for her surprise re-entry into a world she left behind. She hadn't even had the chance to tell her family she was back yet.

Her twin sister Rosé had married a Korean woman working in the US about four years ago. They eventually decided to settle down in Korea instead of staying abroad, and Lisa's parents had followed two years later. None of them had any idea that Lisa was already back.

So when Lisa walked through the front door, still in her crumpled black tuxedo from the night before, hair a little messy and dark circles under her eyes—but with a rare, genuine smile that reached all the way to her eyes—her parents froze on the spot.

"Lali?! When did you get here?" her mother, Chittip, gasped, rushing over to embrace her.

Lisa hugged her mom tight, then turned to her dad. "Hello, Mom. Hi, Dad," she greeted. "I've been in Korea for three weeks now. Sorry I didn't show up sooner—I got caught up with a bunch of stuff."

"What kind of stuff?" her dad, Marco, asked, eyeing her up and down.

"Business," she replied vaguely, brushing it off as she wandered into the house. "Mom, I'm starving. What time is lunch?"

"The table's being set right now," her mom replied warmly. "Oh, by the way, Rosé is here with the kids. Jisoo's in Jeju checking on their business."

Right on cue, the sound of tiny feet running echoed through the hallway, and three boys barreled into the kitchen like little whirlwinds. Rosé had gone through IVF, carrying Jisoo's egg, and now had three very energetic sons: Jissie, the eldest at four, Jiro who was three, and the youngest, Jihwan, just two.

"Auntie Lisa!!!" they shouted in unison.

Lisa bent down to catch them all in her arms. "Hey, little monsters!" she laughed, spinning one around while the other two clung to her legs.

Rosé entered the room and crossed her arms. "Well, well, well. Look who crawled out of her vampire cave. Hunting season again?"

"Pfft. Coming from you, the real witch in this family? I swear, you must've used some serious voodoo on Jisoo. Bet you make her wear a helmet every day in case she bumps her head and starts thinking clearly."

Rosé rolled her eyes but laughed anyway. "For your information, I'm happily married and mentally stable. You, on the other hand—who's the poor girl you're after now?"

Lisa straightened with a smirk. "Actually, I'm getting married."

Rosé nearly choked. "To who? That skinny lizard Somi?"

"Speaking of Somi, she called earlier," their mom chimed in while setting a bowl of soup on the table.

Rosé's face twisted in disbelief. "You can't be serious! You're marrying her?"

"Relax. I said I'm getting married. Not getting strangled," Lisa teased.

"Lisa," her mom interrupted gently, "Maybe you should shower and change first before lunch?"

Lisa chuckled and nodded, making her way to the stairs. She was halfway up the hallway when Rosé called after her.

"So, seriously, who are you marrying?"

Lisa turned her head with a mischievous grin. "Jennie Rubyjane Kim. She just doesn't know it yet."

With that, she winked and disappeared into her old bedroom. Rosé turned to their parents, stunned. Both Marco and Chittip exchanged looks, clearly as surprised as she was.

———

Lunch was a lively affair. The kids were all over Lisa, tugging at her sleeves and demanding her attention like she'd never left. She adored them to bits—everyone in the family knew she spoiled them way too much. Her mom often complained about it, but secretly loved seeing Lisa so soft around the boys.

After the meal, Lisa stayed behind and played with the kids for a while until they got tired. The nannies came to clean them up and put them down for a nap. The adults, meanwhile, settled on the patio with a platter of snacks and tea.

"So... what did you mean earlier about marrying Jennie Kim?" Chittip asked seriously, cutting right to the point.

Lisa gave a lazy shrug. "Exactly what I said."

Rosé leaned forward, frowning. "You do know she's engaged to Kim Taehyung, right? I heard the wedding's happening pretty soon."

Lisa's eyes darkened slightly. "Not if I can help it. She made me a promise ten years ago. That promise still stands."

Her mom's expression softened. "Lali... you need to let her go."

"I can't, Mom." Lisa rubbed her palm over her face. "God knows I've tried."

Her father finally spoke, a glimmer of curiosity in his tone. "So, what's the plan then? You're not exactly subtle."

Lisa chuckled under her breath. "Nope. I've never been." She began explaining her plans—what she had been doing the past few weeks, her surprise arrival at Taehyung's event, how they ended up alone in the car... and how she stayed the night at Jennie's house.

Of course, she didn't go into everything. Some things—like how Jennie looked at her, how she melted at her touch, how her lips trembled when she kissed her—were hers alone to keep.

Her mom stared at her, shocked. "Wait, Taehyung let you drive her home? Alone? In your car? Just the two of you?"

Lisa smirked. "Yeah. Honestly, I almost drove away with her. Kidnap-style. But I stopped myself. She doesn't trust me yet... and if I want her back, I need to earn that."

If. The word scratched at her chest.

Does Jennie even love Taehyung? she wondered. Would she really agree to marry someone she doesn't feel anything for?

She hated how the answers she kept finding in her head weren't the ones she wanted.

"Hey," her mom said lightly, "If you're still hungry, I'll get you some cake. But maybe don't gnaw your teeth down from clenching your jaw so hard."

Lisa blinked, realizing her jaw was tight. Her mother always saw right through her.

Rosé, of course, wouldn't stop grilling her with questions like some nosy talk show host, but eventually their dad stepped in and changed the subject—clearly sensing Lisa had reached her limit.

Still, he was happy to see his daughter more alive than she'd been in years. Back when they'd first moved to America, Lisa had been withdrawn. Broken. She never even shared why she and Jennie had split. The light in her eyes back then was completely gone.

But now... even with all the chaos, something was different. Even Rosé noticed.

"So," Marco asked, casually steering the conversation, "are you going to practice medicine here?"

"Maybe part-time or volunteer work," Lisa replied. "One of my friends from SNU now holds a senior position at the Heart Center. I told her I might be available as a visiting surgeon or consultant, especially for high-risk cases."

Her parents exchanged proud glances.

"That's good, Lali," her mom said. "So many people here can't afford proper care."

"And what about your business ventures? Still helping with the winery and shipping?" Marco asked.

"I invested in something new," Lisa said. "I bought forty-five percent of KMCorp. There's going to be a board vote on Wednesday. It's between Taehyung and me for CEO."

Her father raised a brow. "I hope you're not doing this just because the Kim family owns part of it."

"Of course not, Dad," she replied firmly. "It's a solid company. Strong portfolio, good structure, and a lot of room for expansion."

After a brief pause, her mom looked over. "So... will you be sleeping

here tonight?"

Lisa grinned. "Yeah. I missed you guys."

"Good," Rosé said, playfully rolling her eyes. "Because we missed you too, vampire."

Lisa laughed, leaning back into her chair. For the first time in a long time, she felt like she was home.

Seis

It was a good thing Jennie managed to catch Taehyung in his office before the board meeting started. She walked in, holding her tablet tightly, her expression composed but her heart racing.

"I'm glad I caught you before the meeting," she said, not even bothering to sit down. "There's something important I need to tell you."

Taehyung looked up from his desk, surprised by the urgency in her voice. They still had about thirty minutes before the meeting began, but his nerves were already on edge. He could see from the tension in her posture—and the fire in her eyes—that she had already read the report his secretary had forwarded earlier that morning.

He sighed heavily. "You read the report," he said plainly, not bothering to pretend otherwise.

Jennie nodded, jaw clenched. "So it's true. The one who bought forty-five percent of the company shares... is your ex. Lisa."

There was a heavy silence that followed. Taehyung leaned back against his chair, running a hand through his hair as he tried to stay calm.

"We need to make sure the board sees that the company is stable," Jennie said firmly, stepping closer to his desk. "There's absolutely no reason to replace the current officers. Especially you—as CEO."

"You don't have to remind me of that," Taehyung replied, his voice tight. "God, Jennie... I've given my entire life to this company. It's not just work. It's everything I've built."

Jennie's heart softened. She walked around the desk and wrapped her arms around him tightly. She had seen how hard he worked

firsthand—how much time, energy, and passion he poured into KMCorp. Even when no one else was watching, he showed up every single day. The company had become their shared ground. Both of them gave up so much to make it grow. They'd been through sleepless nights, endless deadlines, and brutal negotiations. Seven days a week, twenty-four hours a day—they were all in.

"I just hope the rest of the board sees that," she murmured into his shoulder. "They need to see how much we've both invested."

Taehyung closed his eyes and buried his face in her hair. "The result of this meeting could make or break us, Jennie," he whispered. "I mean that—in every possible way."

Jennie tightened her arms around him. "We're a team, Taehyung. We've always been a team. Not just now. Not just because of this. Even before anything else, we were good friends. I'm here. My loyalty is with you. My vote is with you."

She didn't say out loud the fear pressing in on her chest. Because deep down, she could already see what would happen if Lisa actually took over. She could feel it. The tremor in her heart—the one she had tried so hard to ignore—was returning.

She still loved her.

God, she hated that it was true. But no matter how many years had passed, no matter how hard she tried to bury it, Lisa still had a hold on her heart.

She had spent years stitching up the wounds from that betrayal. Years teaching herself how not to feel.

And that's when Taehyung came in.

He offered her an arrangement that made sense—on paper.

"No strings attached," he had told her back then. "You can do whatever you want after the wedding. We can live in separate houses if that makes you more comfortable. We'll try to have a child somehow—IVF, surrogate, adoption—whatever you prefer. We don't need intimacy. We just need an heir. And if at some point, you

want a divorce, I won't stop you."

It was a business deal, clear and clean. And for a long time, it worked. They didn't talk much about the wedding anymore, though. It was as if both of them were unsure whether to still go through with it.

Taehyung now held onto her like he was trying to draw strength from her body.

"If you had asked me last week if I was confident about staying CEO," he murmured, "I would've said yes without hesitation. But seeing that report... seeing how fast Lisa convinced the board to sell —how quickly they trusted her—I just... I don't know anymore."

There was clear confusion and doubt in his eyes, and it hurt Jennie to see him like this.

She said nothing and simply hugged him back, hoping her silence could somehow reassure him.

Just then, a knock sounded on the door. Jennie looked up to see her secretary, Mina, poke her head in with a sheepish expression.

"Sorry to interrupt, Ms. Jennie, Sir... but Ms. Manoban just arrived. Mr. Kim's secretary said she should come up to your office as soon as she gets here."

Jennie immediately felt a shift in her chest. A sudden tightness, a spike of awareness that rushed through her body like adrenaline.

Lisa walked in behind Mina.

And she looked like a damn storm in a suit.

She was wearing a perfectly tailored three-piece black suit, her jet-black hair neatly styled, skin glowing against the crisp white shirt underneath. Her tall, lean figure was impossible to ignore—Jennie guessed she stood at least 5'10" now, maybe taller. The broad shoulders, the defined cheekbones, the strong jawline—she looked powerful. Like a walking, breathing threat.

And that smoldering sex appeal hadn't gone anywhere. If anything, it had only grown sharper with time. Even Mina, her usually stoic secretary, was clearly captivated. Jennie saw the way she fumbled to fix her hair after stepping aside.

Jennie's pulse spiked again, and her body betrayed her with the way her heart started pounding like a war drum. She noticed how Lisa's eyes locked onto her, unblinking. Blank expression. No warmth. No recognition. Just ice.

"She's here," Jennie thought. And I'm not ready.

"It's almost time for the meeting," Taehyung cut in, trying to sound steady. "Let's all head to the conference room together."

He gently touched Jennie's elbow and guided her toward the door. Lisa, without a word, fell in step beside them.

Jennie now found herself walking between the two person—or rather, one man and one very dangerous woman.

She could feel Lisa's presence beside her like heat against her skin. She didn't even have to look. The scent, the air, the tension... it was overwhelming.

God help her heart.

This wasn't just a board meeting anymore.

This was war.

—

The board meeting began with Taehyung formally introducing Lisa to the other members of the board. She greeted each one with polite confidence, shaking hands, flashing her calm, collected smile that somehow managed to rattle Jennie more than she wanted to admit.

After the introductions, the meeting shifted into a discussion of the company's current state. Jennie tried to stay composed, but it was hard not to feel the growing tension. The real reason they were all gathered today wasn't just a status report—it was about who would

lead the company moving forward.

Then came the part she hadn't expected.

They began discussing credentials.

Jennie already knew Lisa was a brilliant cardiologist, but she hadn't realized just how much business experience she had on top of that. Apparently, Lisa had also been managing part of her family's businesses abroad and had built up several of her own investments in and outside of South Korea. She even had a tech startup under her name in California.

Jennie glanced sideways at her—Lisa, sitting there cool and poised, effortlessly walking everyone through her strategic plans for expanding the company. Every time Taehyung would bring up a system or plan he had, Lisa would counter it with something more modern, more efficient, and honestly... better.

Jennie couldn't deny it. She was impressed. Even if it killed her a little to admit it.

It didn't help that Lisa looked like she was born to be in command. Confident. Composed. Razor-sharp with her words. It almost felt personal the way Lisa went toe-to-toe with Taehyung—as if they weren't just fighting for the company, but for something deeper.

If this were a gladiator match, Jennie thought grimly, Taehyung would already be bleeding out in the arena.

By the time the meeting wrapped up—nearly 6:00 p.m.—the members had passed around their ballots.

Unanimous.

Lisa had won.

Jennie had sensed it even before the votes were read. The board was clearly swayed by Lisa's vision, her global experience, and her innovative strategies. She was everything the company needed—especially in the fast-changing, international business world.

Taehyung, on the other hand, was traditional. Loyal to a fault. Brilliant in his own way, but too reliant on legacy and honor.

After the meeting, Taehyung went straight to his office, visibly disappointed. Jennie didn't hesitate to follow him.

She found him standing by the window, hands in his pockets, staring out into the city.

"Tae..." she called gently.

"I can't even describe what I'm feeling right now," he replied without turning around. "It's like... I feel numb. I've always been a sore loser, Jennie. But this—this one stings differently."

Jennie stepped closer. "You haven't lost completely. There's still time to contest. Lisa only has a probationary period of three months. If she doesn't deliver her promises, you can appeal."

He finally turned around to face her. "And how am I supposed to win back the board's trust now?"

Jennie took a deep breath. The words left her lips before she could even stop them. "Let's get married."

Taehyung's eyes widened in shock, and honestly, she was just as surprised as he was. Where did that come from?

He slowly walked over to his desk and sank into his swivel chair, looking up at her with tired eyes.

"Come on, Jennie," he said quietly. "Let's admit it—it's not going to work. There's not going to be a wedding between us. You've been hesitating. And so have I. Because the truth is... we don't love each other."

"What are you saying?" she asked, stepping in front of him and resting her hands on the table, leaning closer.

He looked at her gently, eyes filled with honesty. "We can't force a marriage built on convenience. We can't pretend. I'm letting you go, Jennie. You're a beautiful woman. You have everything anyone

would ever want. But... just like you, my heart already belongs to someone else."

Her heart twisted. "You're wrong," she whispered. "There's something between us. Some kind of attraction. I know you feel it too. Kiss me. Just kiss me and let's see."

He didn't move, so she did.

She leaned in and cupped his face with both hands, gently pulling him into a kiss. At first, he didn't respond. But eventually, he kissed her back.

Their lips moved slowly, searching for something—spark, warmth, fire—but there was nothing.

No butterflies. No racing hearts.

Just... nothing.

After a few moments, Jennie pulled away and looked into his eyes. Her hands were still on his cheeks.

"There's nothing," Taehyung murmured.

Jennie smiled softly. "Exactly."

They both understood, without needing to say it aloud. They were friends. Nothing more. Nothing less.

She leaned forward to give him a parting kiss on the cheek—but froze when a voice interrupted them from the door.

"Do you want to go to dinner with the rest of the board members now, or should I give you two more time to finish whatever this is?" Lisa's voice rang out coolly from the doorway.

Jennie spun around, startled. Lisa had entered the office silently, unnoticed. She stood by the door in her sharp suit, arms crossed, unreadable expression on her face.

Jennie's hand dropped away from Taehyung's face instantly. She

flushed a deep red.

Taehyung let out a small chuckle. "You two go ahead. I have a few things to finish up here."

Jennie tucked her hair behind her ear awkwardly and turned to Lisa. "I'll just catch up with you at the restaurant. I can grab a cab—it's really no problem."

"Rubbish," Lisa said, deadpan. "We're going together."

Jennie didn't argue anymore. With a hesitant nod, she walked beside Lisa, following her out of the office.

They'd only made it a few steps down the hallway when Jennie suddenly stopped.

"Wait, Lisa. I forgot something."

She quickly walked back to Taehyung's office. When she returned, she was holding her engagement ring.

She walked up to him and placed it gently on his desk.

"I don't have the right to wear this anymore," she said softly. "Give it to the woman you truly love."

Taehyung picked up the ring, looking at it, then at her. "Jennie... don't let her slip away again."

Jennie swallowed the lump in her throat.

"Whatever happened in the past—it doesn't matter now. Just think of how much more painful life would be without her. If there's still even the smallest chance... open your heart again."

"Thank you, Tae," she whispered, smiling. "Though... I'm not sure if she still has space for me in her heart. I never gave her a chance to explain herself back then. Maybe I was at fault too. But I thank God... for giving me this second chance."

Taehyung smiled. "Have a good dinner tonight. I'll be the one to tell

my parents the wedding is off."

She nodded, her chest tight with gratitude, and walked out of the office for the last time as his fiancée.

Siete

Lisa was leaning against the door of her Lamborghini when Jennie finally caught up with her in the company parking lot. Her arms were crossed, one leg bent behind the other, and her expression—clear as day—was one of irritation.

"Well, your boyfriend must be one hell of a kisser for you to run back inside just to get one more taste," Lisa snapped the moment Jennie was close enough to hear.

Jennie rolled her eyes, trying to match the same sharp tone, even as her heart fluttered a little. She's jealous... right? That means she still feels something, doesn't it?

"What is your problem, exactly?" she said, acting annoyed, but not very convincingly.

Lisa pushed herself off the car, her movements sharp and impatient. "I don't like being kept waiting. By anyone."

And with that, she yanked the car door open so roughly that Jennie thought it might fly off its hinges. Then she slammed it shut behind her with a loud bang that made Jennie flinch.

Jennie blinked, caught off guard. So that was it? Not because she cared, not because she thought Lisa was doing something shady—but because she hated being made to wait?

"If that's how you feel, you should've just left me," Jennie shot back, her voice tight.

Lisa didn't even hesitate. "To be honest, I almost did. I gave you five minutes. If you hadn't come out by then, you'd be catching a cab to dinner."

That hurt. Jennie's feet froze in place as her heart sank. Lisa's tone, her words—it was like she didn't matter at all.

And yet, just the other night... Lisa was soft, sweet. She called her Nini. She held her like she was something precious.

Jennie suddenly wondered—was that all an act? Just a ploy to soften her up, get close, and win her vote as CEO? Was Lisa using her again?

"Are you just gonna stand there?" Lisa barked from inside the car. "I'm starving. If you don't want to come with me, fine. I'll eat alone."

The engine roared to life.

"Wait!" Jennie called, quickly moving toward the car. "I'm coming."

She climbed into the passenger seat, but Lisa didn't say a word. Instead, she floored the gas like she was in a high-speed chase. Jennie gripped her seatbelt and tried not to scream.

By the time they got to the restaurant, Lisa's silence had only gotten louder. She was polite and charming to everyone else—smiling, laughing, making conversation—but with Jennie? Cold. Distant. Icy. She wouldn't even look her in the eye.

Jennie felt like an outsider, like a second-class citizen among royalty.

"I already called the company driver. He'll take you home," Lisa said coolly as they stood near the lobby after dinner. "I'm heading back to Daejeon. I'm too tired to drive you. Besides, I can't exactly sleep over at your place now, can I? I'm your boss."

There it was again—that arrogance. That wall.

"That's fine," Jennie said, biting her tongue. "I'm going straight to the hospital anyway. I might stay the night there."

Lisa didn't even walk her to the car. She just turned around and headed toward her Lamborghini without so much as a backward glance.

Jennie watched her go, stunned at the emotional whiplash. Was this really Lisa now? So cold, so distant? Then again... it had been ten years. Of course she'd changed.

Maybe Lisa had someone else now. Maybe her heart already belonged to another.

That thought stung more than Jennie wanted to admit.

She blinked rapidly, trying to hold back tears. She refused to cry here, not in front of the company driver, not where gossip could spread like wildfire. Pull yourself together, Jennie Kim.

———

At the hospital, she headed straight to her mother's room—but it was empty.

Panic rose in her chest.

She rushed to the nurse's station. "Excuse me, where's my mother—Mrs. Ji-hyun Kim?"

"Oh, ma'am," the nurse said kindly, "she was transferred about twenty minutes ago to Seoul National University Hospital. Her condition became critical, and we didn't have the proper equipment here."

Jennie's heart dropped. She barely waited for the nurse to finish before she ran outside. By sheer luck, there was a cab parked out front. She jumped in and gave the address, her fingers trembling the entire ride.

———

When she arrived at SNU Hospital, a young doctor was waiting for her in the hallway. She looked professional, calm, and surprisingly young.

"I'm Dr. Irene Bae," the woman introduced herself. "You must be Mrs. Kim's daughter."

"Yes, I'm Jennie," she said, breathless.

"I just want you to know your mother was brought in just in time," Dr. Bae explained gently. "She was in critical condition when she arrived. She needs an extremely risky and complex surgery—one that only a few specialists can perform."

Jennie's heart pounded.

"But... one of those specialists is a close friend of mine," Dr. Bae continued. "She doesn't work here, but she agreed to perform the surgery. She's currently occupied, but I can arrange for you to meet her if you'd like to speak with her before anything is done."

Jennie nodded quickly. "Yes, please. I'd like to meet her."

Dr. Bae smiled reassuringly. "Great. I'll contact her now. Her name is Dr. Lalisa Manoban."

Jennie blinked. "I'm sorry—who?"

"Dr. Lalisa Manoban," Dr. Bae repeated. "You know her?"

Jennie swallowed, unsure whether to laugh or cry. "Yes. She's... she's my boss."

"Oh, then there's no need for me to set the meeting," Dr. Bae said cheerfully. "You can just speak with her yourself. Don't worry—she's very kind. I'm sure she won't say no."

Jennie could only nod, her throat suddenly tight.

———

She made her way slowly to her mother's room.

There were tubes everywhere. Her mother's body looked small, frail —barely hanging on. Jennie walked quietly to the side of the bed and gently reached for her mother's hand.

It felt cold, almost lifeless.

That was it. The dam finally broke.

Jennie bowed her head and wept—silent tears streaming down her cheeks as she gripped her mother's hand tighter. All the pride, all the pain, all the heartbreak from earlier... gone.

Now, all she wanted was for her mom to live..

Ocho

Jennie headed straight to the office after a quick stop at home. She barely had the strength to do anything more than wash her face and brush her teeth. She had rushed home just to pick up her car after the long, sleepless night at Seoul National University Hospital.

The moment she got to work, she asked her secretary if Lisa had arrived.

"She's not in today, Ms. Kim," Mina replied, checking the schedule. "She won't be back until Monday."

It's only Thursday, Jennie realized. That meant three long days before Lisa would return. She couldn't wait that long—not with everything happening.

"Cancel all my appointments for the next two days," she said to Mina. "I won't be coming in until Monday either."

Then, without a second thought, she grabbed her bag and headed out.

———

She wasn't even sure what she was doing, or where the strength was coming from. All she knew was that her car was suddenly speeding down the highway—towards Daejeon. It had been ten years since she last came to this place, but somehow, her hands remembered the road.

She was going to find Lisa. No matter what it took.

When she finally arrived at the Manoban family estate, one of the housemaids told her that Lisa's parents were out of the country. Thailand, apparently. The maid then pointed her to the neighboring

house.

Jennie took a deep breath and walked to the next property.

The moment she pressed the doorbell, the door opened. A middle-aged woman in a crisp blue uniform peeked out, eyeing her up and down with a skeptical look.

"Hello... I'm Jennie Kim. Is Lisa home?" Jennie asked, trying to keep her voice steady despite the weight in her chest.

The maid seemed hesitant. "Please wait here. Miss Lisa told us not to let anyone in unless she says so. What was your name again, ma'am?"

"Jennie," she repeated.

The woman gave a polite nod and gently closed the door again.

Jennie stood there in silence. Her thoughts drifted back to earlier that morning...

———

It was around 5a.m. when she woke up with a start at her mother's hospital bedside. She hadn't even realized she'd fallen asleep, her head resting near her mom's arm. But what jolted her awake wasn't discomfort—it was the loud, sharp sound of a heart monitor blaring.

Her mother's face was pale. Her lips were turning bluish. The monitor showed only a thin, straight line.

Flatline.

"Help! Nurse!" Jennie had screamed, panic ripping through her chest.

Within seconds, doctors and nurses rushed into the room. They started CPR immediately, using the defibrillator and injecting adrenaline multiple times. Jennie stood back, trembling, watching them fight to bring her mom back.

It felt like forever—but finally, they revived her.

Jennie's knees gave out when she realized her mom was still alive. That's when she knew—whatever pride she had left, whatever pain she was still holding onto—none of it mattered anymore.

If Lisa was the only one who could help her mom survive, then Jennie would do whatever it took. Even if it meant begging.

———

The door opened again. Jennie stepped forward.

"Thank you—" she started to say, but her words died in her throat.

Lisa was the one standing there now.

"What happened to you, Jennie?" Lisa asked, eyes scanning her from head to toe. Her voice was softer this time—concerned, even if she tried to hide it. "You look like hell."

Jennie knew she looked awful. Her clothes were wrinkled, her hair messy, her eyes swollen from crying. She hadn't eaten or slept properly in over a day.

"I... Lisa, c-can I talk to you? Just for a few minutes?" Her voice cracked as she spoke, her desperation seeping through.

Lisa hesitated, then finally opened the door wider. "Come in."

———

Lisa led her inside. "I haven't had breakfast yet. Sit with me while I eat. We'll talk after, okay?"

Jennie nodded, though she barely touched her food. Every bite felt like sand in her mouth. Her hands trembled slightly as she held her fork.

"Is this about Taehyung?" Lisa asked quietly once they were alone in the study, both their plates pushed aside.

Jennie shook her head. "No. Not Taehyung. It's my mom."

She told her everything—about the hospital transfer, the cardiac arrest, the emergency procedure. She explained how Dr. Irene Bae had told her only a few people in the country could perform the surgery her mother needed—and one of them was Lisa.

"I'm begging you, Lisa. Please..." Jennie's voice broke. "Help her. Do the surgery."

Lisa didn't say anything.

"I'll give you whatever you want. Anything. My entire share in KK Corp—I'll sign it over to you. I'll have my lawyers start the paperwork tomorrow. Just save my mom."

Lisa's brows furrowed. "What did Taehyung say about this?"

"I didn't tell him. I don't want to drag him into this anymore."

"He's your fiancé."

"Not anymore," Jennie admitted. "We've decided to separate... temporarily. There's a lot we both need to work through."

There was a long silence.

Jennie turned to Lisa with pleading eyes. "Please, Lisa. Anything."

Lisa's expression was unreadable. Then, with a voice calm and clear, she said:

"Are you sure? Anything I ask?"

Jennie didn't hesitate. "For my mom... yes."

Lisa leaned back in her seat. She looked conflicted for a moment, but then something in her hardened. Her next words hit like a punch.

"Marry me."

Jennie blinked, stunned. "W-What?"

"You heard me. Be my wife."

Jennie could only stare at her.

"I'm getting older," Lisa continued, her voice cool and steady. "I need a child. A legal heir. Rosé has kids, yes—but they're not Manoban. I need a son who can inherit everything I've built."

Jennie's breath hitched. She hadn't expected that.

Lisa looked her dead in the eye. "Once you give me a son, we'll get a divorce. You can visit the child whenever you want, but he'll stay with me."

It felt like Jennie had been slapped.

So that was it? She wasn't being asked because of love. Just... for a baby.

"Why me?" she whispered.

Lisa's answer came quickly. "Because I know you. You won't try to extort me. You won't chase me for more. You left me once—you won't cling to me after this."

"What if I say no?"

"Then we're done here. Take it or leave it."

Jennie closed her eyes, her whole body heavy. If Lisa had asked her to marry out of love... she would've said yes in a heartbeat. But this? This was a transaction. A contract. A heartbreak waiting to happen.

And yet... she remembered her mom's pale face. The flatline. The machines. The sacrifice her mother made her entire life. Could Jennie really afford to be selfish now?

"...Fine," she whispered. "I'll do it. One child. Girl or boy—after I give birth, we end this."

Lisa exhaled deeply. "Okay."

"We'll go to my place first. I need to change," Jennie said, standing

up, feeling dizzy from everything.

"Then we'll head to a judge's office," Lisa added. "A friend of mine. We'll get married today."

"Today?" Jennie's eyes widened. "Can't we wait a bit? I gave you my word, Lisa. I'm not backing out."

Lisa's voice turned cold again. "You once broke a promise to me, Jennie. Don't take it personally if I say I don't trust your word anymore."

Jennie looked at her—this stranger with a familiar face—and nodded.

"Let's go."

—

And so, they did exactly that.

From Daejeon, they drove straight back to Seoul. Jennie leaned against the car window in silence for most of the ride, the hum of the engine and the occasional shifting of gears the only sound between them. Her thoughts were spiraling, her chest heavy with the weight of everything—her mom's condition, the sudden marriage proposal, and the reality that Lisa, the woman she once loved so deeply, now only wanted her for a child.

When they finally reached Gangnam, Lisa dropped her off at her apartment.

"I'll wait in the car," Lisa said plainly, glancing down at her phone like this was just another errand to run.

Jennie nodded. "I won't take long."

She hurried inside her unit, not even stopping to process the fact that she was about to marry someone, not for love, but survival. Her mom's life depended on it.

Inside her room, she opened her closet and scanned her dresses. Her

hand hovered over a few colorful ones before settling on something simple—a cream-colored off-shoulder midi dress. No frills. No lace. Just clean and elegant. Perfect for a wedding she didn't really want.

She tied her hair into a neat bun, dabbed on a bit of face powder, and applied a light swipe of lip gloss. That was it. No mascara, no blush. Just enough to look presentable. She stared at herself in the mirror for a few moments, trying to convince herself she looked okay. That she could do this.

You're doing this for Mom, she reminded herself. Not for Lisa. Not for yourself. Just Mom.

———

When she stepped back into the car, Lisa looked up and nodded approvingly but said nothing. She didn't give compliments easily anymore. Gone was the Lisa who used to call her "Nini" with heart in her eyes. This Lisa was guarded. Business-like.

Their next stop was a quaint little jewelry shop in Itaewon, owned by one of Lisa's friends.

"Hey, long time no see," the jeweler greeted Lisa as they stepped inside.

Lisa gave a faint smile. "I need wedding bands. Today."

The man blinked, surprised. "Like... right now?"

"Right now," Lisa said firmly.

Jennie looked around the shop, the small gold pieces glinting under the warm yellow lights. Lisa's friend brought out a tray of bands—some thin, others studded with diamonds.

"Go ahead. Choose what you want," Lisa said to her, her voice neutral.

Jennie looked down at the tray and picked the most modest one—a thin, plain gold band. No stones. No shine. Just something that wouldn't make this arrangement feel even more like a performance.

"This one," she said, holding it up.

"You sure?" Lisa asked. "You can choose something nicer if you want."

Jennie shook her head. "No need to waste money. It's not like we're staying married forever."

Lisa didn't respond, but something flickered in her eyes—an emotion too quick to catch.

They paid for the rings and stepped out, the small red velvet box nestled in Lisa's hand.

———

The judge's office was quiet when they arrived. Lisa made a quick phone call, and within ten minutes, they were ushered into a private chamber by a middle-aged man in a navy blazer and glasses.

"Lisa," he greeted warmly. "I didn't think I'd see you again this soon."

"Emergency wedding," she replied, her tone dry. "Long story."

The judge looked at Jennie. "You must be the bride."

Jennie forced a polite smile. "Yes, sir. Jennie Kim."

"Well," the judge said as he pulled out some documents, "this will be quick. Do you have your IDs?"

They handed over their identification cards and signed a few forms. Lisa signed her name like it was a routine—no hesitation, no second thoughts. Jennie's hand, on the other hand, shook slightly. Her signature looked nervous and unsure.

"Do you want to exchange vows?" the judge asked after stamping the documents.

Jennie looked at Lisa, unsure.

Lisa shook her head. "No need."

But the judge smiled. "It's not mandatory, but sometimes it helps make the moment a little more memorable."

Memorable? Jennie thought. Is that what this is supposed to be?

Lisa took the ring from the box and gently held out Jennie's hand.

"For the contract," she murmured, sliding the gold band onto Jennie's finger.

Jennie took the second ring and did the same, her fingers brushing Lisa's.

"By the power vested in me by the Republic of Korea," the judge finally said, sealing the last form, "I now pronounce you legally married. Congratulations."

The room was quiet after that.

No kiss. No cheering. No photos.

Just two people, legally bound, staring at each other with a chasm of unspoken things between them.

———

Afterwards, they stepped out of the building. The wind was cool, but not cold. It was quiet, the world moving on around them like nothing happened.

Lisa opened the car door for her.

"You okay?" she asked, almost as an afterthought.

Jennie looked down at the ring on her finger, her chest hollow. "I don't know."

Lisa didn't reply.

They drove in silence.

Nueve

Lisa didn't say a word as they stepped out of the courthouse. Everything had happened so fast. One moment, they were strangers barely able to look at each other without tension—and the next, they were legally bound by marriage.

The judge's wife and younger brother had served as their witnesses. They took a photo—just one—for documentation, not for keepsake. Jennie couldn't even remember smiling for it. It was all a blur.

After signing the last of the papers, Lisa turned to her with a calm but unreadable expression.
"We'll live at my place," she said. Her voice was gentle but firm—leaving no room for questions or arguments. "If you want, we can drop by your apartment in Gangnam now so you can pack some essentials."

Jennie didn't respond at first. Her hands were clasped together, cold against the thin fabric of her dress. She was still processing the fact that she was now someone's wife... Lisa's wife.

Lisa looked at her again. "Jennie?"

Jennie finally gave a small nod. "Yeah. Okay."

They drove in silence again. Lisa didn't push for conversation, and Jennie was grateful for that. Her mind was somewhere else—still at the hospital, beside her mother's hospital bed, watching the machines beep rhythmically. She wondered if her mom would even wake up long enough to understand what she'd done today.

When they arrived at Lisa's mansion in Daejeon, the staff was already standing in a neat line by the entrance, waiting for them. The sight overwhelmed Jennie a little—she wasn't used to this level of wealth or structure.

Lisa stepped out of the car first, her posture composed, one hand casually tucked into her blazer pocket. She motioned for Jennie to follow as they walked up the steps together.

"Everyone," Lisa began, her tone sharp and professional, "this is Jennie. From today onward, she is my wife. Treat her with the same respect you give me. Understood?"

The staff nodded in unison and offered polite greetings. Jennie forced a small smile and gave a short bow, but inside, her stomach was turning. The word "wife" felt heavy. Unreal. Especially coming from Lisa.

Lisa turned to the head maid. "Make sure the guest room is cleaned daily as well, just in case. And I had Jennie's things moved into the master bedroom earlier. Also, serve the snacks I asked to be prepared in the dining room. I'll be in my study for a bit."

Then, as if remembering, she added, "I'm calling Dr. Irene after this so we can arrange everything for your mom. Hopefully, we can get everything scheduled before the week ends."

Jennie stood there quietly, taking everything in.

"You should eat something," Lisa said, glancing at her. "There's food waiting."

Jennie shook her head slightly. "I'm not hungry," she murmured. "I think I just need to lie down."

Lisa hesitated for a moment, her eyes scanning Jennie's tired face, and then she nodded.
"Alright. I'll wake you before dinner. Try to rest a little. You've had a long day."

Jennie gave a small nod before quietly heading up the stairs.

The house was large—too large, she thought. Quiet in a way that made her feel even more alone. When she entered the master bedroom, she saw her suitcase already placed near the bed, some of her clothes hanging neatly in the walk-in closet. The staff had been efficient, just like everything else in Lisa's world.

But the room didn't feel like hers. None of it did. The bed was king-sized, perfectly made with clean sheets. Everything smelled of lavender and lemon.

She sank onto the edge of the bed, exhaled, and rubbed her palms together.

So this is it. I'm married... To someone who doesn't even want me. Who only wants a child from me.
A quiet laugh escaped her lips—dry, tired.

Then she curled up on the edge of the bed, still in her cream dress, and closed her eyes, trying to forget about everything—Lisa, the wedding, the deal they made.
But most of all, she tried not to think about the fact that her heart had once belonged to the very same person who now treated her like a business transaction.

—

Jennie stirred awake in the middle of the night. It was still dark outside. She squinted at the alarm clock on the bedside table. Three in the morning. Lisa didn't wake her up.

She felt an arm draped around her from behind. Turning slowly, she found Lisa sleeping soundly beside her. Peacefully, as if the whole world was quiet just for her.

Jennie took a moment to admire her wife's face. The soft features, the calm expression—it made her chest swell with something tender. Her eyes fell on Lisa's lips. How many girls had kissed those lips before her? she wondered briefly. With a featherlight touch, she ran her finger across Lisa's lower lip.

But then... Lisa's eyes opened, and Jennie froze—caught red-handed.

Without a word, Lisa leaned in and kissed her. Jennie met her halfway. The kiss started out soft, delicate. But as soon as Lisa sensed Jennie responding, her lips pressed a little deeper, a little more sure. She moved on top of Jennie, her hands gently exploring

her body, slipping beneath the thin fabric of her nightdress.

Jennie felt herself grow warm all over. Lisa's lips brushed along her eyelids, her nose, and cheeks, then slowly traveled down to her ear. Jennie gasped when Lisa gently nibbled it, sending shivers down her spine. Her lips moved down, pressing soft kisses along Jennie's neck. Then, lifting the hem of the nightdress, she revealed Jennie's chest.

"I've waited so long for this," Lisa whispered hoarsely, her voice low and needy.

With hunger in her eyes, Lisa took Jennie's right breast into her mouth, kissing and sucking with longing before moving to the other. Jennie arched slightly, a moan escaping her lips. Her body felt like it was burning, every inch of her hypersensitive under Lisa's touch.

Lisa's hand wandered down her body. One hand stayed on Jennie's breast, while the other traveled lower—trailing past her belly and between her thighs.

Instinctively, Jennie clamped her legs shut and grabbed Lisa's hand, as if trying to stop her.

Lisa leaned close to her ear again. "Trust me, Nini... Just let me in."

Jennie hesitated only for a second before slowly relaxing. She didn't resist when Lisa gently parted her legs. Lisa touched her carefully, finding that sensitive spot that made Jennie whimper. Lisa's rhythm changed—teasing, circling, then slipping a finger inside while her thumb kept playing.

Jennie felt dizzy, like she was floating.

"Lisaaa ahhhh... it feels so good..." she whispered, breathless.

Lisa paused for a moment, just long enough to remove her own clothes.

"Nini..." she asked in a serious voice, "Did anything ever happen between you and Taehyung?"

Jennie looked her straight in the eye and shook her head. "No. No man has ever seen me naked. Only you."

Lisa's gaze softened. Her features, still flushed with passion, were now full of warmth.

"I'll be gentle with you, Nini. It might hurt a little at first... but I promise, I'll take care of you."

She entered her with care, her movements slow and tender. Jennie felt a small sting, but it was fleeting—quickly replaced by waves of pleasure that built with each motion. Lisa's hips moved in a steady rhythm—slow in, slow out—growing faster as their bodies moved together in sync.

Jennie cried out in pleasure, her moans growing louder, until—

"Let go, Nini... come for me," Lisa whispered, breathless.

Jennie did. Her body tensed, then trembled as she reached her peak. Moments later, Lisa followed—burying herself deep, calling out Jennie's name over and over.

They stayed like that, tangled in each other, skin to skin, sweat glistening, hearts racing. Lisa stayed inside her, arms wrapped around Jennie, until sleep eventually claimed them both.

———

Lisa woke up first the next morning. The sun was just beginning to rise. She glanced down—she was still inside Jennie. A smile tugged at her lips.

She traced Jennie's sleeping face with her finger, gently pushing stray strands of hair away.

"I love you, Nini," she whispered. "I'm sorry if I used your weakness to make you marry me. But I'll spend every day making up for it. I just wanted you... and a family with you."

She felt herself grow aroused again. She didn't want to wake Jennie... but her body had other plans. Gently, she began to move

inside her again—slow, deliberate, careful not to disturb her too much.

Jennie stirred. A soft moan left her lips, her eyes still closed.

"Ahhh... Lisaaa, don't stop..." she murmured, still half-asleep.

Lisa smiled and kept going, thrusting gently, savoring every second. When Jennie began to tremble again, she knew she was close. Lisa followed her right after, pressing one last kiss to her lips as they came together again.

"You're so adorable when you sleep, Nini," Lisa whispered. "You're not dreaming... but I know you're tired. Rest more, love."

She kissed Jennie's forehead softly, then carefully pulled out and slid out of bed. After a quick shower, she went downstairs to ask the maid to prepare breakfast for both of them—heart full, body warm, and soul deeply in love.

—

Jennie woke up late in the morning, the sunlight peeking softly through the curtains. Her body felt heavy, tired, and... sore. She shifted slightly in bed and winced, the dull ache between her legs immediately reminding her of what happened last night.

She blushed hard, covering her face with her hands as the memories came flooding back. Every kiss, every whispered word, every gentle touch from Lisa—her wife. It was overwhelming, but in the softest, most beautiful way. That night was her first... and it was Lisa.

Her heart swelled at the thought. I really gave myself to her... completely.

Jennie looked over to the other side of the bed. It was empty.

Lisa wasn't there.

She slowly got up, still sore, and pulled on her robe before heading out of the bedroom. The house was quiet, save for the faint clinking of dishes and the low murmur of someone talking. She followed the

sound until she reached the dining area.

There she was—Lisa—sitting casually at the table, already having breakfast. She looked fresh and effortlessly good-looking in a plain white t-shirt and beige cargo pants. Her hair was still damp, strands sticking to the sides of her face. She must've just taken a shower.

Jennie stood at the corner for a moment, quietly watching her wife.

Lisa was smiling, phone to her ear, completely unaware she was being watched. Her expression was relaxed, almost glowing. Jennie couldn't help but admire her. Even after everything last night, here she was—so calm, so composed—like it was just any other morning.

Jennie heard a bit of the conversation.

"Thanks, sweety. I know I can count on you," Lisa said warmly, her voice smooth and full of gratitude.

Jennie blinked, caught off guard by the term.

Diez

"Sweety? Who's Sweety?" Jennie thought, visibly annoyed as she sat in silence.

Her chest tightened—not exactly out of jealousy, but from something harder to admit. Maybe curiosity. Maybe something deeper. Lisa sounded so natural, so soft when she said it, like it wasn't the first time. Like that nickname had weight.

And suddenly, Jennie realized something:
She didn't really know everything about her wife.

The thought unsettled her.

But then Lisa looked up and smiled warmly at her. That familiar, disarming smile Jennie used to fall for in seconds. Lisa asked the maid to fetch her a plate, and Jennie forgot—just for a second—why she was sulking.

Her stomach grumbled loud enough to be embarrassing.
Right. She hadn't eaten since yesterday afternoon.

The moment she saw the spread—steaming hot kimchi fried rice, rolled omelet, grilled fish, and banchan—her irritation faded, and hunger took over. She didn't even try to act reserved. She scooped a generous amount of rice, added more than a fair share of side dishes, and dug in. She felt Lisa's amused gaze on her, but for once, she didn't care. Food first. Drama later.

Lisa broke the silence with a calm voice, "I was talking to Dr. Irene on the phone. We've scheduled your mom's operation the day after tomorrow."

Jennie froze for a half-second.
Ah. So Sweety was Irene.

She forced herself not to react. Still... Sweety? Really?

She kept eating, though slower now. The jealousy was creeping in again, gnawing at her thoughts. They clearly had a connection. Jennie had eyes—she saw how Lisa smiled when she said the doctor's name. But how close were they, exactly?

Lisa kept going. "I'm really grateful Irene agreed to assist me in the OR. It's a very delicate surgery. Having her on board makes a difference."

Jennie didn't reply. She stared at her bowl, picking at her rice, as her mind wandered again.
Lisa didn't notice her cold shoulder. Or maybe she did.

Suddenly, Lisa reached out across the table and gently squeezed her hand.

"Did I hurt you last night?" she asked, softly.

Jennie looked up, startled. The concern in Lisa's eyes was genuine, almost tender—but the memory of earlier, of her playful voice on the phone, still lingered like a bitter taste in her mouth.

That call. That damn Sweety. And Lisa hadn't even called her Nini again since last night.
Only when they were in bed, tangled in the heat of that complicated, messy moment.
She wasn't stupid. She knew what last night had been about. A transaction. An obligation. Something owed.

She yanked her hand back lightly and gave Lisa a sarcastic smile. "Save your worries, Lisa. I'm not some fragile porcelain doll. I can handle it. And who knows... maybe you already got what you wanted," she said with a cold edge. "Maybe I'm pregnant already."

Lisa's expression changed almost instantly—like a door slamming shut. Her body stiffened, and her voice dropped an octave.

"Well," she said, voice cool but sharp, "if you're in such a rush to carry my child, I'd be happy to offer my services every night from now on. No problem at all."

Jennie blinked. "What?"

Lisa leaned forward slightly, eyes locked on her. "You seemed to enjoy yourself, didn't you? I believe your exact words were that *it feels so good* ".

Jennie's face flushed red instantly. Crap. Had she said that out loud?

She stared at her bowl like it might open up and swallow her whole.

Lisa didn't press further. She just leaned back, sipping her tea like nothing happened. Jennie could feel the heat crawling up her neck. She hated that Lisa could get under her skin so easily. Hated that she remembered every little thing she'd said when she was weak, vulnerable... and maybe even a little honest.

Jennie sighed heavily and shoved another bite of rice into her mouth, chewing slower now, not tasting a thing. The room was quiet again, but not peaceful. It was the kind of silence that sat heavy between two people pretending they weren't both falling apart—just in different ways.

—

The next day arrived faster than Jennie expected—and with it, the most terrifying moment of her life.

Her mother's high-risk heart operation was scheduled early in the morning. Jennie hadn't slept a wink. Her mind had been spinning all night, worrying about the possibilities, what-ifs, and worst-case scenarios. Every beep of the hospital monitor seemed like it echoed straight into her chest.

Lisa stood beside her, dressed in her scrub suit, mask pulled down, hair tied back in a tight ponytail. Cool, composed, and terrifyingly calm—as if she hadn't just spent hours with her hands inside someone's chest.

"The operation was successful," Lisa said after scrubbing out and meeting her in the waiting area. "But I had to induce a coma."

Jennie, who had been gripping her phone so tightly her fingers ached, looked up sharply. "A coma? What do you mean you had to?"

Lisa spoke gently but directly. "It's medically induced. I needed to do it to help stabilize her body. I want to make sure there's no rejection to the graft we implanted in her heart. If anything goes wrong, we can respond immediately and take her back to the OR without delay."

Jennie swallowed hard. "How long will she be like that?"

Lisa hesitated just a moment. "We'll observe her for a maximum of three months. But it could be less. It depends on her response to the surgery."

Three months. Jennie's knees nearly buckled at the thought.

She turned to Dr. Irene Bae, who had just walked in to check on the reports.

"Thank you... for helping," Jennie said, her voice small.

Dr. Bae smiled warmly. "Lisa's one of my closest friends. I was more than happy to assist. And honestly, your mom's vitals are promising."

Jennie gave a soft nod. But her gaze shifted when she noticed Lisa casually sling an arm around Irene's shoulder.

Lisa grinned. "I think dinner's on me tonight. You both deserve it."

"Now that's a rare treat," Irene teased with a chuckle. "Lisa almost never treats anyone."

Lisa scoffed. "Hey, that's not true! I can be generous."

Irene laughed. "Generous? Please. You're stingier than an old man guarding his last coin."

The two of them burst into laughter—easy, warm, natural. The kind of banter Jennie used to share with Lisa once. But not anymore.

Jennie stood still, a polite smile frozen on her lips while something inside her chest quietly fractured. She didn't want to admit it, but the jealousy was bubbling under her skin, hot and ugly.

She hated the way Lisa treated her with such formality now. There was distance between them. Always polite. Always cold. Except at night—when Lisa would wordlessly enter her room, undress, and touch her like she was made of glass and fire at the same time. Jennie hated how those moments were the only times she felt close again. The only moments she felt like her "Nini".

But then morning would come, and she'd become "Jennie" again.

And now here Lisa was, laughing and touching another woman like it was nothing. Like she never once cried in Jennie's arms ten years ago.

"You two go ahead," Jennie said abruptly, trying to keep her voice light. "I don't really have the appetite right now. I think I'll just stay with Mom."

Lisa turned to look at her. Her smile faded.

"You sure?" she asked, eyes scanning Jennie's face. "You haven't eaten anything all day."

"I'm sure," Jennie said with a small nod, not meeting her eyes. "I just want to be near her tonight. I'll sleep here, in the room."

Lisa's expression subtly shifted. There was something in her eyes—was it guilt? Worry? Annoyance?

"I'll come back later," she said after a beat. "And I'll bring you food. Something warm."

Jennie didn't answer. She simply turned and walked away down the corridor, toward her mother's room, her footsteps echoing in the cold hospital hall.

She didn't need food. She needed space.

—

Jennie had been sitting by her mother's bedside for hours. She didn't even realize how long she had been holding her mom's hand, watching the steady beeping on the monitor, listening to the rhythmic hiss of the oxygen machine.

Eventually, she quietly stepped out to the small veranda attached to the private room. The night breeze was cool against her skin, and she welcomed it. Her lungs ached from holding back tears for so long.

As she leaned against the railing, she let herself breathe for the first time that day.

Everything had changed so fast.

Just a few months ago, her life felt complete—like a straight road leading to a perfect destination. Her dad was alive and full of plans. He was brimming with excitement over the business merger with the other Kim. Her mom was just as thrilled, and Jennie had been swept into that same current of joy. She was set to marry Taehyung. Their future was mapped out—business success, a beautiful home, a child to carry on their legacy.

Everything was solid. Everything made sense.

But now? Now her life felt like it had been thrown into a blender. Her father was gone. Her mother was fighting for her life. And she was married—legally, permanently—to the one woman she never stopped loving. The one person who broke her heart so completely a decade ago.

And yet... Lisa hadn't said a single word about love. Not then, not now.

She was just part of the arrangement. A womb meant to carry Lisa's heir—just a baby maker. A contract written in desperate ink.

Jennie wrapped her arms around herself as her chest tightened. She didn't even realize she had started crying until her shoulders shook from the effort of holding it in. And then... she broke.

Like a child, she sobbed. No filters, no poise, no pride. Just raw,

painful tears—letting the weight of everything crash down on her in silence.

"Jennie?"

Her head whipped up at the familiar voice, eyes wide and blurred with tears.

"Taehyung?" she said, quickly wiping her face, embarrassed. "W-What are you doing here?"

"I heard about your mom," he said gently, stepping closer. "I came by hoping to see you. And... I wanted to visit her too."

Jennie looked away, trying to get her emotions under control, but he noticed.

"You've lost weight," he said, concern clouding his face. "Is your... wife even taking care of you?"

Jennie's eyes widened slightly. "You know?"

Taehyung gave a small nod. "Everyone in the office does. Lisa held a meeting and officially announced it."

Jennie blinked, surprised. Lisa didn't tell me that...

"I've just been... overwhelmed," she whispered. "I'm really worried about Mom."

Taehyung reached for her hand, and the simple gesture made the dam break all over again. Tears rolled down her cheeks before she could stop them.

"Oh no, Jennie," he murmured, pulling her into a hug. She clung to him, burying her face in his chest.

"I'm sorry," she choked out. "I ruined your shirt."

He gave a soft laugh and gently patted her back. "Jennie, come on. We're friends. Friends are supposed to show up like this."

She gave him a watery smile and pulled back slightly.

Then a flicker of excitement lit up his eyes. "Hey... I wanted to tell you something. I found her. Ji-eun. She's in Gwangju now, running a small grocery store. I'm going there this weekend. I'm not letting her go this time."

Jennie's heart lifted for him. "Oh my god, Tae! That's amazing. I'm so happy for you." She pulled him into a tighter hug. "You deserve that happiness."

They stayed like that for a few quiet moments—just two people who'd been through so much, giving each other a little light in the dark.

But then—

"Am I interrupting something?"

A familiar voice, flat and unreadable, cut through the stillness.

Jennie and Taehyung quickly turned.

Lisa was standing just a few feet away, holding a white paper bag with takeout inside. Her expression was calm, but Jennie could see the sharpness in her eyes.

"Oh—Lisa," Taehyung straightened up, stepping back. "I just came to check on Jennie and her mom. I'm leaving now. I didn't mean to intrude."

Jennie gave him a grateful look. "Thank you again, Tae. For everything."

He nodded at her with a soft smile, then gave Lisa a quick nod. "Take care of her," he said simply, before walking down the corridor.

Jennie stood awkwardly for a moment, unsure of what Lisa was thinking.

The taller woman stepped closer, handing her the takeout bag.

"I brought you food," she said. Her voice wasn't cold... but it wasn't exactly warm either. "You skipped lunch again. I figured you'd need something decent."

Jennie held the bag, her fingers brushing Lisa's briefly. "Thank you."

Lisa glanced toward the glass door of her mom's room. "How's she doing?"

Jennie's lips parted, but her throat felt tight. "Still the same. They're monitoring her closely. The vitals are stable."

Lisa gave a small nod, then shoved her hands into her pockets. "I'll leave you to rest. Call me if anything changes."

Jennie hesitated. She wanted to say something more—anything to break the heavy silence that always fell between them when no one else was around. But the words wouldn't come.

So she just said, "Okay."

Lisa nodded once, then turned and walked away.

And Jennie... was left there alone again, holding warm food in her hands, with nothing but cold silence in her chest..

Once

Lisa stepped out of the hospital room, taking in a long, shaky breath as the cold evening air hit her face. She needed space—just a moment to breathe, to think, to cool down the rising jealousy burning in her chest.

She had seen Jennie again—hugging Taehyung with ease and warmth. Jennie's smile was soft, and her body had just melted into the man's arms like it was the most natural thing in the world.

And Lisa hated it.

Not because Jennie smiled, but because she didn't smile at her like that.

Not because Jennie hugged someone, but because she never hugged Lisa like that—not unless it was night, and out of obligation.

"Why does she only ever look at me like I'm a stranger?" Lisa muttered under her breath. "A deal. A duty. Not... not someone she could love."

The feeling crushed her, and she clenched her fists at her sides. A few minutes passed as she tried to get herself together. When she finally felt calm enough, she made her way back to the hospital room.

As soon as she walked in, her eyes landed on Jennie, still sitting quietly beside her mom. The food she brought earlier was just sitting on the table—untouched. Jennie didn't even look up or seem to notice she had come back. She just stared at the tray like she'd been frozen there the whole time.

"You know what?" Lisa said, her voice low and tight. "Every time I see you with him—you're either hugging or kissing. Seriously."

Jennie looked up, confused. "Lisa—"

"Do you even remember you're married now?" Lisa's tone rose. She marched toward her, fury brimming at the edges. "You're my wife, Jennie!"

Before Jennie could respond, Lisa roughly grabbed her arm and pulled her up from the chair. Then, without warning, she crashed her lips onto hers—possessive, fierce, and punishing. There was no tenderness, only frustration. No gentleness, only the need to remind her that she belonged to her now.

Jennie froze, her eyes wide open as Lisa kissed her. And just like that—her tears spilled again. She wasn't sure if it was from shock, confusion, or pain.

Lisa felt the moisture on her cheek and pulled back instantly. Her breathing was heavy, and her expression softened just a little when she saw Jennie's tear-streaked face.

"I..." Lisa looked away, guilt flickering in her eyes. "You should eat now. I brought that food for you."

Jennie didn't say a word.

Lisa stepped back and walked toward the door, her voice quieter this time. "Once you're done, we'll go home."

Then she left again, not waiting for a reply. She stepped into the hallway again, trying to hold it together. Her chest ached, her breathing uneven.

She had never wanted to hurt Jennie. But seeing her with someone else—laughing, hugging, crying in someone else's arms—it tore her apart.

If she didn't do something, she was afraid she'd lose Jennie again. Not legally. Emotionally.

Back in the hallway, she leaned against the cold wall and tried to calm her racing heart.

After a few moments, she turned back around and headed toward the room once more.

This time, she'd try to speak—not as someone demanding her role as a wife, but as someone who was hurting, silently begging to be seen.

—

When they arrived at the house, Lisa didn't wait another second. She cupped Jennie's face, kissed her slowly but deeply, and before Jennie could say anything, she lifted her in her arms and carried her straight to the master bedroom—Lisa's room.

Jennie didn't say a word. She didn't resist either. She just held on, her heart heavy, her thoughts a storm. Lisa helped her with her mom's surgery—something Jennie had no way of repaying. So this... whatever this was—this night, this moment—felt like a quiet obligation. A debt she didn't know how else to settle, even if a part of her was breaking inside.

As soon as they stepped into the room, Lisa's lips found hers again—this time rougher, more desperate, almost angry. Jealousy still burned hot in Lisa's chest after what she saw earlier—Jennie in Taehyung's arms, even if it was innocent. It didn't matter. Her mind twisted the image.

"You're mine," Lisa murmured between kisses, voice tight and breathless. "I don't ever want to see anyone else touching you like that again."

Jennie didn't reply. Her body tensed slightly, unsure, but Lisa was already too far gone—driven by emotion more than lust.

They collapsed onto the bed in a tangle of limbs and tension. Lisa was firm, unrelenting, marking every kiss, every touch with something deeper than desire—something closer to fear and longing. The room echoed with the sound of their bodies moving, sheets rustling, breaths getting caught in the heat of the moment.

Jennie winced at first. Lisa wasn't gentle tonight. There was no slow

build, no softness. But Jennie didn't stop her. She let Lisa take what she wanted, let herself be pulled into the moment even if her mind was elsewhere. The pain blurred into something else—something confusing and raw.

"Turn around," Lisa whispered, her voice darker now, urgent.

Jennie nodded weakly, doing what Lisa asked without a word. She wasn't thinking anymore. She just... let go.

Lisa moved behind her, gripping Jennie tightly, her hands roaming with a need that bordered on desperation. Every movement, every sound between them was messy and loud and emotionally charged. It wasn't about love. Not tonight. It was about claiming, about releasing something buried too deep.

Jennie gasped when Lisa leaned over and whispered in her ear, "You know I'd give you everything, right? Everything you ever ask for."

Lisa reached around her, trailing her hand over Jennie's body, touching places she knew too well. Jennie's soft moans turned louder, shakier. She wasn't sure if it was pleasure or exhaustion—or both. She was trying to keep up, trying not to cry.

"I'm close..." Jennie whispered, her voice trembling.

Lisa didn't stop. She held Jennie firmly, her hand finding Jennie's, guiding her.

"Then let go, Nini. Just let go with me."

And when Jennie finally reached her peak, everything around them blurred. Lisa followed right after, collapsing forward, her breath ragged, her body trembling as she buried her face into the crook of Jennie's neck.

For a long while, neither of them moved. Their breaths were the only thing breaking the silence.

Lisa finally pulled away, falling beside Jennie, her arm draped over her stomach, eyes still closed.

"That was... wow," she muttered between pants, sounding amazed but exhausted. "I needed that."

Jennie didn't respond. She just stared at the ceiling, her expression unreadable. Silent.

She still felt Lisa's touch. Still felt everything Lisa left inside her—physically, emotionally.

There was something possessive about it. Something Jennie couldn't name. But it made her feel like she was being claimed. Like Lisa wanted the whole world to know she belonged to her.

Even if Jennie wasn't so sure anymore who she belonged to—not even herself.

Just before sleep pulled her under, she heard Lisa whisper again, more tender this time.

"My chest is wide enough too, Jennie... if you ever need someone to lean on, just ask."

—

Every Sunday was always family day for the Manoban household. And this particular Sunday marked exactly one week since Lisa and Jennie's rushed civil wedding. For the first time in years, Jennie was about to meet Lisa's entire family again—not just her twin sister Rosé, but also Rosé's wife Jisoo and their kids. And this time... she wasn't just a guest or an old flame. She was Lisa's wife.

Before they stepped out of the car, Lisa gently pulled Jennie's arm to keep her from opening the door.

"Hey," she said in a low, firm voice, "I don't want them to know anything about our arrangement."

Jennie frowned slightly. "You mean the real reason why we got married?"

Lisa nodded. "Exactly. As far as they're concerned, we're just a regular couple who fell in love again and decided to tie the knot."

Jennie gave a small, dry laugh. "So you want us to act like we're a happy couple in front of your whole family?"

"If that's what it takes. Can you handle that, Nini?" Lisa asked, her tone unreadable.

Jennie looked at her for a second, then let out a small shrug. "Like I even have a say in this," she said, a little flat, a little tired.

Lisa raised an eyebrow but said nothing more. They both stepped out of the car and walked toward the front door together, side by side.

———

The house was lively and warm with laughter the moment they stepped inside. The smell of Sunday lunch—stir-fried vegetables, grilled meat, Thai curry—filled the air. Everyone was already there. Rosé and Jisoo were busy chasing after their kids while their parents, Chittip and Marco Manoban, had just returned from a long trip to Thailand and were catching up with everyone.

Jennie tensed slightly when all eyes turned to her, but Lisa didn't let go of her hand.

"Everyone," Lisa announced with a bright smile, "Jennie... my wife."

A few surprised gasps escaped, but no one said anything negative. In fact, Chittip looked stunned but quickly recovered, stepping forward with a warm smile.

"Well... that was unexpected," she said, laughing softly as she hugged Jennie. "But welcome to the family, dear."

Marco chuckled. "About time you made a move, Lisa. We were beginning to think you'd live alone forever."

Lisa squeezed Jennie's hand and added teasingly, "I figured I should lock her down before she escapes again. Although... we are planning a big wedding next year, right Nini?"

Jennie blinked at her. She could still remember Lisa's warning just

moments ago in the car. The words *"I don't want them to know anything about our arrangement"* echoed in her head. So she forced her brightest smile, nodded, and replied sweetly, "Of course. I want to wear a proper gown this time."

The family cheered and clapped. Rosé even squealed and hugged Jennie tight.

"Oh my god, Jennie! You seriously don't age. You still look exactly the same. I missed you!" Rosé said excitedly. "And now you're my sister-in-law. That's crazy."

Jennie laughed. "I missed you too. You look like you've been running a marathon. Three kids, huh?"

Rosé rolled her eyes. "Don't remind me. These monsters take all my energy. But they're cute, so I guess I'll let them live."

"They take after you," Jennie teased.

"That's why you and Lisa need to catch up," Rosé shot back. "You two better start working on giving me nieces or nephews. Or twins! That would be ideal."

Jennie's smile froze for half a second, but before she could say anything, Lisa casually wrapped an arm around her waist and chimed in, "Don't worry. We've been working on it every night."

"LISA!" Jennie turned to her, scandalized, cheeks turning a bright crimson. The entire room broke into laughter.

"Don't mind your sister," Marco, Lisa's father, said with a grin. "We'd be thrilled to have more grandkids. In fact, Lisa, you're already late to the party. Rosé beat you to it."

Lisa rolled her eyes. "I know, I know. I'm catching up, okay?"

"Poor Jennie," Chittip said playfully. "You look like you're about to faint from all this baby talk."

Lisa laughed and pulled Jennie closer, whispering near her ear, "You're doing great, Nini."

Jennie didn't respond. She was too busy trying to calm her heartbeat. She hadn't expected how affectionate and teasing Lisa could be in front of her family. It was all part of the act—but it felt strangely real, and it made Jennie's chest tighten.

Later, as they sat around the living room with tea and dessert, Jennie couldn't help but observe the family's closeness. Everyone was talking at once—sharing food, laughing, poking fun at each other.

She found herself smiling... but it was bittersweet.

She missed this kind of noise. This kind of chaos. This kind of love.

She missed her parents. Her dad would've been teasing her too, and her mom would be fixing her plate, making sure she had enough food. Her chest ached with that old grief again.

Lisa leaned toward her, voice soft. "You okay?"

Jennie nodded slowly. "Just... remembering some things."

Lisa didn't ask more. She didn't press. She just quietly slipped her hand into Jennie's under the table, not saying a word, but holding on just enough to let Jennie know... that she was there.

Even if everything between them was just an agreement, a deal—at that moment, it felt like maybe, just maybe, it could be something more.

Doce

The next day, it was back to work for everyone.

Jennie was barely settled in her office when Mina, her assistant, entered holding a tablet and some folders—but it was the look on her face that caught Jennie's attention.

"Ms. Jennie," Mina began hesitantly, "I just wanted to update you... Ms. Somi came in really early today. According to Ms. Manoban's secretary, she went straight to Ms. Lisa's office."

Jennie froze in the middle of flipping through a file.

"How long were they in there?" she asked, pretending to sound casual, but the heaviness in her chest was starting to creep in.

"Almost two hours," Mina said carefully. "And then, apparently, Ms. Lisa booked a reservation at a restaurant. They're out having lunch now."

Jennie felt her heart squeeze tight, like someone reached into her chest and gripped it hard.

So nothing's changed, huh? Married or not, Lisa still acts like a bachelor who can go on lunch dates with anyone she wants. God, we haven't even been married two weeks.

"Thank you, Mina," Jennie said calmly, though her fingers trembled as she picked up a document. "Could you also pull out the files for our Park Industries meeting? I just need to double-check something."

As soon as Mina left, Jennie didn't even bother opening the file. She immediately called Taehyung's extension.

"Lunch?" she asked the second he answered.

Taehyung paused for a beat, probably sensing something from her tone. "I'll be there in five."

———

Ten minutes later, they were on their way to grab lunch. Jennie kept staring out the window, jaw clenched. She couldn't say it out loud, but her thoughts were loud enough to drive her crazy.

Lisa and Somi. Alone. At lunch. Laughing, probably. Flirting. She didn't even bother telling me.

Then, as if fate wanted to kick her a little harder, she spotted Lisa's familiar profile through the restaurant glass before they even walked inside.

Lisa was seated at a small table for two, facing Somi, who was smiling like she didn't have a care in the world.

Taehyung noticed her tense up. "Do you wanna go somewhere else?"

Jennie turned to him and gave a smile that didn't quite reach her eyes. "Why? It's a free country, right?"

Taehyung raised an eyebrow and chuckled. "Well, look at you. I didn't know you could get jealous."

"I'm not jealous," Jennie muttered under her breath, pushing the door open.

Of course, just her luck—the waiter led them to the table right next to Lisa and Somi.

The moment Lisa spotted her, her expression changed instantly. Her eyes shifted to Taehyung, then darted back to Jennie, narrowing ever so slightly.

Without a word, Lisa stood up and walked over. "Hey," she greeted Taehyung flatly before turning to the waiter. "Can we push our tables together?"

"Uh... sure," the waiter said awkwardly.

Lisa looked at Taehyung. "Is that okay with you?"

Taehyung shrugged casually. "Fine by me."

Then Lisa looked at Jennie, waiting for her answer. She could feel Lisa's eyes burning into her skin, demanding something she didn't understand. She didn't want to seem affected. She didn't want to give Lisa the satisfaction.

"Why not?" Jennie said, plastering a sugary smile on her lips. "Foursome's more fun, right?"

Lisa sat beside Jennie, possessively close. Taehyung ended up beside Somi. The air was thick and awkward.

The waiter came back to take their orders, and Jennie realized her appetite was practically gone.

Taehyung, ever the peacekeeper, tried to fill the silence.

"So... Lisa, how's the new research grant coming along?" he asked.

"Fine," Lisa replied curtly, eyes still fixed on Jennie.

Somi tried to jump in too. "I heard your mom's operation went well, Jennie. That's great news."

Jennie gave her a tight smile. "Yeah. Thanks to Lisa and Dr. Irene."

But her voice was flat. Her mind was elsewhere—on Lisa's lingering stare, on the way Somi kept glancing at Lisa, like she was trying to read something between them.

Then Taehyung cleared his throat.

"I actually requested a transfer to Gwangju," he announced casually. "It becomes official next week."

Jennie's heart dropped.

"You're really going?" she asked softly.

"Yeah," he smiled. "Found what I was looking for. It's time."

Jennie reached across the table to hold his hand. "I'm gonna miss you, Tae. Work won't be the same without you."

The second she did, she felt Lisa stiffen beside her.

A heartbeat later, Lisa leaned in, wrapped an arm around Jennie's waist, and gently but firmly pried her hand away from Taehyung's. Without warning, Lisa laced their fingers together and kissed her knuckles.

Jennie blinked, stunned, completely thrown off by the sudden public display.

Even Somi seemed taken aback.

The table went silent.

For the rest of the lunch, no one really said anything beyond the occasional nod or short reply. The tension was undeniable, thick enough to cut with a knife.

As they finished up, Taehyung offered to take Somi home. Jennie caught the flicker of irritation in Lisa's eyes, but she said nothing. Jennie, meanwhile, followed Lisa to the car in silence.

Her chest ached. Her head spun. She didn't know if it was anger, jealousy, or exhaustion—but something inside her was threatening to explode.

And Lisa? She just walked ahead like nothing happened, car keys in hand, jaw clenched, pretending none of it mattered.

—

The days passed quickly. Before they knew it, the weekend had rolled around again, and this time, Lisa brought Jennie to Jeju for a short getaway.

They weren't alone.

Rosé, Jisoo, Marco, and Chittip had come along for the trip, and to Jennie's surprise, Lisa had even invited her doctor-friend Irene. The group was headed to a private resort-hotel owned by Lisa's cousin Kai—on her father's side. The hotel stood proud near the famous Seongsan Ilchulbong (Sunrise Peak), one of Jeju's most breathtaking coastal landmarks.

The hotel was a modern, pristine white three-story building, set against lush greenery and cliffs that overlooked the sea. The cobblestone driveway curved around a large statue of children playing, and a man-made waterfall spilled gently over carved rock in front of the entrance. Inside, the marble floors gleamed under a massive chandelier that hung in the middle of the foyer. The twin staircases curved around both sides of the main reception, meeting at the top to form the shape of a heart—perfect for romantic photos.

There were 69 suites in total, catering to couples, solo travelers, and families alike. The resort was especially famous for its honeymoon packages and local tour offerings—hiking, spa days, sunrise viewing trips, and more.

Kai himself welcomed them at the entrance. When Jennie saw him again for the first time in years, she barely recognized him.

He was still charming, sure—but now there was a depth to him, a kind of quiet confidence that came with age and success. And those sharp, chiseled features? Still ridiculously attractive.

Jennie stared for a second longer than she should have.

Yup, still got it. she thought.

She remembered how she used to crush hard on him in college. He was practically a walking K-drama male lead. But now, even with that old fondness flickering, she found herself quietly amused. If I'd ended up with Kai, she thought, I probably wouldn't have lasted either. I'd be too insecure with all the girls hovering around him.

She chuckled to herself. If Kai had been born a woman, she'd probably be Miss Universe.

But just as she was getting lost in her internal monologue, she noticed something strange—everyone had gone quiet.

She blinked.

All six pairs of eyes were on her. Even Lisa was watching her... closely.

"Cousin," Kai teased with a smirk, raising a brow, "pretty sure your wife's falling under the spell of my good looks."

Jennie's face instantly turned red.

Rosé shrieked dramatically. "Oh my god! Don't tell me you still have a crush on Kai, Jen! Remember back in college? If he hadn't been taken back then, I would've totally set you two up. You always had a thing for the mestizo type."

"Wasn't your ex-fiancé Korean though?" Jisoo chimed in, playing innocent but clearly enjoying herself.

"Taehyung's full Korean," Jennie muttered, forcing a smile.

Lisa suddenly slipped an arm around her waist and pulled her close. "But I'm the one she married, so I guess I still beat all the pretty boys, right, Nini?"

Jennie laughed softly, cheeks flushed as the others burst out laughing. She nodded along, even if she knew Lisa was only being sweet for the family's benefit. Still... part of her soaked in every second of it. She wasn't sure if it was real—but she wanted to believe it was.

Lisa noticed the change. For a second, Jennie had hugged her back—and it wasn't just for show.

Lisa's eyes softened, but before she could say anything, Chittip wiped her forehead dramatically.

"O-kay, the sun is scorching, and I'm sticky as hell," she declared. "I'm going in for a shower."

Marco chuckled and followed her inside.

———

The suite Lisa and Jennie were given was romantic, to say the least. The large canopy king-sized bed stood at the center of the room, with sheer white curtains billowing from all four posts. Fresh flowers had been arranged in clear vases across the shelves and tables, and a small veranda opened up to a breathtaking view of the beach and ocean. It was like a honeymoon suite from a movie.

Jennie stood at the balcony, arms resting on the rail as she looked at the sea, deep in thought.

She was startled when Lisa spoke behind her.

"If you still have a thing for my cousin, you better forget it."

Jennie slowly turned around.

"What?"

Lisa crossed her arms, tone sharp. "You were practically drooling earlier. It's embarrassing. You're my wife. I expect better from you —especially in front of my family. I won't tolerate that kind of behavior."

Jennie stared at her, stunned. "Are you serious? What about you and Irene? You flirt with her like I'm invisible, and I'm just supposed to smile and pretend it's normal?"

Lisa raised a brow. "Are you jealous?"

There was something unreadable in Lisa's eyes. Hope? Surprise? She didn't know.

Jennie scoffed, shaking her head. "Don't flatter yourself. But yes, I do find it hilarious that you're acting so high and mighty when you're not exactly subtle about Irene."

Lisa didn't answer, just kept staring.

Jennie crossed her arms. "Honestly? If you're going to make me feel like a trophy wife who's only here to give you an heir, I might as well enjoy the view. Plenty of handsome foreigners around, anyway."

Before she could turn away, Lisa was in front of her—gripping her arm, tight enough to make Jennie flinch.

"Try it," Lisa said in a low, cold voice. "Just try looking at someone else that way again. I dare you."

"You're hurting me," Jennie said softly, voice trembling.

Lisa blinked, like snapping out of a trance. She let go immediately and took a step back.

"Sorry," she muttered, jaw tense. "If you want to shower, go ahead. I'll wait for you at the dining hall."

And with that, Lisa walked out—leaving Jennie standing there, breath shaky, emotions in a whirlwind.

She didn't know if she was angry, flattered, heartbroken... or all three.

But one thing was clear.

Lisa may have married her for a reason. But if she kept reacting like this... maybe there was something more hidden underneath.

Something Jennie wasn't supposed to see..

Trece

When Jennie arrived at the dining area of the hotel, she was immediately met with the sound of laughter and cheerful voices. Everyone seemed to be having a great time. The long table was filled with delicious food, wine glasses clinking, and warm chatter echoing off the high ceiling.

But what Jennie noticed first wasn't the food or the cozy ambiance —it was Lisa.

Her wife was seated near the center of the table, laughing along with the others, her smile wide and her eyes occasionally glancing toward someone seated beside her.

Irene.

The woman was sitting comfortably on Lisa's right, laughing at something she said, her hand casually resting on Lisa's arm like it belonged there.

Jennie's jaw tightened instinctively.

That familiar pinch in her chest came back.

She blinked the irritation away and walked further inside. Before she could take another step, Lisa's mother noticed her and smiled warmly.

"Oh, there you are, Jennie! Just in time," she said. "We're about to go horseback riding! The weather's still perfect. We were all just waiting for you to join."

Jennie managed a polite smile. "That's sweet of you, Mom, but I think I'll pass. I don't really know how to ride a horse," she replied gently, with a little bow of her head.

"You don't need to," Lisa suddenly chimed in, her voice playful. "You can just ride with me. I've got strong arms. I promise I won't let you fall, Nini."

Jennie tried not to roll her eyes at the nickname Lisa was only fond of using around others. She opened her mouth to reply, but Kai beat her to it.

"Oh no you don't," Kai teased, setting down his wine glass. "With your combined weight, Lisa, you'll break my horses' backs."

The whole table laughed at his cheeky comment.

Lisa raised an eyebrow and made a face. "Wow. Rude. Are you calling me heavy?"

"Not just you," Kai smirked. "Your wife's also... well-fed."

Jennie almost choked on her own breath, trying not to laugh.

Before the conversation could go further, Lisa shrugged and said, "Fine. But I'm still bringing her next time."

"I think I'll stay too," Lisa added suddenly, straightening up.

Jennie glanced at her quickly.

Lisa's voice was calm, but Jennie could feel the tension simmering beneath. She was clearly trying to come up with a reason not to leave Jennie behind.

But Irene wasn't having it.

"Wait, what?" Irene's brows shot up, pouting slightly. "You're not backing out now, are you? You were the one who invited me to this trip, remember? You promised we'd race along the trail!"

Jennie saw the way Irene looked at Lisa—not just fondly, but expectantly, like she was used to Lisa always being by her side. There was something a little too comfortable in that tone. Too familiar.

Lisa hesitated.

Then Kai stood up and clapped his hands. "Alright, alright, problem solved. I'll stay with Jennie."

Everyone turned to look at him.

"I'm the host, after all. It's only right I keep the princess company," he winked at Jennie. "I'll show her around the hotel, then maybe take her to the spa. Let her relax a little. What do you say, Jennie? Spa sounds good?"

Jennie blinked. "Oh... I mean—if it's really no trouble."

Lisa opened her mouth to object, but Irene had already stood up and grabbed her arm.

"C'mon, Lali. Don't be a buzzkill. Let them hang out. We're burning daylight here!"

The others began standing one by one, excited about the horseback riding. The energy was infectious—well, for everyone except Lisa.

She was clearly irritated.

Jennie could feel it even without looking at her. That tension in Lisa's jaw, the forced smile she was wearing, the way she kept glancing at her and Kai with barely hidden displeasure.

Jennie took a seat beside Kai just to push the tension a little further. Kai leaned in, his elbow resting on the back of her chair.

"Don't worry," he whispered. "I won't let Lisa's death glare kill the fun."

Jennie let out a small laugh. "Is it that obvious?"

"You're both terrible at hiding your feelings. You always were."

Meanwhile, Lisa had mounted her horse, but as the group began to move out toward the trail, she was still turned around, eyes glued on Jennie and Kai. She looked like she was dying to turn back. Even

from afar, Jennie could tell—Lisa was absolutely, unmistakably jealous.

Jennie smiled smugly.

She raised a hand and waved—innocently at first, then more animatedly, teasing.

Kai, catching on, grinned and threw an arm around her shoulder, waving too.

Lisa's lips pressed into a thin line.

She started to dismount, clearly about to go back, but her mother was quick to stop her.

"Lali. Let it go," Chittip said, reaching for her daughter's reins. "Your cousin's just messing with you. Let Jennie have fun, too. She deserves it. You don't want to make a scene in front of everyone, do you?"

Lisa glared for another second before sighing and giving in. She reluctantly turned her horse forward and followed the group, but not without throwing one last hard look at her wife and her annoyingly charming cousin.

Jennie could still feel her gaze as they walked away.

And even though Lisa's jealousy shouldn't matter—it did.

Because somehow, it made Jennie feel something she hadn't felt in a while.

Wanted.

—

Jennie lay relaxed on the huge bed, arms sprawled out, hair still slightly damp from the spa steam. Her body felt feather-light, like every bone in her had melted. She had no idea she needed that much pampering until Kai practically dragged her into it.

After touring her around the entire hotel grounds, from the koi ponds to the infinity pool at the rooftop, Kai had walked her to the spa where she indulged in everything they had to offer—full body massage, foot reflex, body scrub, and even a facial.

He didn't stay long, saying he had meetings to attend to, but made sure the staff gave her VIP treatment. For a while, Jennie was just floating in comfort and quietness, all the tension in her body and mind slowly melting away.

Now, hours later, she was still in a dream-like haze when she was stirred by the soft sound of water rushing from the bathroom.

She blinked her eyes open, just in time to see Lisa emerging from the steamy shower—hair dripping wet, towel wrapped low on her hips, shoulders still glistening with droplets. Jennie swallowed hard. Lisa wasn't even trying, but she looked straight out of a sultry shampoo commercial.

"Did you enjoy my cousin's company that much?" Lisa asked suddenly, her tone sharp, voice dripping with sarcasm.

Jennie let out a sigh and rolled onto her side, not wanting to start a fight.

"I'm not in the mood to argue, Lisa."

"But I'm just asking," Lisa shot back, walking closer to the bed. "You looked pretty cozy with him earlier. I saw how you were smiling, laughing. Like he was your boyfriend."

Jennie sat up and looked at her. "Are you jealous?"

Lisa crossed her arms, towel still hanging dangerously low. "Of course I'm jealous. I've been jealous since this trip started. I saw how you looked at him—like you used to. Don't forget I know your type, Jennie. Fair skin, clean cut, tall. Mestizo vibes. Taehyung, Kai... They all fit your type. And I—look at me. I'm not even close."

Jennie blinked. For a split second, something in her chest cracked. She wasn't expecting that level of honesty from Lisa. Her voice had softened near the end, her eyes falling to the floor like she hated

admitting it.

But Jennie wasn't ready to let it go that easily.

"Well then," she said, voice low and sharp, "you're not the only one feeling that way."

Lisa looked up, confused.

Jennie stared straight into her eyes.

"I'm jealous too. Of Irene. Of Somi. Of all the women you've been with in the last ten years. I see the way they look at you. Like they still have a chance. Like I'm not even here."

Lisa froze.

"You're jealous... of them?" she asked quietly.

Jennie didn't look away. "Very. I've imagined—more than once—throwing acid on their pretty faces if I could."

Lisa's eyes widened in shock, then amusement. She sat beside her on the bed and pulled her into a tight hug, laughter mixing with disbelief.

"God, Nini. You're so intense." Her voice was warm now, teasing. "I didn't know you had that in you."

"Well, now you do."

Lisa leaned her chin on Jennie's shoulder. "Just so you know, Irene's already taken—she's with Dr. Seulgi, and honestly, she's way more into her than anyone else. And Somi? That was years ago. There's nothing between us anymore."

"You swear?" Jennie said, her voice a whisper now.

Lisa nodded solemnly, then held up her fingers. "Promise and hope to die," she said with a grin, making an X over her chest dramatically.

Jennie giggled.

"You're ridiculous."

Lisa smirked. "Yeah, but now you know."

Jennie relaxed again, her head resting against Lisa's shoulder. "You know, back when I was younger... yeah, I had a thing for mestizo. Kai was my harmless childhood crush."

Lisa gave her a knowing look.

Jennie rolled her eyes, smiling. "But now? I'm over that. I think I'm pretty into tan girls now. Especially the cocky, overprotective, emotionally-stunted kind."

Lisa beamed at that.

"Oh, so that's your new type?"

"Only one in particular," Jennie teased, raising her brows.

Lisa leaned in, brushing her lips against Jennie's ear. "What did you even do the whole day while I wasn't around, hmm?"

Jennie stretched a little, arching her back just slightly. "I told you. Spa day. Full pampering session. Massage, body scrub, facial. I swear, I think I lost a whole layer of skin. I'm baby-smooth right now."

Lisa hummed, lips trailing down to her neck. "Is that so? Guess I should confirm that myself."

Jennie tilted her head to the side, giving Lisa more access as her fingers found the edge of the towel.

"I dare you," she whispered.

Lisa grinned.

"Oh, Nini... never dare me unless you're ready to handle the consequences."

—

A few moments later, Lisa's lips began to trail slowly down Jennie's body, leaving a burning path of kisses that made both of them ignite in desire.

She leaned in and kissed Jennie deeply, her right hand gently cupping Jennie's cheek to deepen the kiss while the other slowly explored her body, eventually finding her way to her chest. Jennie gasped softly at the sensation, her breath hitching as her body responded to Lisa's touch. At last, the walls between them were gone — no more pretending, no more holding back. They had finally confessed what they truly felt for each other.

Jennie, overwhelmed with emotion and longing, became bolder. She leaned in closer and whispered against Lisa's ear, "Think of me, Lisa... I know you've been wanting to. Let me feel you. I want all of you tonight."

Then she bit Lisa's ear gently, her voice husky and full of desire. "This is our night, Lili. I'm yours... for real, this time."

Lisa kissed her again — this time more passionate, more intense. Jennie kissed her back with the same fire, and slowly began slipping off her clothes. Lisa helped her, their eyes locked, full of hunger and love. Once Jennie stood there completely bare, Lisa's breath caught for a moment, like she was seeing her for the first time all over again.

"You're so beautiful," Lisa murmured, already starting to undress herself. Jennie bit her lip as her eyes trailed down Lisa's body.

"Damn, you're big... how did that even fit inside me the first time?" Jennie teased, her voice low and playful.

Lisa smirked and leaned closer, her lips brushing against Jennie's. "Magic, Nini. And just so you know... this cock? It's only for you."

Jennie grinned. "Good. You're all mine now, Lili."

Without another word, Lisa began kissing her again — this time from her lips, down her neck, and then to her breasts, sucking

gently while her hands caressed every inch of Jennie's body. Jennie moaned, the pleasure rolling through her like waves. Lisa took her time, savoring every reaction, wanting to please her, to worship her.

One hand stayed on Jennie's breast while her other began circling the soft heat between Jennie's thighs, teasing but not entering, making Jennie whimper in frustration and need.

"L-Lili... I c-can't hold it anymore... please... take me," Jennie pleaded, her voice shaky.

Lisa paused, resting her forehead against Jennie's. "Let's take our time, Nini. I want to remember everything. I love you."

With a deep breath, Lisa slowly pushed inside her. This was the first time they were doing it not because of a deal, not because of obligation — but because of love. Jennie felt the familiar sting, and tears welled in her eyes. But she didn't stop her. She wanted this — all of it. She wanted to carry Lisa's children. She wanted to give herself fully.

"Should I stop?" Lisa asked, her voice firm but gentle.

Jennie shook her head, smiling through the tears. There was a glow in her eyes that only love could bring. "N-No, Lili... don't stop. I want this. I want you. Please... keep going."

Lisa kissed her again, then moved slowly, carefully, listening to every gasp and moan Jennie made. She made love to her with intention, not rushing, letting Jennie feel every inch of her.

Jennie matched her rhythm, her fingers digging lightly into Lisa's back. "Lili... harder," she begged, her voice breathy.

Lisa obeyed, thrusting a little deeper, a little stronger, their bodies now completely in sync — moving as one, up and down, in and out. The sound of their moans filled the room, along with the soft rhythm of skin against skin.

"Lili... ahhhh, I'm... I'm coming," Jennie cried out, her entire body shaking.

Lisa grunted softly, "I love you, Nini..." And in a few more thrusts, she let go — the hot rush of release flooding into Jennie, sealing their bond even tighter.

Jennie pulled her closer and whispered, "I love you most," before kissing her once more — this time, tender and filled with everything they never said before.

Minutes passed, and they eventually collapsed in each other's arms, completely worn out from making love... but finally whole.

And in that quiet, peaceful moment, they shared the happiness they'd long been denied — together, and for real this time.

Catorce

"Are you happy, Nini?" Lisa whispered gently, still trying to catch her breath.

Jennie turned her head to face her, a dazed smile on her lips. "More than happy. You're incredible, Lili."

Lisa grinned playfully, brushing strands of hair from Jennie's face. "Flattery will get you everywhere, Mrs. Manoban."

Jennie gave her a teasing look. "Promises, promises."

They both burst out laughing, the kind that comes from feeling light and loved and entirely free. Lisa's hands started moving again, exploring Jennie's body like she was rediscovering every inch. Soon enough, they were both breathless once more.

Lisa pressed soft kisses on Jennie's temple, then her cheek, trailing down to her neck. Jennie gasped softly when her lips lingered just above her chest. Lisa's hands moved with purpose, one supporting her waist, the other caressing her skin gently.

She kissed her slowly, thoroughly, savoring each reaction Jennie made. Every sigh, every moan only pulled Lisa deeper into her.

Jennie didn't stay passive—she tangled her fingers in Lisa's hair and pulled her into a hungry kiss, making Lisa laugh breathlessly between moans.

"You're so strong when you want something," Lisa whispered, kissing her forehead, then her nose, her chin, and back down to her collarbones. She trailed more kisses downward, taking her time, tasting every piece of her like she was her favorite secret.

Jennie arched under her touch, laughing and gasping all at once.

"Lili... you're teasing me again..."

Lisa smirked, still tracing kisses down her stomach, then shifted and began planting kisses along her thighs. "I can't help it," she murmured. "You're just too addictive."

Jennie giggled, only to gasp as Lisa's fingers traced her sides. "God, Lili..." Her voice faltered as pleasure flooded through her again.

Lisa's hands moved with confidence and tenderness, her lips never leaving Jennie's skin. Jennie's grip on the sheets tightened, her head thrown back, her breath catching as Lisa explored her deeply, slowly.

Lisa paused for a moment, locking eyes with her. "You okay?"

Jennie nodded breathlessly, voice catching. "Don't stop... please don't stop..."

And Lisa didn't stop. She kept going—putting into every kiss, every touch, all the words they never got to say during the months they were together but distant. This wasn't just about desire anymore—it was love, raw and real, poured out in every movement.

Eventually, Jennie gasped her name, over and over. "Lisa... Lili... God!"

Lisa finally slowed down, lifting her fingers gently, and stared at her with awe.

"That was... unbelievable," she murmured. "You're unreal, Nini. Honestly, the sexiest woman I've ever seen."

Jennie smiled weakly, still catching her breath, sweat clinging to her skin. "You too... you completely ruined me."

"Are you okay?" Lisa asked again, voice soft and sweet.

Jennie nodded, unable to speak at first. Then, she suddenly reached for Lisa, pulling her up and flipping them over so she was on top.

"Mmm... Nini," Lisa chuckled, breathless. "Look at you being all

strong and bossy..."

Jennie grinned and leaned down, nibbling at her jaw. "You like it," she said, trailing kisses down her chest and stomach, dragging her nails gently across Lisa's sides, leaving faint red lines.

Lisa groaned. "You're gonna be the death of me."

Jennie looked up at her with mischief in her eyes. "You love it."

Lisa grabbed her hips, pulling her closer. "You have no idea what you do to me."

Jennie leaned in, her fingers dancing lower, teasing her. "Standing proud again, huh?" she teased, grinning as Lisa flushed.

Lisa pulled her into another kiss, deep and hungry. Jennie moaned as Lisa ran her hands all over her again.

Jennie moved slowly, kissing down Lisa's body again. "God, Lili... I missed this so much."

As Lisa whispered sweet nothings in her ear, Jennie was already losing herself again.

"I want you again," Jennie murmured. "Don't hold back. I want all of you."

Lisa paused. "You sure?"

Jennie met her eyes, serious this time. "Yes. I want you to fill me up. Until I get pregnant."

Lisa's eyes widened. "Wait, what—are you serious?"

Jennie nodded. "Very."

Without another word, Lisa lifted her up and pressed her against the wall. The cold plaster sent a jolt through her spine as Lisa kissed her passionately, messily, her hands everywhere.

Jennie wrapped her legs around Lisa, her arms around her neck.

"Please," she whispered.

Lisa leaned in, gently sliding into her. "I'll go slow," she promised.

Jennie closed her eyes, nodding. "It still feels like the first time," she breathed. "Even after everything."

Lisa kept her word—soft, careful, sweet.

"Are you okay?" Lisa asked again mid-motion.

Jennie chuckled breathlessly. "I swear if you ask that one more time—just go, Lili!"

Lisa smirked. "Yes, ma'am."

She pushed deeper, causing Jennie to gasp and moan. She dug her nails into Lisa's back, leaving marks as Lisa moved in perfect rhythm. Faster. Harder. More intense with each stroke.

Jennie screamed her name. "Ahhh—LiliiiLaalisaaaa!!! Aaahhhhh!!!, I'mmmm cummmiinnggg!!!! Liliiii!!!"

And just like that, everything came crashing down. Waves of heat, electricity, passion.

Lisa followed soon after, holding Jennie tightly against her as they both trembled.

"Me toooo Niniii ahhhmmm!!"...

Later, they collapsed back onto the bed, tangled in each other, soaked in sweat and completely spent.

"That was... insane," Jennie whispered, giggling. "Thrice. In a row."

Lisa chuckled, brushing hair from her eyes. "You're hot. Too hot to resist."

Jennie smiled, pressing a kiss to her chest. "I'm glad we found our way back."

Lisa reached for her hand and kissed it. "I'm glad I married you."

Jennie looked at her, eyes warm. "Me too."

They lay in silence for a while, just looking at each other, breathing each other in.

"You're so insatiable, wife," Lisa teased. "You're gonna drain me dry."

Jennie scoffed and rolled her eyes. "And I'm the one getting blamed?"

Lisa laughed, then sneakily pinched her butt before scooping her up. "Come on, shower time."

They giggled all the way to the bathroom—and didn't come back for a while.

—

But Lisa had something else in mind.

Without a word, she grabbed Jennie by the wrist and pulled her straight to the bathroom counter. Before Jennie could say anything, Lisa kissed her—hard, fast, desperate. The kind of kiss that shut everything out. Their mouths moved hungrily, Lisa's tongue pushing in as Jennie moaned softly, her hands instinctively reaching up to tug at Lisa's hair, pulling her closer, leaning her entire body into her.

They broke the kiss just for air, and in one swift move, Lisa spun Jennie around and bent her over the cold marble counter. Jennie gasped, glancing up at the mirror in front of them.

Their reflection said it all.

Jennie's hair was already a mess from Lisa's fingers, her lips slightly parted, eyes blown wide and dark with desire. Lisa, standing behind her, caught her gaze in the mirror with a wicked smirk playing on her lips.

"I've always wanted to watch us like this, Nini," Lisa whispered, voice low and rough, before raising her hand and giving Jennie a

sharp slap on the ass.

Jennie bit her lip, a gasp escaping her throat as she instinctively pushed her hips back towards Lisa, silently begging for more.

Lisa's fingers trailed down slowly, teasing Jennie, until they dipped right between her folds—no hesitation, just need. Two fingers slid in easily, stroking deep and fast, hitting that one spot that made Jennie crumble every single time.

"L-Lili... Lisa, please..." Jennie whimpered, her voice shaky, breath catching in her throat as Lisa's thumb drew slow, torturous circles on her clit.

"Please what?" Lisa murmured, her fingers slowing down to a near stop. "Say it, baby. I wanna hear you."

Jennie whimpered in frustration when the pleasure suddenly halted. Lisa slowly pulled her fingers out, holding Jennie's hips in place.

"Look at me," she said, her voice firmer this time. "In the mirror. Tell me what you want."

Jennie lifted her head, locking eyes with Lisa through the mirror just as she slid those same fingers into her mouth, sucking them clean—eyes never leaving hers.

"Lisa... please," Jennie finally begged. "I want you again... please, f-fuck me. I need you inside me. Please..."

Lisa didn't wait.

Without warning, she thrust into her, hard. Jennie let out a sharp cry, her upper body jolting forward against the counter. Lisa didn't even pause—she pulled back and slammed into her again, over and over, relentless and wild. Her hips slapped against Jennie's with every thrust, her grip bruising tight on her waist.

Jennie could barely form words, panting out Lisa's name mixed with breathless curses as the heat between them built again and again.

Lisa grabbed a fistful of Jennie's hair, tugging her head up so she could watch in the mirror—watch the way Jennie melted beneath her. Lisa's teeth caught her bottom lip as she moved her hips in slow, deep figure-eights that made Jennie cry out again, shaking from the intensity.

It was raw, unfiltered—nothing but heat and want. Pure, burning lust.

Jennie arched her back hard, her eyes locking with Lisa's in the mirror as her orgasm came rushing in—faster, stronger than she could handle. She gripped the edge of the counter, knuckles turning white, moaning Lisa's name as her whole body trembled.

Lisa kept going through it, her own body tensing, thrusts growing messier, deeper. Her voice broke in gasps as she finally came too, fingers digging into Jennie's hip and hair, staying buried inside her as her orgasm rocked through her.

Breathless, sweaty, Lisa leaned her body over Jennie's, their skin sticking together from the heat of it all. Their reflections in the mirror were flushed, wild, and messy—but satisfied.

Their eyes met again, both of them smiling lazily.

"I gotta say, Nini..." Lisa whispered in her ear, breath hot. "I love watching us fuck."

Jennie shivered all over, biting back another moan.

Lisa smirked, chuckling at Jennie's reaction.

After that, they took a warm bath together, their bodies sinking into the water, exhausted but still tangled in each other. Quiet laughter. Gentle touches.

When they were finally clean, Lisa carried Jennie out like she was the most precious thing in the world. She helped her get dressed, then changed herself too, and when Jennie reached out to grab her hand, Lisa let her pull her into bed.

They curled into each other under the sheets, too tired to talk, but

not needing words anymore.

—

They were late for dinner.

And of course, Lisa's family didn't let it slide—not even for a second.

As soon as the two of them walked into the dining hall, freshly showered and slightly flushed, the teasing began.

"Well, well, look who finally decided to join us!" Rosé called out dramatically, raising a glass of water like she was giving a toast. "Did the lovebirds lose track of time again?"

Jisoo snorted from beside her, covering her mouth to hold back her laugh. "Or maybe they were... busy with something more important than food?"

Jennie blushed instantly, her hand flying up to her cheek like she could stop the heat from rising. Lisa, on the other hand, smirked proudly, wrapping a casual arm around Jennie's waist as they made their way to the table.

"Sorry we're late," Lisa said, voice full of mock innocence. "Nini had a little too much spa time and forgot she had a wife to feed."

Jennie elbowed her lightly, whispering under her breath, "Don't blame me—you're the one who took a detour to the bedroom first."

Kai, who was seated at the far end, laughed heartily. "I knew something was up. When Jennie didn't show up to the lounge on time, I figured someone must have come to... collect her."

"You know," added Marco with a sly grin, "in our culture, being late after checking into a nice resort suite means only one thing."

Lisa raised a brow. "Relax, Dad. We just took showers... separately. It's just that wifey here took a little extra time getting ready."

Jennie gasped. "Excuse me? You're the one who spent fifteen

minutes picking which cologne to use."

Chittip, Lisa's mom, just laughed softly, eyeing the two with a warm grin. "Ayy, these two. You're just like me and Marco back in the day. Always late to dinner, always with some excuse."

"Aww," Rosé teased, grinning. "So it runs in the family!"

"Whatever," Lisa said, pulling out a chair for Jennie. "You're all just jealous 'cause I've got the prettiest wife here."

Jennie looked up at her, surprised at the sudden compliment. Lisa winked.

"Ooohhh!" the entire table chorused, voices teasing and filled with laughter.

Lisa slid into the seat beside Jennie, casually resting her hand on Jennie's thigh under the table. Jennie shot her a sideways glance, her cheeks still warm from all the teasing. It was a lot—everyone's jokes, the attention—but strangely, it didn't feel bad. It felt... nice. Like she was part of something real now. Like she finally belonged. And deep down, despite everything, she knew—Lisa still loved her. Maybe she never really stopped.

"Alright, alright," Jisoo interrupted. "Let's stop teasing and start eating. Some of us didn't have the luxury of being... late for dinner."

"True," Irene piped up from her spot across the table. "Some of us actually showed up hungry."

Lisa grinned, serving Jennie first before herself. "Well, let's just say we both worked up an appetite."

Jennie gave her a warning glare, whispering harshly, "Lisa!"

"What? We did!" she whispered back with a smug little shrug.

Everyone was talking, laughing, eating. But for Jennie, surrounded by her wife's family, secretly holding Lisa's hand under the table, her heart felt strangely full.

Even if their marriage didn't start with love... maybe, just maybe, there was something growing between them now.

Something real.

Quince

The past few days had been nothing short of colorful for Jennie and Lisa. Lisa's natural sweetness really came out—she was always up to something cheesy and adorable for her wife. From surprise breakfasts in bed to random love notes tucked inside Jennie's planner, Lisa made sure every moment felt special.

One afternoon, she told Jennie to wear something comfy and blindfolded her. "Where are we going?" Jennie giggled as Lisa helped her into the car.

"You'll see, Nini. Just trust me," Lisa replied, kissing her temple.

When they got there, Lisa led her carefully down a wooden pier. The salty breeze kissed her skin, and she could hear the waves lapping gently beneath her feet. Then Lisa stopped her. "Okay," she whispered, "You can look now."

Jennie pulled off the blindfold and gasped.

A sleek white yacht floated before them, gently bobbing in the water, with the name JENNIE written elegantly on the side in gold.

"No way..." Jennie whispered, stunned. "You named a whole yacht after me?!"

Lisa smirked, clearly proud of herself. "Of course. You're my ocean queen. Remember our dream honeymoon cruise before? I figured... why not just make our own?"

Jennie blinked back happy tears, throwing her arms around Lisa. "You're unreal. I can't believe you did this."

Lisa grinned, leaning in close. "Believe it, Nini. Wanna go inside and... christen the place properly?"

———

Inside the yacht, the moment things got private, Lisa wasted no time. Her lips found Jennie's, soft at first, but quickly deepening with heat. Jennie moaned into her mouth as Lisa backed her up against a wall, gripping her ass and lifting her up with ease.

"You ready, Nini?" Lisa whispered hotly against her lips. "Let's make a baby right here."

Jennie's breath hitched, eyes fluttering shut. "God, yes. Do it."

Lisa smiled devilishly, and then Jennie wasn't thinking anymore—just feeling. Every stroke, every whisper, every heated touch. Lisa filled her in a way that made her toes curl and her mind go blank.

"Nini, fuck... you're so tight," Lisa groaned.

"Then stop talking," Jennie hissed breathlessly, "and fuck me properly."

Lisa did. They were a tangle of limbs and breathless moans, Jennie clinging to her like Lisa was the only thing keeping her tethered to the Earth.

The yacht rocked slightly with their movements, and at one point Jennie gasped, "Lili! Did we just shake the boat?!"

Lisa smirked against her neck. "If the yacht's a-rockin', don't come knockin'."

"Shut up!" Jennie laughed breathlessly, then yelped when Lisa hit the right spot again. "Oh my god—right there, please don't stop—"

"I'm not stopping 'til you scream my name, Nini."

"You're literally inside me, you maniac! I'm not gonna be whispering 'Lisa' sweetly like we're at a church choir—"

They both burst out laughing between ragged breaths before Jennie's moans took over again.

When it was over, Lisa collapsed with her, both of them sticky and sweaty and panting. But Lisa wasn't done.

"Couch?" she asked.

Jennie just nodded weakly, too boneless to speak. Lisa carried her over, settled down with Jennie still straddling her lap. She was still inside her, and Jennie could already feel her wife stirring again.

Jennie raised an eyebrow. "Seriously?"

Lisa raised both her hands like a guilty kid. "Hey, you started it."

Jennie narrowed her eyes, then smirked. "So now it's my fault your cock has a mind of its own?"

"I'm just saying, the baby's not gonna make itself."

Jennie rolled her eyes. "We need to eat first before making eleven children."

Lisa looked scandalized. "Are you telling me food is more important than Baby Number One?"

Jennie leaned forward, nose to nose with her. "I'm saying if I pass out from low blood sugar, I won't be able to ride you the way you like."

"...You win," Lisa replied instantly, laughing.

But Jennie wasn't done. She shifted her hips, smirking when Lisa let out a strangled moan.

"Thought so," Jennie teased. "Still hungry, or do you want dessert first?"

Lisa grabbed the armrests and groaned. "God, Nini, you're evil. You know that?"

"You married me," Jennie said with a wink.

They lost track of time inside the cabin, their bodies moving in sync

over and over again until Jennie was too spent to even lift her head. Sweat clung to their skin, the yacht gently rocking like a cradle.

When Lisa tucked a few sticky strands of hair behind Jennie's ear and kissed her softly, Jennie sighed.

"That was... wow."

Lisa grinned. "I'm calling this room The Baby-Making Suite from now on."

Jennie snorted. "Then we better install a mini-fridge. Eleven kids? I'm gonna need snacks between rounds."

Lisa threw her head back, laughing. "Noted, Mommy Nini."

And just like that, the yacht wasn't just a dream come true—it was the beginning of an even crazier one.

—

A few days later, it was Lisa's turn to be surprised.

She didn't like letting Jennie drive—she always insisted it was part of her "gentlewoman duties" to do the driving herself. "My queen deserves to be chauffeured," Lisa would often say proudly, opening the door for Jennie with a little bow and a wink.

But today was different.

"Give me the keys, Lili," Jennie smirked.

Lisa squinted. "Wait... what's going on? You don't like driving."

"Today, I do. Now stop being dramatic and get in the car," Jennie laughed, shaking the keys in front of her face.

Lisa's jaw dropped when she saw what Jennie was driving. "Is that... my new silver Ferrari?! You said you hated sports cars!"

Jennie grinned. "Correction: I said I hated riding in them. Driving them is another story."

Lisa chuckled, still unsure. "This feels illegal."

Jennie winked. "Get in, passenger my prince—ss."

With no choice but to surrender, Lisa climbed in.

And the moment Jennie sat behind the wheel, everything changed.

Lisa couldn't stop staring. Jennie looked absolutely stunning in a sleek red dress that clung perfectly to her figure. Her smooth, fair skin glowed under the golden city lights, and the way she confidently handled the wheel? Lisa was practically sweating.

"You're trying to kill me, huh?" Lisa muttered, biting her lip.

Jennie smirked. "What, just 'cause I look hot while driving your car?"

"Yes. Exactly that. And also, you're way too hot to be legally allowed behind a wheel."

Jennie laughed. "Relax, Lili. You'll survive."

They arrived at N.Grill, the fancy restaurant at the top of Namsan Tower. It had a breathtaking view of Seoul—and now, Lisa understood why Jennie insisted on driving. This night was planned to perfection.

Over dinner, the two of them shared champagne. Jennie wasn't much of a drinker, so after just a few glasses, she was already giggling nonstop at everything Lisa said—even her worst puns.

Lisa leaned in, resting her chin on her hand. "You know, drunk Jennie might be my new favorite Jennie."

Jennie grinned, cheeks flushed. "You're just saying that 'cause I'm laughing at your corny jokes."

"Well yeah. This is the only time you think I'm funny," Lisa teased.

When they were finally back in the car, Lisa took over driving. The trip back to Daejeon was going to be long, but Lisa didn't mind. She

was still high on how beautiful Jennie looked, how happy she seemed.

"Thank you, Nini," Lisa said softly, eyes flicking toward her. "Tonight was perfect."

Jennie gave her a lazy, mischievous smile. "You're welcome, Lili. But... I'm not done yet."

Lisa raised an eyebrow. "Oh? There's more?"

Jennie leaned in closer, her voice husky and low. "Drive somewhere quiet first. Somewhere with no people."

Lisa's heart skipped. "Uhh... should I be worried or excited?"

"Definitely excited," Jennie whispered, her fingers brushing along Lisa's thigh.

"Fuck..." Lisa groaned quietly, glancing at Jennie.

They eventually pulled over by the Han River, the place empty this late at night. The moon hung high, city lights sparkling across the water.

Jennie slid her hand under Lisa's pants, pushed her hand away from her own dick, and started stroking her quickly. Lisa let out a low groan, head falling back.

Jennie climbed onto Lisa's lap without hesitation.

"Whoa—Nini?" Lisa blinked. "You okay?"

"Shhh," Jennie smiled, pressing a finger to Lisa's lips. "Just sit back and enjoy."

"Fuck... ride me, baby," Lisa moaned.

Jennie leaned in, nibbling at her ear, making Lisa shiver. Her lips trailed down to Lisa's neck, kissing and teasing while her fingers worked at the buttons and belt.

She unbuckled Lisa's seatbelt, slipped off her lap, then crashed their lips together.

Lisa swallowed hard. "Jennie... are you drunk or just dangerously sexy right now?"

Jennie laughed against her skin. "Little bit of both."

She ground her hips against Lisa's exposed length, their tongues fighting until Jennie gave in, letting Lisa take control. They broke apart only long enough for Jennie to pull off her dress.

"Can I rip these?" Lisa asked, tugging at her lingerie. Jennie nodded.

Lisa tore through her Calvin Klein set, kissing her again as Jennie stripped off Lisa's shirt and sports bra. Lisa kicked off her pants and boxers, and Jennie slid down onto her.

"Shit," Jennie groaned, bracing herself on Lisa's shoulders. "Fuck, Lili..." she moaned, bouncing on her, soft whiny sounds spilling from her lips.

Jennie picked up the pace, eyes fluttering shut from the waves of pleasure. "Shit—you're so big, Lili! Fuck!" she cried, gripping the armrest.

"Yeah, Nini, keep going," Lisa groaned, thrusting harder into her.

"Oh! Shit!" Jennie gasped, slowing down.

"You okay?" Lisa paused, checking her.

"Yes... it just felt so good," Jennie breathed, slowly moving on her again.

Lisa bent down to her chest, licking and sucking her nipple, fingers teasing the other one.

Jennie gasped loudly. "Touch me, Lili—please," she moaned, holding onto Lisa's shoulders.

"Yeah, Nini, you love it when I play with your slutty pussy, huh?"

Lisa growled, rubbing her roughly.

"Yes! Oh, Lili—I'm gonna cum, please!" Jennie begged, bouncing faster.

"You wanna cum? Then cum for me, Nini," Lisa smirked, thrusting harder.

Jennie cried out as she came, body trembling around her.

"Oh fuck... should I cum inside you, Nini?" Lisa groaned, but Jennie slid off before she could.

Instead, Jennie wrapped her hand around her and licked the tip, swirling her tongue.

"Fuck, suck my dick, Nini," Lisa moaned, head thrown back. Jennie deepthroated her, Lisa pushing her head down more until she exploded in her mouth.

"Holy shit," Lisa sighed, chest heaving.

Jennie smirked, wiping her lips. "Need help with that?" she teased, stroking her again.

"Yes—let me fuck you," Lisa groaned.

"Ass up, face down, Nini," she said, slapping Jennie's ass. Jennie got into position, and Lisa slid in deep, thrusting fast.

"Fuck, yes, Lili! I love you so much, don't stop!" Jennie screamed, back arching.

"Yeah, you little slut—it's public, anyone could see us. Feels good, doesn't it?" Lisa grunted, spanking her again.

"Yes, Lili, harder! Play with my pussy until I squirt!" Jennie moaned. Lisa slipped her fingers down, rubbing her clit hard.

"Yeah, baby Nini, you're gonna squirt all over my cock, huh?" Lisa groaned, hitting her g-spot.

"Yes—right there, Lalisa!" Jennie cried, tears slipping down from the intensity.

"I'm—oh fuck, I'm cumming!" Jennie screamed, squirting over the leather seat, body shaking.

"I'm gonna cum too, Nini—inside you?" Lisa moaned, pounding harder.

"Yes! Cum inside me, Lili—make me pregnant with your soccer team dream!" she cried.

With a few more rough thrusts, Lisa came deep inside her, then flipped her over and went down on her again.

"Lili, please—I'm so tired," Jennie whimpered, but Lisa didn't stop until Jennie came again, moaning loudly as she squirted once more.

"No more, please... I can't," Jennie panted, eyes fluttering shut.

"Okay, Nini. Just rest," Lisa murmured, kissing her forehead softly.

They both laughed through the afterglow, still teasing and whispering like it was only their world.

"If this car could talk..." Lisa muttered breathlessly.

Jennie giggled. "It would say, 'Best owners ever.'"

Lisa laughed harder. "Or file for trauma insurance!"

Later, Jennie curled into Lisa's chest, both of them still catching their breath.

"That was insane," Lisa whispered, brushing back her hair and kissing her temple. "You're insane. In the best way."

"I'm your crazy," Jennie hummed sleepily.

"You're my everything," Lisa said, hugging her tighter. "Not just the hot red-dress Nini—also the grumpy, messy-hair, coffee-breath Nini."

Jennie chuckled. "Wow. So romantic."

"I mean it," Lisa smiled, kissing her forehead. "Tonight wasn't just hot—it felt like our souls were dancing too."

"I love you, Nini," Lisa whispered.

"I love you more, Lili," Jennie mumbled, drifting.

Lisa helped her get dressed again, tucked her into the passenger seat with a blanket, and kissed her cheek.

But Jennie climbed right back onto her lap, facing her and wrapping her arms around her.

"This is more comfortable... you make me feel so good, Lili," Jennie whispered, half-asleep.

Lisa chuckled as she started the car. "I love you too, Nini. Just sleep —I'll drive slowly so you're comfy there."

Jennie yawned, snuggling into her. "Wake me when we're home."

Lisa grinned. "Only if you promise not to seduce me while I'm driving."

With her eyes closed, Jennie smirked. "No promises."

—

The sun was already rising when Jennie slowly opened her eyes, blinking against the light spilling through the curtains. She squinted, disoriented for a moment—her head a little heavy, her body sore in the best kind of way.

She turned her head and found Lisa lying beside her, one arm bent under her head like a pillow, watching her with an amused expression.

Jennie groaned and buried her face in the pillow for a second. "Ugh, you're creepy sometimes. You just stare at me while I sleep?"

Lisa grinned. "Can you blame me? My wife looks like an angel after a wild night."

Jennie rolled her eyes, but the warmth on her cheeks betrayed her. She pulled the blanket up to her chin. "You brought me here last night, right? I don't even remember climbing into bed."

"I carried you," Lisa said proudly, propping herself up more. "Like a true gentlewoman."

"Sure, whatever," Jennie said with a sarcastic tone, then turned to Lisa with a playful spark in her eyes. "But seriously, Lisa... if I ever catch you with another girl—even just holding hands or touching you—I swear, I'm gonna hang you upside down from the ceiling and cut your dick off."

Lisa let out a laugh, totally unbothered. "But why would you do that to your only source of happiness?" she teased. "After what we did last night? Come on, you'll miss this too much."

Jennie smacked her arm. "You're so full of yourself!"

Lisa grinned. "Says the one who kept whispering how good I was the whole night."

Jennie let out another groan and shoved her face into the pillow. "I'm just tipsy, okay! Not drunk. Don't worry—I remember everything, every single thing."

"Do you?" Lisa asked, clearly enjoying this.

Jennie nodded, face still pressed against the pillow. "Yup. I remember everything. Especially when you said... that thing."

Lisa leaned in closer, eyebrow raised. "What thing?"

Jennie turned to face her again, her cheeks turning a deep shade of red. "You know what I'm talking about."

Lisa smirked. "You mean when I said... I love you?"

Jennie bit her lip and gave a small nod. "That. You said it—and I

heard it. Right before I passed out on top of you like a freaking log."

"I meant every word," Lisa said, her voice suddenly soft and sincere. "I've always loved you, Jen. From before. Until now. I never stopped."

Lisa's eyes softened, her heart thudding a little louder. "You also said... even Taehyung never got close to your heart."

"Yeah," Jennie whispered, her voice barely above a breath. "Tae's a good guy. He really is. But my heart? It's always been yours, Lili. Since way back. You're the only one who ever got through all my walls. Even he knew that."

Lisa didn't say anything, just watched her quietly, her thumb brushing gently over Jennie's hand.

"That's why he moved to Gwangju," Jennie went on, blinking fast as emotions swelled behind her eyes. "He already found the girl he lost years ago. And... he knew I already had someone. Someone I just couldn't walk away from, no matter how messy things got."

She looked up at Lisa, eyes glassy, but filled with certainty. "And you're really not gonna leave me?"

Lisa wrapped her arms around her tightly, pulling her close and tucking Jennie under her chin like she belonged there. Like she always had.

"Never," Lisa murmured. "You're stuck with me now, Nini. Legally, emotionally, physically. Every way possible. There's no escaping me anymore."

Jennie let out a soft laugh against her chest. "Good. Because I don't want to escape either."

Jennie snorted. "You say that now... but what if I get wrinkles? Or if I get fat after baby number one?"

"I'll worship every wrinkle," Lisa said dramatically. "And if you get fat? That just means you'll have more for me to love. Plus, I've already signed up for eleven kids. So you better fatten up."

Jennie burst into laughter. "Eleven?! We didn't agree on that!"

Lisa just smiled into her hair. "We'll renegotiate after the third."

Jennie tightened her arms around her. "You're such an idiot."

"But I'm your idiot," Lisa whispered.

Jennie leaned back a little to look at her. "Yeah. You are."

Then she kissed her softly, slow and lingering—like the promise of forever wasn't just a dream, but something they were already building.

And as the sun rose, wrapping the room in warm gold, Jennie finally let herself believe—this wasn't just a phase, or a mistake, or a contract.

This was love. Real. Steady. Lasting. The kind you fight for.

And hers. All hers.

Dieciséis

Time passed quickly. It had already been a month since Jennie's mother had undergone surgery.

Lisa had told her a few days ago that the operation had gone well. The implant placed in her mother's heart had been accepted by her body—it wasn't rejected, which was already a huge relief. However, she was still in an induced coma. Lisa had explained she wanted to make absolutely sure her condition was stable before waking her up.

Over the past few weeks, Jennie and Lisa had practically lived in and out of SNU Hospital. There were nights when Jennie didn't even go home—she stayed in the hospital to keep watch over her mom.

And through it all, Jennie couldn't help but feel grateful. Lisa had been there for her every step of the way. She saw it—how hard Lisa was trying, how much she was doing to save her mother's life. It wasn't just about being a doctor. Lisa truly cared.

Then one day, Jennie finally heard the words she'd been praying for.

"The surgery went great. Her heart's responding well to the implant. We can start the waking process soon."

The very next day, her mom opened her eyes.

But Jennie wasn't ready for what came next.

"I don't want to eat!" her mother snapped weakly. "You shouldn't have brought me here. You should've just let me die. At least I would've been with your father now."

Jennie's heart shattered.

"Don't say that, Mom. Please," Jennie said, trying not to cry. "I'm still here. I love you so much."

But her mother turned her head, staring blankly at the wall. Jennie kept talking to her, hoping to reach her, but she got no response.

That became her routine—home, work, hospital, and back again. The same thing every day.

And nothing changed. According to the nurses, her mother refused to eat. They tried putting her on an IV drip, but she kept pulling it out. Eventually, they had no choice but to tie her wrists to the bed rail so she wouldn't remove the line again.

Jennie couldn't explain it, but her mom had this aura about her now —like she'd completely given up on living.

Then one day, her mom finally spoke up.

"Come closer, Jennie," she said in a raspy voice. "I need to tell you something. I want to ask for forgiveness. Not just for me, but for your father too."

Jennie frowned, dragging a chair closer to the bed. "For what, Mom?"

"Just listen," her mother said gently. "Lisa didn't cheat on you ten years ago. That woman—Joy—Lisa didn't even know her. They had never met before that day."

Jennie froze. She hadn't told her parents the full story of what happened back then. And yet...

"Joy worked for your father," her mom continued. "She had a child —sick and in the hospital—and she needed money. Your dad... he offered her help, but under one condition: that she help break you and Lisa apart."

Jennie couldn't believe what she was hearing.

"He told her exactly what to do. She approached Lisa in the school canteen, bumped into her on purpose, then offered to replace her drink. She drugged the new drink with a mild sedative."

Jennie remembered that day. Lisa had told her something similar.

'I don't even know that girl,' Lisa had said, desperate. 'I swear nothing happened between us.'

And Jennie had refused to believe her.

Her mother took a deep breath, continuing, "I know you're wondering why your dad did all that. The truth is... he carried a deep grudge against Lisa's family. When he was ten, his mom got sick with tuberculosis. Your grandfather went to the Manoban family—Lisa's grandparents—to borrow money for her treatment."

Jennie was silent, listening.

"They turned him away," her mother said bitterly. "Refused to help. Not long after that, your grandma died. Your grandfather, in his grief, set fire to a section of the Manobans' rice fields. He was caught and arrested... and in prison, he was killed during a riot. Your father was left alone. No one took him in. He grew up in different orphanages."

Jennie blinked back tears. She hadn't known any of this.

"He always told me he'd get back at the Manobans one day. That was his obsession. When I found out about Joy... I thought he was cheating. I almost left him. That's when he confessed everything."

Her mother's eyes filled with tears. "But I forgave him. I understood. And I stayed. Because deep down, your dad was a good man. When I married him, I felt loved—completely, unconditionally. And when you were born, he became even more devoted. He loved you so much, Jennie. We both did. That's why I'm asking for your forgiveness, for everything we did that caused you pain."

Jennie couldn't stop the tears anymore. But there was no anger—just an aching sadness.

"How could I be mad at you and Dad?" she whispered. "You loved me. You gave me everything. If I could live my life again... I'd still choose you both to be my parents."

Her mother opened her arms, and Jennie leaned into them, hugging her tightly.

—

Jennie found Lisa in the study room, seated by the window with her laptop, fingers lightly tapping the keyboard. The warm sunlight poured in, casting a soft glow on her wife's face. The moment Lisa looked up and saw her, she smiled—slow, tender, the kind that made Jennie feel like home.

Without hesitation, Jennie walked over and wrapped her arms tightly around Lisa from behind. She buried her face into her shoulder and sighed, her embrace lingering longer than usual.

Lisa leaned back into the hug, sensing the shift in Jennie's energy. "Hey, Nini," she said softly, "Everything okay?"

Jennie didn't answer right away. Instead, she slowly moved to sit beside Lisa and took her hand. "My mom told me everything..." her voice was shaky. "About what really happened ten years ago. About that girl, Joy. About why it all happened."

Lisa's brows furrowed gently. "She told you?"

Jennie nodded, blinking through the sudden sting of tears in her eyes. "She said it wasn't your fault. That you didn't know her. That she was just... part of a plan my dad made. And the worst part is... I believed it all. I believed the worst of you."

Her voice cracked, and tears began to fall.

"I'm so sorry, Lili. I should have trusted you. I should've fought for us."

Lisa didn't say anything at first. She just reached out and pulled Jennie into a full embrace, holding her close and letting her cry into her neck. She kissed her softly on the forehead.

"It's okay, Nini," Lisa murmured. "I understand. I do. Honestly, if I had been in your shoes, seeing what you saw? I probably would've done the same. But the worst is over now... you know the truth. And we're still here."

Jennie clung to her tighter. "You stayed," she whispered. "Even after everything. You still stayed."

"Because I never stopped loving you," Lisa whispered back.

Eventually, Jennie cried herself to sleep right there on Lisa's lap. And Lisa just sat there, gently brushing the strands of hair from her face, letting her rest. When Jennie woke up later, she found herself tucked into bed in their room. Lisa must've carried her in.

She blinked slowly, feeling sore and heavy, emotionally exhausted. Her body ached in a way that had nothing to do with physical pain.

She decided she needed a break.

So she called in for a two-day leave, just to rest.

Later that afternoon, Lisa entered their room with two mugs of hot tea. "You okay, Nini love?" she asked, setting them down.

Jennie nodded weakly from the bed. "Just... emotionally drained. I think it's all finally sinking in."

Lisa sat beside her and stroked her back gently. "Then I'm staying with you today. No arguments. You never want to see a doctor anyway, so you're stuck with me. I'll be your in-house physician."

Jennie smiled. "You're also my wife. You need rest, too."

Lisa turned serious, her eyes scanning Jennie's face. "You know what I've been thinking lately?"

"What?"

Lisa took a deep breath. "Maybe it's time we plan our real wedding. Like, properly this time. No contracts. No fake reasons. Just love."

Jennie blinked at her. Then a slow smile curved her lips. "Wait, wait —are you proposing right now?"

Lisa grinned. "No, I'm saying it. Not proposing."

Jennie playfully rolled her eyes. "You're so full of yourself, Manoban."

Lisa laughed and gently lifted her chin. "Okay, okay. But what if I do it properly this time?"

She reached over to the drawer, opened it, and pulled out a small velvet box. Jennie's eyes widened as Lisa slowly got down on one knee right there in their bedroom, still in her lounge clothes, hair a little messy, but her heart completely bare.

Lisa opened the box—inside was a beautiful diamond ring. Nothing too flashy, but elegant and perfectly Jennie.

Jennie's hand flew to her mouth. "Lili..."

Lisa looked up at her with the most sincere, love-filled eyes Jennie had ever seen.

"Will you marry me again for real, Nini?" Lisa said softly. "I've loved you since the very first moment I saw you. You're the only woman who ever captured my heart. Even when we were apart, even when we tried to move on... I kept comparing everyone to you. You were always the one I looked for."

Jennie was already tearing up, her chest rising and falling with emotion.

Lisa continued, voice shaky but strong, "When I found out you were getting married, I did everything to get you back. Even if you hated me. I know it wasn't right to take advantage of your situation before just so we could get married. I was desperate, Nini. I love you too much. And I'm sorry for everything I did to hurt you."

Jennie was already nodding before Lisa could finish.

"I want to marry you again," Lisa said, holding the ring higher. "This

time, for real. In the wedding of your dreams. Will you say yes, again?"

Jennie burst out laughing and crying at the same time. "Of course! Yes! I'll marry you even a hundred times over, you idiot!"

Lisa laughed too and got up to hug her tightly.

"Told you. You're head over heels for me," Lisa teased.

Jennie wiped her tears and nudged her playfully. "You wish. You're worse than me."

They both laughed, caught in their own little world of happiness.

Then Lisa cupped her cheeks and gently pressed her lips to Jennie's —soft, warm, and filled with everything they'd been through. Every kiss now felt like a promise renewed.

And in that moment, wrapped in each other's arms, they weren't just healing—they were beginning again.

—

They made love.

Jennie had her arms wrapped around Lisa's neck, kissing her slowly, deeply, while Lisa's hands wandered over her body — lingering at her waist before pulling her even closer. Their bodies were practically glued together, the kiss growing more intense by the second. Lisa gave her ass a playful squeeze, then tapped her thighs, silently telling her to jump.

Jennie understood, wrapping her legs around Lisa as she lifted her up with ease, never breaking the kiss. Lisa carried her to the bed, gently laying her down before pulling back slightly to look at her. Under the soft lighting, she whispered with a smirk,

"You're so damn beautiful, Nini."

Then she kissed her again — this time slower, deeper — her body pressing into Jennie's. She left kisses along her cheek, down to her

jaw, and slowly down her collarbone.

"Mmm..." Jennie let out a soft moan, and Lisa smiled between kisses. She kissed Jennie's lips again, her hands moving to the hem of Jennie's shirt, pausing.

"Can I?" Lisa asked gently, eyes searching hers.

Jennie nodded with a breathless smile and helped lift her shirt over her head — revealing she hadn't been wearing a bra. Lisa bit her lip, clearly pleased.

"Delicious," she murmured before trailing kisses down to her breasts, sucking one nipple while her hand gently massaged the other.

"Ahhh... Liliii..." Jennie whimpered, her body arching in pleasure as Lisa's hands moved down, sliding her panties off, slowly undressing herself at the same time.

Lisa hovered over her again, capturing her lips in a deep kiss, her tongue teasing and exploring. She started grinding gently, letting the heat build between them.

"You ready, Nini?" she whispered, rubbing herself against Jennie's warmth.

Jennie licked her lips, eyes burning with desire. "I'm ready."

Lisa entered her slowly, making sure Jennie felt every inch, letting her adjust. Jennie gasped, moaning softly.

"Ahhh... s-so big... I'm still not used to how big you are, Lili..."

Lisa chuckled, kissing her sweetly, waiting for her body to catch up. Once Jennie gave a small nod, Lisa started moving — their fingers interlacing as she watched every reaction from her wife with awe.

Soon, Jennie's moans grew louder, more desperate, matching the rhythm Lisa was building.

"Ahhh f-fuck... Liliii..." Jennie cried out, her body arching again.

Lisa groaned, going deeper, faster, feeling how perfectly Jennie tightened around her.

"You like that, baby? Huh? Is daddy making you feel good?" she teased breathlessly, lips brushing her ear.

Jennie was a mess under her — sweaty, moaning, overwhelmed. "Yes... ahhh, so good... please don't stop..."

"I'm not planning to, Nini."

Minutes passed in a haze of tangled limbs and desperate sounds. Jennie started clenching tighter around her, waves of pleasure crashing harder now.

"Nini... if you keep clenching like that... I'm gonna cum soon..."

Jennie clenched again on purpose, a teasing smile on her face, and Lisa couldn't help but speed up, her thumb reaching down to rub her clit.

"Ahhh... Liliii— I'm gonna cum...!"

"Cum for me, baby... cum with me..."

A few more thrusts and Jennie came hard, shaking, clenching around Lisa as she cried out. Lisa held her through it, their hands tight together, until her own release followed — deep and hard inside her.

"Fuck, Nini..." Lisa groaned, collapsing gently beside her.

Jennie was panting, her legs trembling. "Oh my god... yes..." she breathed, eyes fluttering shut for a second.

Lisa kissed her forehead and wrapped an arm around her, hugging her close. "You were amazing. I love you so much."

Jennie gave her a sleepy little grin, cheeks still flushed. "I love you more, Lili... You wore me out..."

Lisa smirked. "Good. Maybe this time we finally made a baby."

Jennie rolled her eyes, giggling weakly. "Well, if not, it wasn't for lack of effort."

They both laughed softly, tangled up in the sheets, whispering nonsense and sweet nothings.

After a few minutes, Lisa looked at her. "What do you say we take a warm bath, hmm? Clean up a bit?"

"That sounds great... but I'm tired and sore right now. And I know you—you'll try something again in the bathroom. No, I want a peaceful bath."

Lisa chuckled, kissing her lips softly. "Alright, alright, peaceful it is."

They were still connected when she said that. Lisa waited for a moment, then gently pulled out of her. Jennie winced slightly, but Lisa quickly scooped her up bridal style and carried her to the sink area.

She turned on the tub, carefully adjusting the temperature, then lowered Jennie into the warm water with care. Jennie gave her a sleepy smile as she leaned back to relax. Lisa kissed her temple and whispered,

"Rest here, Nini. I'll be right back."

Then Lisa left the room quietly, heading to the guest room to grab her clothes and take a shower of her own — giving Jennie space to enjoy her well-deserved, peaceful bath.

Diecisiete

One Week Later

Jennie rubbed her temples as she entered the living room, her steps dragging like each foot weighed ten pounds. Her coat was barely hanging on one arm, bag slipping off the other. She looked completely drained—pale, tired, like she hadn't slept for days.

Lisa was sitting on the couch, her laptop open and papers spread out across the coffee table. She was reviewing documents for KMCorp, but the moment she saw her wife, everything else disappeared from her mind.

"There you are," Lisa said gently, setting aside the folder in her hand. Concern flickered in her eyes as she took in Jennie's face. "Nini... you look like hell. Are you okay?"

Jennie gave her a weary smile as she dropped her bag on the floor and kicked off her heels.
"Yeah, just... long day. I went to the hospital to see Mom. She's still quiet. Barely responding. It's draining, Lili."

Lisa immediately stood up, walking over and guiding Jennie to sit down. "You've barely slept this whole week," she murmured, brushing strands of hair away from her wife's face. "Work, your mom, wedding plans... when was the last time you even sat still?"

"We only have four months left," Jennie mumbled, leaning into Lisa's side like all the weight she was carrying finally got too heavy. "I just want to get everything sorted early—the venue, the food, the dresses, the guests... It's a lot, I know. But I just want it to be perfect this time. This is our dream wedding, Lili."

Lisa let out a soft laugh and dropped a kiss on her head. "My sweet little control freak. Take it easy—we still have four whole months. I

love how invested you are, I really do, but Nini... you're running yourself into the ground. When was the last time you even had a full day off?"

Jennie scrunched her nose and tried to remember. "Uhm... since... I honestly don't know?"

Lisa leaned back just enough to raise an eyebrow at her. "Exactly my point. You're clearly not okay. And you're still refusing to get a checkup?"

"I'm fine," Jennie said quickly, brushing it off with a small wave of her hand. "It's just stress, Lili. I can handle it."

Lisa crossed her arms and sighed in frustration. "Nini, come on. You always say that—'I can handle it.' But I see you, okay? I see the way you've been pushing yourself. And I'm a doctor, remember? Something's off, Nini. I can feel it. And honestly, it scares me."

Jennie lowered her gaze, fiddling with the edge of a pillow. "I just... I don't want everyone to worry. Mom's still in recovery. The company needs us both. And now the wedding... I don't want to be the one who slows everything down."

Lisa knelt in front of her, resting her hands on Jennie's knees. "Slow down? Nini, you've been carrying everything. KMCorp, the house, your mom, the wedding. You're not slowing anything down—you're the engine running full speed. And even engines need rest."

Jennie blinked at her, emotions pooling in her tired eyes.

"I'm your wife," Lisa said, her voice softening. "We're a team, remember? So let me help. Let me carry the load for a bit. I can handle the company stuff. You just need to take a step back, breathe, and give yourself a break. That's not weakness, Nini. That's you taking care of yourself. That's love—self-love."

Jennie looked away, hugging herself. "It's hard for me to ask for help..."

Lisa reached up and gently cupped her face. "You don't need to ask. I'm already here. Always will be."

Jennie took a shaky breath. "I don't want to be a burden."

"You're not a burden," Lisa said firmly. "You're my everything."

There was a long, quiet beat between them.

Jennie's voice dropped to a whisper. "Would you be this stubborn if the roles were reversed?"

Lisa raised a brow. "Absolutely. But you'd force me to rest anyway."

Jennie laughed softly, then let out a sigh. "Okay... I'll get checked. But only after the wedding preps—"

"Nope," Lisa cut in. "No conditions. I'm calling Irene tomorrow. And you're going."

Jennie shook her head in mock surrender. "Bossy."

Lisa grinned. "You love it."

Jennie smiled back, smaller this time. "Yeah... I do."

Lisa pulled her into her arms tightly, as if holding her together when Jennie felt like she was falling apart. Jennie let herself melt into the embrace, her cheek resting over Lisa's steady heartbeat.

"I love you," Jennie murmured softly.

Lisa kissed her temple and whispered back, "I love you more. And I'll keep proving it every day—whether it's through flowers, food, or forcing you to nap."

Jennie chuckled against her chest. "Fine. Just... hold me a little longer, okay?"

Lisa tightened her arms around her. "All night, if that's what you need."

And for the first time in a long time, Jennie let herself relax—safe in the arms of the one person who never once let her carry the world alone.

—

A few days later, after their weekly meeting at KMCorp, Lisa made her way to Jennie's office, two steaming cups of tea in her hands. The moment she stepped in, she saw Jennie hunched over her desk, scanning a thick pile of documents like her life depended on it.

Lisa raised a brow. "Have you even rested at all today?" she asked, settling the tea on the edge of the desk before sitting across from her.

Jennie didn't even look up. "Yes, I had a few hours after lunch," she replied casually, waving the comment off with a flick of her pen.

Lisa stared at her, unimpressed. "You're lying. That's your 'I'm definitely lying' voice."

Jennie groaned, dropping her pen and rubbing her temples. "I stayed at the hospital with Mom last night. Then I came back and reviewed some supplier contracts. I was already halfway through when I realized I hadn't eaten dinner."

Lisa's expression tightened. She pushed aside the file she'd brought and leaned forward, concern all over her face. "Jen... is something going on?"

Jennie paused, blinked hard. For a moment, the papers on her desk doubled, and she had to press her fingers to her eyes.

Lisa saw it instantly. She abandoned her chair and slid right next to Jennie. "Tell me the truth. Do you feel okay?"

"I'm fine," Jennie said automatically, brushing Lisa off. "I'm just tired, that's all. You know how it is—wedding stuff, company stuff, Mom—"

"Nini," Lisa interrupted firmly, catching her hand. Her voice lowered, but there was steel beneath it. "Please. Don't give me that. Look at me."

Jennie finally looked up, and for a moment, she seemed smaller, more fragile. Her voice dropped. "Okay... sometimes I get dizzy. It

started a few days ago. And I get short of breath whenever I go up the stairs."

Lisa's jaw clenched. "Why didn't you say anything sooner?"

Jennie shrugged weakly. "I thought it was just stress. I didn't want to cause more trouble. Everyone's so busy, and I didn't want to derail things."

Lisa didn't even respond. She stood, grabbed her coat from the back of the chair, and reached for Jennie's hand. "Let's go. Right now. I'm taking you to the hospital."

Jennie blinked at her. "What? No. Lili, I told you—I'll go later, when things aren't so hectic. I'm fine right now."

Lisa crossed her arms. "Our wedding is in four months, not tomorrow. All that planning can wait. Your health can't."

"Lili..."

"Nope. No more excuses. You're not brushing this off. You've been pushing yourself so hard for everyone else, and now you're barely functioning. That's not okay, Nini. And I can't just sit back and watch you burn out."

Jennie stared at her wife, heart twisting. Lisa looked angry, but more than that—she looked scared.

After a beat, Jennie let out a sigh. "Okay," she whispered. "Fine. I'll go. Just... don't make a big deal out of it?"

Lisa moved to her side and gently tucked some hair behind her ear. "Too late. You're the biggest deal of my life."

Jennie laughed softly, resting her forehead against Lisa's shoulder. "I love you, you know."

Lisa held her tighter. "Good. Then trust me enough to let me take care of you. Let's go get you checked out, Mrs. Manoban. We're in this together."

"Always," Jennie murmured, holding on.

And together, they left the office—Lisa holding Jennie's hand like she was the most important thing in the world.

—

They arrived at the hospital together, Lisa practically glued to Jennie's side the entire time. As soon as they stepped into the reception area, Lisa had already called Dr. Irene.

Jennie's legs felt a little wobbly as she sat down in the examination room, suddenly aware of how tired she truly was. She rubbed her palms together, her nerves getting the better of her.

Lisa sat beside her, gently lacing their fingers together. "Hey," she whispered, giving her hand a soft squeeze. "Whatever it is, we'll face it together, okay?"

Jennie offered a faint smile but said nothing.

Dr. Irene arrived not long after with her usual calm, professional demeanor. "Alright, Jennie," she greeted warmly, then her tone shifted into something a bit more clinical. "Let's take a look."

The next few minutes were a blur of blood pressure readings, lab work, ECG wires being hooked up, questions about Jennie's symptoms—when they started, how often, how intense. Lisa never let go of Jennie's hand, occasionally cracking a soft joke to ease her tension.

"Can't believe you ignored this," Lisa muttered under her breath, brushing a strand of hair from Jennie's face.

Jennie sighed. "I thought it was just stress. I didn't want to make a big deal."

Lisa rolled her eyes, but her thumb brushed gently over Jennie's knuckles. "You are a big deal."

They were told to wait while the results were being processed, and Jennie leaned her head on Lisa's shoulder, eyes half-closed from

exhaustion. Lisa just kissed the top of her head and whispered, "You better start letting me take care of you more."

Finally, Dr. Irene came back in, a file in hand and a serious look on her face. Lisa straightened up immediately.

"Jennie," Irene began, her tone calm but firm. "I'm going to be honest with you, okay? You're dealing with moderate anemia and mild cardiac ectopic beats. Both are manageable conditions, but if left untreated, they can lead to serious problems."

Jennie blinked. "Anemia? Cardiac what now?"

Irene gave a small nod. "It's essentially irregular heartbeats. Nothing life-threatening yet, but combined with your iron deficiency and the stress you've been putting yourself under... it's not great."

Jennie's brows furrowed. "So what now? Medication? Rest?"

Irene hesitated just a second, then said it.

"There's something else. You're also nine weeks pregnant."

The words hit like a truck. Jennie stared blankly at her, mouth slightly open. "Wait... what?"

Lisa froze beside her, eyes wide in shock. "She's... pregnant?"

Irene nodded. "Yes. I ran a standard blood panel. The hormone levels confirmed it."

Jennie's hand flew to her stomach. "I'm pregnant? And I've been running around nonstop... oh my god..." She suddenly felt her throat tighten, her eyes stinging. "I didn't even know. I've been overworking, barely sleeping, skipping meals..."

"Hey," Lisa said quickly, turning toward her and pulling her closer. "Stop. You didn't know, Nini. You didn't do this on purpose."

Tears slid down Jennie's cheeks. "I could've lost the baby, Lili. I've been so careless..."

Irene sat on the edge of the bed, her voice more soothing now. "Jennie, you caught this early. That's the good news. But from here on, you need to make some serious changes—iron supplements, lots of rest, a better diet, no stress, and absolutely no skipping meals."

Jennie sniffled and nodded. "I promise I'll do better. I'll take care of myself. I want to take care of this baby."

Lisa, still a little stunned but slowly processing it, let out a shaky laugh. "We're... we're gonna be parents. Holy shit."

Jennie turned to her, teary but smiling. "You were right, Lili. I should've listened sooner."

Lisa kissed her temple and wrapped her arms around her tightly. "You're not doing this alone, okay? From now on, I'm gonna be the overprotective one."

"You already are," Jennie chuckled softly.

Irene handed over a prescription and set a follow-up appointment. "We'll need regular prenatal checkups moving forward, and I want to monitor both your heart and the baby closely."

Lisa stood up and gathered the papers. "You got it, Doc. I'm making sure she rests, eats, and lets me spoil her every single day."

Jennie laughed again, her tears drying slowly. "I don't think I have much of a choice, huh, Dr. Manoban?"

Lisa kissed her softly on the lips. "Nope. You're stuck with me. And our little peanut."

Jennie placed her hand gently on her belly and whispered, "Hi, baby... sorry for the chaos. Mommy's gonna do better now."

Lisa's eyes watered as she watched her wife speak to their child. Her heart swelled with love, worry, and the realization that everything was changing—but in the most beautiful way possible.

And for the first time in days, Jennie let herself relax.

They were going to be okay. All of them..

Dieciocho

Back in the car, the soft hum of the engine filled the quiet space as Lisa drove through the city streets. One hand was steady on the steering wheel, the other wrapped gently around Jennie's shoulder. Jennie leaned into her, eyes half-closed, exhausted but emotionally full.

She let out a shaky breath. "I'm sorry I didn't tell you sooner... about how I've been feeling. I really thought it was just stress."

Lisa leaned down and pressed a kiss to the top of her head. "You don't need to apologize, Nini. But next time, please—tell me. You're not alone anymore. I want to be the first one you turn to, not the last."

Jennie nodded slowly, her fingers resting lightly on her tummy. "I know. I just... didn't want to seem weak or like I couldn't handle it all. Between work, Mom, the wedding... I kept thinking I had to stay strong for everyone."

Lisa glanced at her briefly, then back to the road. "Being strong doesn't mean doing everything alone, Nini. Sometimes strength means knowing when to ask for help."

Jennie gave a soft laugh, one laced with fatigue. "How are you so perfect? Seriously. Do you just wake up with the answers every day?"

Lisa snorted. "Perfect? Please. You've seen me trip over my own shoes while trying to look cool at board meetings."

Jennie chuckled at the memory. "Yeah, and I still thought you looked hot."

"Well, you're biased." Lisa smiled and reached for her hand,

intertwining their fingers gently. "But hey... all jokes aside, I want you to take it easy from now on. No more skipping meals, no more late-night work and emails, and definitely no staying at the hospital alone overnight."

"I'll try," Jennie said softly. "I just got scared. When the doctor said I was pregnant, I... I was happy, but I also panicked. What if I already did something that hurt the baby?"

Lisa squeezed her hand firmly. "Nini. The baby's okay. And now that we know, we're going to do everything right, together. I'm already planning your new meal plan in my head—loaded with iron-rich food, lots of greens, and none of your favorite spicy tteokbokki for a while."

Jennie gasped dramatically. "No spicy tteokbokki? You're cruel."

Lisa laughed. "It's called love. Tough love."

The car fell into a peaceful silence for a few moments as the city lights passed by their window, painting soft reflections on the windshield. Jennie looked outside, the neon glow of Seoul casting a gentle hue across her tired features.

Then she murmured, "Lili?"

"Yeah?"

"I'm kinda scared... but honestly, I'm also really, really happy. I never thought we'd get here—us, engaged, planning our wedding... and now, a baby on the way."

Lisa looked at her for a beat longer before turning back to the road. "Me too. I still can't believe it, honestly. I get to wake up next to you every day and raise a tiny human with you? That's insane—in the best way."

Jennie rested her head on Lisa's shoulder. "Promise me something?"

"Anything."

"No matter how hard it gets... you won't give up on me. Or us."

Lisa brought their joined hands up to her lips and kissed Jennie's knuckles. "Never. I'm here for the long haul. Sleepless nights, weird cravings, emotional breakdowns—bring it on. You're stuck with me, Nini."

Jennie smiled, eyes fluttering closed. "Good. Because I want this baby to grow up with you right there beside me. Crazy hair, morning breath, bossy attitude and all."

Lisa smirked. "Oh, you mean the charm package?"

Jennie giggled. "Exactly that."

And with that, they drove on—hand in hand, heart to heart—ready to take on the next chapter of their love story.

—

At home, Jennie collapsed onto their bed much earlier than usual. The soft mattress welcomed her aching body, and she sank into the sheets with a long sigh. She had eaten a bit better that day, forced herself to nap in the afternoon, and followed Lisa's orders—not perfectly, but at least she tried. She still felt weak, her energy not quite the same, but for the first time in weeks, she wasn't completely overwhelmed.

The door creaked open, and Lisa stepped inside holding a small, elegant black box tied with a soft ribbon. She smiled quietly when she saw Jennie sprawled out on the bed.

Jennie blinked up at her, eyes still heavy from exhaustion. "What's that?" she asked, her voice soft and curious.

Lisa walked over and sat on the edge of the bed, placing the box in Jennie's lap. "Just open it," she said, brushing a strand of hair off Jennie's forehead.

Jennie undid the ribbon slowly, lifting the lid to reveal a delicate gold pendant on a fine chain. The tiny charm was engraved in simple cursive: Forever — *Nini ♡ Lili* .

Jennie stared at it, her eyes instantly welling with tears. Her throat

tightened.

Lisa swallowed hard, her voice barely a whisper. "It's for the days when you feel like you're not strong enough. When you feel like things are too heavy. I want you to wear it and remember..." She looked Jennie in the eyes. "You don't have to do it alone. Not anymore."

Jennie let out a shaky laugh as she sat up and threw her arms around Lisa, clinging to her tightly.

"I don't deserve you," she whispered against her neck.

Lisa chuckled, hugging her just as tight. "You deserve everything, Nini. All the love, all the care, all the freaking naps in the world."

Jennie pulled back and looked at her, brushing her fingers along the chain before holding it to her chest. "I promise, I'll rest now. I'll take care of myself. For me... for you... and for the baby."

She paused, taking a breath, then added, "And I guess... we'll have to cancel the wedding."

Lisa blinked. "Cancel?"

Jennie nodded slowly. "I don't want to walk down the aisle with a giant belly. I mean, I want to be glowing and floating and... not gasping for air before I even reach you."

Lisa laughed softly, brushing a hand down her arm. "Then we'll move it. Next year, after the baby's here and you're back to full health. We'll have your dream wedding then, when you can dance all night and wear heels without me panicking."

Jennie looked at her, eyes soft and glimmering. "You're really okay with that?"

Lisa nodded. "Of course. The wedding is for us—but more than that, it's for you. I want you to feel your best when we do it again. If that means waiting a year, then we wait."

Jennie smiled, wiping away a tear. "Thank you. I don't think I say it

enough... but I really, really love you."

Lisa leaned forward, kissing her gently. "I know. And I love you even more, Nini. You've already given me everything I could ever ask for. And now you're giving me the most precious gift of all—a baby. Nothing else matters."

They lay back on the bed, wrapped in each other's arms, the soft light from the bedside lamp casting a golden hue around them. Jennie rested her head on Lisa's chest, her hand still gently cradling her belly.

"I think the baby likes your voice," Jennie mumbled.

Lisa grinned. "Good. They better. I'm planning to read them bedtime stories in three languages."

Jennie laughed. "Just not the scary doctor ones, please."

"No promises."

They stayed like that for a while—quiet, connected, and comforted by the warmth of each other. The wedding could wait. Work could wait. What mattered now was here, in this moment: healing, love, a growing family, and the quiet strength of knowing they'd face it all side by side.

Because for the first time in a long while, Jennie didn't feel like she had to survive everything alone.

This time, she would thrive—with Lisa. With love. With the little life growing inside her.

Together..

Diecinueve

Jennie was officially eleven weeks pregnant—and it showed. Not just in her slightly rounder belly that peeked beneath the oversized gray pajama shirt she stole from Lisa's closet, but in everything. Her moods were a rollercoaster, her cravings changed every twenty minutes, and her patience? Nearly nonexistent.

She lay sprawled like a starfish on their bed, half-propped up by a fortress of pillows she'd angrily rearranged for the third time that morning. Her body was sore, her chest ached, and her head felt foggy. A half-empty bowl of soup sat cold on her bedside table, ignored.

Jennie groaned like a dying cat. "Ugh. This soup smells like sadness."

Their maid, who had just come in to check on her, gave a soft laugh. "You asked for this miso soup, Ma'am."

"I know what I said! But that was twenty minutes ago, and now it smells like wet socks!" she whined, fanning the tray away dramatically. "I want garlic rice. And salted egg. And mangoes."

"I'll make a note, Ma'am," the maid said patiently, already used to the chaos.

As soon as she left the room, Jennie sighed heavily and collapsed onto her side, cradling her tiny bump protectively.

"I hate being alone," she mumbled to herself, grabbing her phone for the fifth time that day.

She hit FaceTime and waited.

Lisa picked up on the second ring. She looked tired but still

annoyingly beautiful in her black blazer, glasses on, hair tied back loosely. "Hey, Nini," she said, her voice instantly softening when she saw Jennie's pout. "You okay? You look kinda pale."

Jennie exaggerated her frown. "I'm not okay. This baby hates everything I like. The soup made me gag. My boobs feel like they're about to explode. I want something sweet and salty at the same time but I don't even know what. And my breath smells like metal from those iron pills. And you're not here."

Lisa chuckled. "That's... a lot to unpack in one breath."

"I want fried chicken dipped in mango jam," Jennie added with the seriousness of someone reading a legal document.

Lisa blinked. "Nini. That's a flavor crime."

Jennie's voice cracked. "I need it."

Lisa tried to keep a straight face. "You're not supposed to eat anything greasy, remember? Your body's still adjusting. And the baby is barely the size of a plum."

"A plum who clearly wants mango jam," Jennie shot back, flopping onto her back with a dramatic sigh. "Why did you put this baby in me if you weren't going to give me what I want?"

"I'm sorry, are you blaming me for the cravings now?" Lisa laughed, rubbing her temples. "We literally talked about this last night, Nini."

Jennie paused, staring at the ceiling. "I miss you. I want cuddles. And kisses. And maybe—" she paused, lowering her voice like she was being sneaky, "—maybe some other stuff."

Lisa raised a brow. "Other stuff?"

Jennie turned the phone camera to her, eyes big, lips pouty. "Like sex, Lili. Duh."

Lisa blinked. "Nini, no. You know we can't. You're still at risk. I'm not going to make love to you and then have you faint or pass out mid-kiss."

"But we haven't done anything in weeks!" Jennie huffed. "What if you stop wanting me?"

Lisa almost laughed—but didn't. Instead, she gave Jennie a pointed look. "Let me make one thing very clear: I want you. So bad it physically hurts sometimes. You wearing my shirts with no bra and being all clingy? Do you know how hard it is not to just pounce on you?"

"Then why don't you?" Jennie accused, already near tears. "You don't kiss me the same. You barely touch me. You treat me like I'm... I don't know, fragile."

Lisa's voice dropped low, serious. "Because you are fragile right now, baby. And I don't say that to make you feel weak. I say it because I love you. You're anemic, you've got irregular heartbeats, and the doctor said we have to be careful, remember?"

Jennie was quiet. Pouting. Hugging her pillow.

Lisa sighed. "But you know what? Tonight when I get home, I'm not just kissing you. I'm going to hold you like I've missed you for years, and I'm going to tell that little plum in your tummy to be nicer to its mommy."

Jennie cracked a tiny smile. "You promise?"

"I swear on your next craving."

She laughed quietly, still pouting. "This baby better come out cute."

"It's gonna come out beautiful," Lisa smiled. "Because its mom is the most gorgeous, hormonal mess in the universe."

"Asshole," Jennie whispered, eyes twinkling now.

Lisa tilted her head. "Love you too, Mrs. Manoban."

"Love you more," Jennie replied, sniffling. "Bring home mango jam?"

Lisa laughed. "Already on it."

And just like that, the hormones faded for a moment, replaced by something better—Lisa's love, steady as ever, miles away but somehow always right there with her.

—

Lisa finally arrived home, carefully balancing three paper bags in her arms—one with fresh fruit and healthy snacks, another with freshly prepared meals from the nutritionist-approved list, and the third with Jennie's prenatal vitamins and supplements that she was supposed to take religiously (but always forgot). She kicked off her shoes at the doorway, her body tired from a full day at the company and her mind racing with thoughts of Jennie.

The house was quiet. Almost too quiet.

She made her way upstairs, footsteps soft, not wanting to wake Jennie if she was sleeping. As soon as she stepped into their bedroom, her heart melted.

Jennie was curled up in bed, wrapped around her favorite body pillow, her oversized pajama shirt slightly lifted, showing the soft swell of her baby bump. Even in sleep, her brows were furrowed slightly like she was mid-dream or mid-complaint, lips slightly parted. She looked beautiful and exhausted and real.

Lisa stood there in the doorway for a minute, just watching her.

Her wife. Her everything. Growing their baby.

Despite the nausea, the dizzy spells, the dramatic food tantrums, and the sleepless nights, Jennie had never once complained about carrying their child. Well, not seriously. She had plenty of dramatic "I'm dying" moments—but she was doing this. She was really doing this.

Lisa quietly set the bags down on the dresser, walked over, and sat on the edge of the bed, brushing a few messy strands of hair off Jennie's cheek. Her fingers moved gently across her forehead.

"You're really doing so well, Nini," she whispered softly. "Even when you're moody and impossible, you're amazing."

Jennie stirred, blinking up groggily. "Lili?"

"Yeah, baby Nini. It's me," Lisa whispered with a smile. "I brought your cravings."

Jennie sat up halfway, rubbing her eyes. "Cravings? Wait—don't tell me—did you find the sweet potato fries and mango jam?"

Lisa held up the container like it was a rare jewel. "Baked sweet potato fries with a light honey drizzle. Straight from that organic kitchen place that charges like a thousand won per fry and your mango jam. ."

Jennie gasped dramatically. "Oh my God. You didn't!"

"I did," Lisa grinned, pulling out the next container. "Also, your OB would personally scold me if I didn't bring you this bland, joyless, protein-packed chicken breast with the tiniest hint of sea salt."

Jennie giggled and reached for the fries first. "Bless you. You absolute angel."

Lisa leaned over and kissed her forehead. "I try."

Jennie dipped a fry into the mango jam, popped it in her mouth, and let out a happy moan. "Okay, not gonna lie... this is perfect. I've been craving this for like two days without even realizing it."

"I know," Lisa smirked, propping herself beside Jennie on the bed. "You said it in your sleep."

"I what?" Jennie blinked, mouth full.

"You were mumbling something like, 'Sweet potato fries with mango jam... hmm... not soup... fried chicken bad... Lisa smells good...'" she teased.

Jennie flushed. "Okay, wow. Hormones are exposing me."

Lisa laughed, resting her head on Jennie's shoulder. "You smell good too, by the way."

Jennie smiled, suddenly a little emotional. "You always know how to take care of me, Lili. Even when I don't say anything."

"I always know," Lisa said, squeezing her thigh gently. "It's my wife sense. Like Spidey-sense, but specifically for you and your cravings."

Jennie chuckled, finishing another fry. Then she looked down at her bump and gently placed a hand over it. "She's getting bigger."

Lisa followed her gaze and reached out to place her palm on top of Jennie's. "He or she is definitely growing."

"You still think it's a boy?" Jennie asked, tilting her head.

"I feel like it is—the next generation of Manoban who'll carry my name," Lisa said with a mischievous grin. "But boy or girl, they're definitely gonna have your attitude."

"Excuse you!" Jennie laughed, swatting her arm. "They're gonna have your stubbornness too. But what if it's a girl?"

"Then we'll just make another baby until we get a boy. Remember—soccer team," Lisa teased, raising her brows. "And she's definitely gonna have your pout, Nini."

Jennie narrowed her eyes, fighting back a smile. "And your flirty smile. But if you're really serious about this soccer team thing, you'll turn me into a pig. Are you ready for my tantrums, mood swings, and drama? Eleven kids, Lili. Eleven. That means you'd have me pregnant every year."

Lisa burst out laughing, kissing her cheek. "I'm ready, Nini. As long as you're the mother of my kids, I'll do anything. Just praying they don't inherit your food tantrums."

Jennie gasped dramatically. "Not fair!"

Lisa smirked. "Picture it: a mini-Nini screaming because her bubble tea has too much ice. Terrifying."

Jennie giggled. "And picture a mini-Lili—arguing with the teacher, the coach, the doctor—basically anyone, just because she refuses to

admit she's wrong."

Lisa put a hand over her chest. "So basically, our kids will be dramatic and stubborn little gremlins."

Jennie leaned back, smug. "Exactly. A perfect mix of us."

Lisa tilted her head. "Which means... they'll also be cute."

Jennie grinned, leaning her head on Lisa's shoulder. "Cute but deadly."

Lisa laughed. "Deadly to my wallet, probably."

Jennie poked her side. "Admit it—you'll spoil them rotten."

Lisa shrugged with a sheepish smile. "Yeah... guilty. Especially if they smile at me the way you do."

Jennie rolled her eyes, hiding her blush. "Ugh, you're so cheesy."

Lisa kissed her temple. "Cheesy but true. I'd have a hundred babies with you if I could."

Jennie groaned, shoving her lightly. "Don't you dare! I'll file for divorce after baby number three."

Lisa grinned wider. "Then I'll just keep proposing again and again until you give in."

Jennie sighed, shaking her head with a smile. "Hopeless. You're absolutely hopeless."

Lisa hugged her tighter, voice softening. "Hopelessly in love with you, Nini. That's all."

Jennie melted against her, whispering, "I love you too, Lili. But seriously... eleven kids? You're insane."

Lisa chuckled. "Insanely in love."

Lisa leaned back a little, watching as Jennie nibbled on a few more fries. She smiled gently, reaching out to tuck a loose strand of hair

behind Jennie's ear.

"Oh—and I told your mom the news, by the way," Lisa said casually, like it wasn't a big deal.

Jennie paused mid-bite, her eyes going wide. "Wait, what? You did?!"

Lisa chuckled at her reaction. "Yup. I dropped by the hospital after work before coming home. She was doing better, sitting up and everything, so I thought... why not?"

Jennie stared at her, stunned. "You really told her?"

Lisa nodded with a warm grin. "Yep. And I told her everything. Wanna know how it went?"

Jennie quickly set her food aside and leaned in closer. "Of course! Tell me everything!"

Lisa shifted on the bed, getting more comfortable, and began telling her what happened.

———

Flashback

Lisa stood quietly by the hospital room door, balancing a small tray with freshly sliced fruit and a cup of medicine. She had managed to sneak out of work a little early—she didn't want to miss a day visiting her mother-in-law.

Inside, Jennie's mom was propped up in bed, already looking far better than she had in weeks. Her skin had more color, her eyes were alert, and there was a calmness in her expression that Lisa hadn't seen in a long while.

"Knock knock," Lisa called softly as she entered. "I brought you some fruit and meds."

Jennie's mom looked up and smiled, her eyes lighting up. "You really didn't have to, Lisa."

Lisa set the tray on the table and shrugged gently. "I wanted to. Besides, I've got more than fruit today."

That caught the older woman's attention. "Oh? Is it good news or bad?"

Lisa let out a breathy chuckle, her nerves fluttering. "Good. Very good."

She walked closer and gently took the older woman's hand. "Jennie's pregnant, Mom."

Everything went still for a moment.

Jennie's mom stared at her, lips slightly parted. "Are you serious?"

Lisa nodded, her grin growing. "Eleven weeks now. We didn't even know at first. She thought she was just stressed or overworked... but turns out, we're going to be parents."

The tears came quickly—silent, emotional, filled with joy.

"She's going to be a mother..." her voice cracked. "I'm going to be a grandma..."

Lisa squeezed her hand gently. "Yes, you are. And she's okay. Just needs lots of rest, no stress, and healthy food. But she's doing fine."

The older woman wiped her tears with trembling fingers. "She's always wanted this... even if she never said it. Thank you, Lisa. For loving her so much. For giving her this happiness."

Lisa shook her head, her eyes soft. "Thank you, for trusting me with her. And when you get discharged, you're coming home with us. We already made space for you downstairs. Jennie would love to have you close."

Jennie's mom smiled through her tears, squeezing her hand back. "You've been taking care of both of us, Lisa. More than I could've asked for."

Lisa gave her a warm, loving look. "I love her, Mom. I'll always take care of her—and you too, if you'll let me."

They sat together quietly after that, soaking in the calmness, the shared joy, and the comforting promise of new beginnings.

Back in the present

Lisa looked over at Jennie, who was now misty-eyed, her lips trembling slightly.

"She cried," Lisa said softly, reaching for Jennie's hand. "Happy tears. And she's been doing better, Nini. A lot better. The doctors think she might be ready to come home in a couple of weeks."

Jennie sniffled, brushing her cheeks. "She's coming home with us?"

"Of course," Lisa nodded. "I already asked the staff to prepare the guest room downstairs. It's all set up for her."

Jennie reached across the bed and took Lisa's hand, squeezing it tight. "Thank you. For everything you're doing. For her... and for me."

Lisa leaned in, pressing a kiss on her forehead. "Always, Nini. You don't even have to thank me."

Jennie smiled tearfully, placing her free hand over her small bump. "She's going to be so happy when she sees me like this."

Lisa chuckled, touching the bump gently. "She's going to cry all over again. Our little family's getting bigger, huh?"

Jennie nodded, heart full. "Yeah. And I wouldn't want to go through any of this with anyone else but you."

After Jennie finished eating, she leaned into Lisa's side, resting her head on her shoulder. "I'm still sad I can't have sex with you."

Lisa chuckled. "You just ate half a container of fries. Give it a minute."

Jennie huffed. "You don't love me."

Lisa turned, gently cupping her face. "Hey. Don't even joke like that. I love you more now than I ever thought was humanly possible.

And we'll get back to the fun stuff when it's safe, okay? Right now, I want you safe. And I want our baby safe. And I still kiss you like I mean it, right?"

Jennie nodded slowly. "You do. Even when I smell like ginger tea and vitamins."

"Especially then," Lisa said, pulling her into a cuddle.

Jennie sighed contentedly. "Fine. I'll stop seducing you... for now."

Lisa raised an eyebrow. "You call that seducing? I call that hormonal blackmail."

Jennie smirked. "Whatever works."

They both laughed, tangled in each other's arms under the soft bedroom lights.

And just like that, the house was warm, their baby was growing, and everything—for now—felt right.

Veinte

A Few Days Later

Jennie lay dramatically sprawled across their bed, surrounded by pillows, a hot compress on her lower belly, and a mostly untouched bowl of quinoa salad abandoned on her side table. Her phone rested on her chest as she scrolled mindlessly through KMCorp's official social media page—Lisa's company. Well, their company.

She blinked at the comments on a recent photo of Lisa giving a speech at a corporate event.

"CEO Lisa is so gorgeous 😍😍 "

"How is she still single?!"

"If Lisa ever looks at me, I'm proposing "

"I'd quit my job just to be her coffee girl. Someone propose to her already!"

Jennie sat up abruptly with a loud scoff. "Excuse me? Single??? She's literally married. To me. Hello?! Does this bump mean nothing to y'all?!"

She aggressively tapped her phone and hit FaceTime.

Lisa answered almost immediately, the screen showing her inside an elevator, holding her laptop bag. "Hey, Nini. Everything okay?"

Jennie squinted suspiciously. "Are you talking to someone right now?"

Lisa blinked. "I'm literally in an elevator. Alone. What is this interrogation?"

Jennie held her phone closer to her face. "Because some of the new employees—or maybe interns, I don't know, whatever—they clearly don't know you're mine. I saw the comments, Lisa. One of them said, and I quote: 'If Lisa ever looks at me, I'm proposing.' Proposing, Lili. In broad daylight. On our company page!"

Lisa burst out laughing, shaking her head. "Oh my God. Nini. You're spiraling."

"I am not spiraling!" Jennie huffed, flopping back onto the pillows like a drama queen. "I'm home. Fat. Bloated. Horny. Bored. My boobs hurt. I can't eat cheese fries, spicy, sour food, grilled meat and junk foods. And now I have to compete with an entire building full of young, flirty, probably-not-pregnant employees who haven't thrown up three times today!"

Lisa tried to hold back a grin. "You're so extra. Also, did you say 'horny'?"

Jennie glared. "Don't start what you can't finish, Manoban. You said no sexy time until the baby stabilizes, remember? So now you deal with moody, touch-starved me."

Lisa sighed dramatically, leaning against the elevator wall. "Okay, okay. First of all, you're not fat. You're pregnant—with our baby—and you're glowing, even when you're yelling at corporate comments. Second, I'm coming home. Right now. I'll stop by and get that healthy mochi dessert you like."

Jennie sniffed. "Better hurry."

Lisa raised an eyebrow. "Why, you gonna delete my accounts?"

Jennie sat up again, eyes sharp. "I will delete all your social media. I'm not even kidding. I'll change your passwords. Don't test me. Hormones are real, Lisa."

Lisa tried not to laugh again. "Okay okay! I surrender. I'll be home in 30. I'll kiss your swollen feet, rub your belly, feed you organic snacks, and remind you every ten seconds that no one in this world compares to you. Deal?"

Jennie pouted, then smiled a little. "And hold me while I watch something stupid on Netflix?"

"The stupidest show you can find, Nini."

Jennie nodded solemnly. "Good. And you better smell nice. I wanna sniff your neck like a weirdo again."

Lisa shook her head with a laugh. "I love pregnant-you so much, it's actually insane."

"Yeah yeah. Just don't let anyone propose to you before I give birth or I swear, Lisa, I will waddle to the office and fight them in my pajamas."

Lisa smirked. "Now that's a CEO wife move."

"Damn right," Jennie muttered as she ended the call and went back to scrolling, this time smirking like she was ready to throw hands if anyone flirted with her wife again.

Thirty minutes later, Lisa showed up at the door with dessert, flowers, and a fresh shirt for Jennie to sniff. Because when you marry a hormonal, dramatic, beautiful wife—you come prepared.

—

Late That Night

The bedroom was dim and peaceful, except for the soft hum of the aircon and the occasional dramatic groan coming from Jennie, who was sprawled on the bed like a tired cat. She was wrapped in a fluffy blanket burrito, her back pressed firmly against Lisa's chest, one leg thrown dramatically over Lisa's thigh.

Lisa's hand rested gently on Jennie's growing bump, stroking it with featherlight touches like it was the most fragile, sacred thing in the world.

Jennie let out a long, soul-deep sigh for what felt like the twentieth time that evening.

Lisa smirked, her voice teasing against Jennie's ear. "That's your fifth sigh in the last ten minutes. Should I be worried? Or is this just 'pregnant and dramatic' o'clock again?"

Jennie didn't even try to hide her sass. "No. Maybe. I don't know! Everything is just... weird. I cry for no reason, I get mad at the soup, and then I get mad at you for looking hot in a pantsuit while I look like a stuffed dumpling! And don't even get me started on how my boobs hurt if I even breathe too hard."

Lisa chuckled and kissed her nape. "Well, you're not annoying. You're growing a baby. You're allowed to be clingy, hormonal, dramatic, irrational, overly emotional, suspicious, jealous, cute—"

Jennie groaned and elbowed her lightly. "Okay! Stop! You sound like you're reading the side effects of a prescription drug commercial."

Lisa laughed harder. "Warning: marrying a pregnant Jennie Kim may result in emotional whiplash, uncontrollable cravings, and extreme cuteness. Side effects include sudden urges to cry, demand hugs, and threaten your wife's social media accounts."

"Exactly," Jennie said, nodding with mock seriousness. "You've been warned."

She twisted around just enough to look at her wife, then kissed her softly. Her voice lowered, a little vulnerable now. "I still want you, Lili... even if I feel like a human hot water balloon. Please don't forget that."

Lisa brushed a hand gently down Jennie's cheek, smiling. "Nini... I always want you. Pregnant or not. You being bloated just means there's more of you to love and cuddle."

Jennie narrowed her eyes playfully. "That better not be your sneaky way of avoiding a two-hour cuddle session tonight."

Lisa gasped dramatically. "Excuse me?! I am a certified professional cuddler, licensed by the Wife Cuddle Association of Korea. I took an oath, Jennie Kim-Manoban!"

Jennie giggled, snuggling closer. "Good. Because tonight, you owe me cuddles, a back rub, five kisses per minute, and constant reassurance that I'm still your hottest fantasy."

Lisa grinned. "Done. Would you like that with a side of foot massage and forehead kisses?"

"And a fried egg sandwich with caramel," Jennie added sleepily. "Don't judge me."

"I gave up judging you the day you dipped pickles into yogurt," Lisa whispered with a smirk, kissing her temple.

Jennie sighed again, but this time it was happy. "I just feel safest when you're here..."

Lisa tightened her arms around her. "Then I'll never leave. Ever. Even if you yell at me tomorrow for bringing you the wrong kind of rice again."

"You deserved that," Jennie mumbled.

"I brought you jasmine rice, Nini. You asked for garlic rice. You threatened divorce."

Jennie yawned. "Details."

They both chuckled softly, the kind of laugh only shared between two people who knew each other down to their soul.

Jennie's hand drifted down to her bump, her fingers tracing the curve that now existed even at just eleven weeks. She smiled faintly, tired but content. Lisa's leg curled protectively over hers, their bodies fitting together like a lock and key.

Sure, being home all day was boring. Sure, the cravings were insane. Sure, she was jealous and hormonal and emotional and borderline irrational most days.

But wrapped in Lisa's arms? Listening to her heartbeat, feeling her breath against her skin?

She had everything she needed.

Even if she still wanted fried chicken dipped in caramel tomorrow morning.

And sometimes, she'd just cry for no reason at all. But at least she had Lisa to cry to—and that made it a little easier.

And that made everything okay..

Veintiuno

A Few Days Later

"Did you tell them already?" Jennie whispered, standing in front of the vanity mirror, smoothing down the crisp fabric of her loose white Chanel dress. Her baby bump was getting harder to hide now, peeking softly beneath the fabric.

Lisa was sprawled on the bed, scrolling through her phone lazily with her arms behind her head. She looked up. "Tell who what?"

Jennie turned slowly, giving her a deadpan glare. "Your family, Lili. The pregnancy. You told your mom and dad, right?"

Lisa blinked, froze, then sat up slowly like she just realized she left the oven on. "Oh... crap."

Jennie's eyebrows shot up. "No."

Lisa scratched the back of her neck. "They were out of town last week, remember? That whole business trip marathon? Singapore, then Italy, then Dubai. I haven't even FaceTimed them. I didn't get the chance."

Jennie gasped, smacking her forehead. "So they don't know I'm pregnant?! LISA!"

Lisa winced. "I was gonna tell them! I swear! I just... forgot. Okay, maybe I got distracted by your daily food meltdowns, unpredictable cravings, hormonal crying marathons, and your hourly demand for cuddles because you're mad at me for following the doctor's 'no sex while on bed rest' rule!"

Jennie crossed her arms dramatically. "You are so dead. I look pregnant pregnant! They're gonna know before we even say

anything."

Lisa slipped behind her, wrapping her arms around Jennie's waist and resting her chin on her shoulder. "So what? You're glowing. Our baby—or babies—is just making their grand entrance early."

Jennie shoved her gently. "You're such a dork."

"I'll make it up to you," Lisa grinned. "Cake and foot rubs. Unlimited. Lifetime guarantee."

———

By the time they walked over to Lisa's family home—just a few doors down—the smell of stew and grilled meat greeted them. Laughter echoed from the dining room.

Inside, Lisa's parents were seated with wine glasses in hand, while Rosé was already halfway through a giant bowl of rice.

The moment Jennie stepped in, Rosé's spoon clattered onto her plate.

"Hold. The. Hell. Up."

Jennie froze like a deer caught in headlights.

Rosé shot up from her seat, eyes wide. "Is that... is that a baby bump?!"

Lisa muttered under her breath, "Well, cat's out of the bag..."

Jennie elbowed her hard. "You tell them."

Lisa coughed and stepped forward. "Uh... surprise?"

Her mom gasped so loud her chair squeaked back. "Jennie—are you serious?! Pregnant?!"

Her dad dropped his fork. "Wait. I'm gonna be a grandfather? From you, Lisa?!"

Jennie smiled sheepishly, resting her hand on her stomach. "Twelve

weeks..."

Rosé screamed, literally ran around the table, and flung her arms up. "OH MY GOD! My twin is having a baby! I KNEW it! Jennie's been glowing but also extra grumpy, which is so first-trimester behavior. Jisoo is gonna flip. My boys are finally getting a cousin! We need a party. A gender reveal. A baby moon. A baby registry. Wait—me on godmother! No, Jisoo will fight me—ugh!"

Lisa's mom went straight to Jennie and hugged her tight. "Congratulations, sweetheart. You're going to be such a wonderful mom."

She turned and smacked Lisa lightly on the arm. "And YOU—forgetting to tell us?!"

Lisa raised her hands like she was surrendering. "Hey, I got distracted! Nini's cravings are wild. She'll suddenly want mangoes or whatever random thing pops into her head at two in the morning!"

Her dad walked over, smiling wide. "Two gorgeous parents and a baby on the way... honestly, this is the best family news we've had in years."

Jennie tilted her head at Lisa, teasing. "Next time, maybe tell your family before my stomach does."

Lisa grinned, slipping an arm around her. "Blame it on pregnancy brain. I think I'm catching it by association."

Rosé already had her phone out. "Okay, everyone gather. Group selfie for the family chat. Jennie, turn sideways—we need the bump shot."

Lisa groaned. "She's not a prop, Chaeng!"

Jennie rolled her eyes, but smiled anyway. "Fine. One photo. Then I get cake."

Lisa kissed her cheek. "You get two slices. You're pregnant."

"Make it three!" Rosé yelled. "She's eating for two!"

From the corner, Lisa's dad muttered, "At this rate, Jennie's eating for a whole Soccer team."

"Dad!" Lisa groaned.

Her mom smacked him with a napkin. "Shush. She's glowing, let her eat."

Rosé snapped ten photos in a row, squealing. Then she called Jisoo on video chat.

"BABE! Guess what?!" she screamed into the phone before Jisoo could even say hi. "Our twin-in-law is PREGNANT. LOOK!" She shoved the phone at Jennie's belly.

Jisoo's voice came through the speaker. "WHAT?! Are you kidding me?! Okay, I'm driving up tomorrow with the boys. They need to hug their aunt and talk to her belly."

From the background, one of Rosé's kids screamed, "Cousin! We're getting a cousin!" Another yelled, "Tell them we want a baby sister so it's even!" The youngest shouted, "No, baby brother! Soccer team!"

Lisa facepalmed. "Not this soccer team thing again..."

Jennie groaned, laughing. "Your whole family is insane."

Lisa grinned at her. "Insanely excited. And insanely in love with you."

Jennie sighed, but her smile betrayed her. "Okay, fine. You're off the hook. For now."

Lisa kissed her temple. "I plan on staying on your good side forever."

Jennie gave her a look. "Start with that cake."

Rosé slammed a plate of cake in front of her. "Already handled.

Triple slice. Welcome to the chaos, Jennie."

Jennie laughed, heart full. The noise, the teasing, the joy—it was messy, loud, overwhelming... and perfect.

—

A Week Later

First Official Prenatal Checkup

The day had finally arrived.

Lisa was practically bouncing in her seat inside the car, her seatbelt barely keeping her from dancing in excitement. One hand was gripping the steering wheel while the other was intertwined with Jennie's fingers, which rested comfortably on her lap.

"I can't believe we're finally doing this," Lisa said, grinning from ear to ear. "First official ultrasound. We get to see the baby—our baby, Nini."

Jennie, in the passenger seat, rubbed her belly with a mix of nervousness and anticipation. She was thirteen weeks pregnant, and while she could already feel the shift in her body, the realization of seeing the baby on screen made everything feel real and emotional.

"Our baby's gonna be shy like me or chaotic like you?" Jennie asked, raising a brow as she glanced at Lisa.

Lisa placed a hand on her chest like she was deeply offended. "Excuse me? If this baby turns out dramatic, that's definitely from you. Let's not pretend you didn't cry three times yesterday over literally nothing."

Jennie let out a huff and scrunched her nose. "It was a very emotional day, okay? And just in case you forgot—I'm pregnant! I have a free pass to be emotional!" She crossed her arms with a little pout. "And if this baby comes out with pouty lips, a perfect nose, and those big almond eyes? That's your fault. You're the visual in this relationship."

Lisa laughed and reached over to squeeze her hand. "Okay, fair. But I'm hoping the baby gets your cat-like eyes, Nini. Those things are dangerous."

Jennie smirked. "You just want our kid to be a little heartbreaker."

Lisa raised a brow. "I mean... look at us—their parents. That baby has no choice."

Jennie rolled her eyes but smiled. "Well, I just hope they don't inherit your chaotic energy. I already have my hands full with one of you."

Lisa grinned wider. "Hey! My chaos keeps things interesting."

"Your chaos gives me migraines," Jennie muttered under her breath, but she was smiling as she said it.

Lisa glanced at her. "You love it. You'd be bored without me."

Jennie snorted. "No, I'd be well-fed, stress-free, and maybe even sleeping through the night."

"Lies," Lisa said smugly. "You'd miss me the moment you ran out of someone to yell at for bringing you the wrong flavor of yogurt."

Jennie pretended to think. "Okay, maybe I'd miss your back rubs. And your kisses. And your stupid jokes that make no sense."

Lisa winked. "Exactly. So our baby better come out loving my jokes or we're doing a DNA test."

Jennie burst out laughing, leaning her head back against the seat. "Oh my god, Lili. You're insane."

Lisa reached over and gently rested her hand on Jennie's bump while they waited at a red light. "Insanely in love with you."

Jennie turned to look at her, suddenly quiet, her smile softer now. "I can't wait to see our baby, Lili."

Lisa gave her a gentle squeeze. "Me too, baby. We're really doing

this."

And as the light turned green, Lisa drove off toward the hospital, hearts full, hands held tight, and baby dreams dancing in their heads.

They arrived at the hospital and made their way to the OB-GYN department. Jennie had been referred by Dr. Irene to another trusted OB—Dr. Seulgi, who just so happened to also be Lisa's long-time friend and Irene's girlfriend.

"Are you sure this isn't weird?" Jennie whispered as they sat in the waiting room. "That your friend is going to be, like... all up in my uterus?"

Lisa smirked. "Nini, Seulgi's a pro. Irene even said she's the best. And I've known her since med school, so I know how good she is. Technically, that means you have all the power here."

Jennie rolled her eyes but couldn't help smiling. "This baby better come out perfect with all this teasing going on."

They were finally called into the clinic, and Dr. Seulgi greeted them with a warm smile, her eyes crinkling into that signature eye smile of hers. "Jennie! Lisa! Finally, the famous Lalisa shows up—with a pregnant wife, no less. Honestly, I thought you were gonna be single forever, Lali."

Lisa grinned. "Hey! I was just waiting for the right woman. Took some time, but I definitely hit the jackpot."

Seulgi chuckled. "And Irene won't stop talking about you, Jennie—especially the pregnancy."

Lisa smirked and nudged Jennie playfully. "See? You're already famous."

Jennie blushed and let out a nervous laugh as she settled onto the exam bed. "I hope it's all good stuff. Let's just get this done before I end up throwing up here."

Dr. Seulgi chuckled and rolled over the ultrasound cart. "All right,

let's see how your little one's doing. This might feel a little cold."

"Cold?" Jennie hissed as the jelly touched her belly. "This is Arctic Ice Challenge level cold!"

Lisa grinned as she stood beside her, gently grabbing her hand. "You'll survive, drama queen."

Jennie gripped her hand tightly while staring nervously at the screen.

Lisa, meanwhile, leaned forward like she was watching a plot twist in a Netflix thriller. "What am I looking at? That blob? Is that the baby? Or a kidney?"

Dr. Seulgi smiled and tilted the screen. "Actually... you're looking at two blobs."

Lisa tilted her head. "Two blobs... wait—like two babies?"

Jennie blinked. "I'm sorry, did you just say... two?"

Dr. Seulgi nodded. "Congratulations! You're having twins."

The room went silent.

Jennie sat up so fast the probe almost fell off. "EXCUSE ME?!"

Lisa's eyes widened like saucers before she broke into a full-blown grin. "OH MY GOD! We're having TWINS?! Nini!"

Jennie just stared at the monitor in disbelief. "That's why I've been bloated like a balloon? Why I cry every time I smell garlic? Why I want to eat a whole watermelon at 2am?! It all makes sense now!"

Lisa burst into laughter, kissing Jennie's temple. "It's not bloating, Nini. It's double happiness."

Jennie, still teary-eyed, wiped at her eyes. "I thought I was just overreacting... being overdramatic..."

Lisa snorted. "You were. Because you're carrying twins. Which

means everything is twice as extra. You're double the drama, double the sass, double the tears. It's beautiful."

Jennie smacked her on the shoulder.

"Not easy for me! You're the one who wanted a whole soccer team. If it's so beautiful, then you carry the next nine babies!"

Lisa clutched her chest dramatically like she'd been mortally wounded. "Excuse me?! How could I possibly do that? I have a dick! I can make babies, but I can't bake them! That's your job!" she grinned. "And let's be real—we're way past the soccer team phase now. Two down, nine more to go, Nini! Hahaha!"

Seulgi chuckled at their nonstop banter.

"You are not allowed to put that thing inside me again or I swear I'm gonna cut it off," Jennie warned, narrowing her eyes at her.

Lisa laughed. "Yeah, yeah—you'd lose your happiness. You're the one seducing me every night and begging for it. I'm always the one saying no... hahaha!"

"Shut up," Jennie snapped, glaring at her, while Seulgi burst into louder laughter.

Lisa just went quiet with a smug look on her face.

"You're so under Manoban," Seulgi teased.

Lisa turned back to Jennie with a grin. "What can I do? My wife's hot and bossy—deadly combo. You tell me no, but you're the one climbing me like a tree every night."

Jennie opened her mouth, ready to argue, but Seulgi raised her hands, still laughing.

"Okay, that's enough, you two. This is a clinic, not your bedroom!"

Lisa wiped her eyes as she laughed, the sound echoing softly around the room. And then, slowly, the mood shifted.

The teasing faded, replaced by a quiet, deeper stillness—as if the banter never happened.

"I'm scared," Jennie said softly. "But also... this is everything."

Lisa reached for her hand and held it gently. "You're doing amazing. And I'm right here. We've got this, Nini."

They both turned back to the monitor, watching the two tiny flickering heartbeats glowing like little stars on the screen.

"I can't believe we're gonna have two babies," Jennie whispered.

Lisa kissed the back of her hand. "And I can't believe I get to raise them with you."

—

Later That Day At Home

Lisa was curled up on the couch, her legs stretched out as Jennie lay against her, head resting on Lisa's chest. With a grin, Lisa tapped away on her phone and dropped the bomb in their family group chat.

Lali:
"We're having twins—💔💔"

It didn't even take a full minute before Rosé—went full chaos.

Chaeng:
"OMG TWINS???????"
"YOU DIDN'T WARN ME I WAS GONNA BE AN AUNT TWICE 😭😭😭"
"DOES THIS MEAN I GET TO BUY TWO BABY YEEZYS?? 🥿🥿"
"JISOO'S ALREADY SHOPPING ONLINE I CAN'T STOP HER 😤"
"PLS NAME ONE OF THEM ROSIE OR I'LL CRY 😭💔"
"ALSO WHEN CAN I RUB JENNIE'S BELLY. I'M FREE TOMORROW. I'M BRINGING SNACKS. DON'T SAY NO."

Jennie stared at the flood of messages, one eyebrow raised. She let out a sigh and handed Lisa her phone. "Your sister is insane."

Lisa let out a laugh, shaking her head. "She's just excited. She loves you so much, you know."

Jennie grinned. "I know. I kinda miss her chaos. Back in college, she'd barge into my dorm just to drag me to a night market or some random accessory stall. And now she's channeling all that energy into baby shopping."

"She already sent me links to matching rompers and tiny hats," Lisa said, chuckling. "She has three boys, Nini. She's been praying for nieces."

"Well, we still don't know the gender yet," Jennie said, resting both hands on her belly. "But either way, two tiny reasons for her to go broke buying baby stuff."

Lisa leaned down and pressed a soft kiss to her bump. "Two perfect reasons. And honestly... we're about to be very, very spoiled."

Jennie smirked. "You mean they're about to be spoiled."

Lisa laughed again. "Fair point."

Jennie let her head fall back against Lisa's shoulder, eyes fluttering shut for a moment. "It still feels surreal. Two cribs, two names... two little heartbeats. I keep thinking I'm gonna wake up and it's just a dream."

Lisa rested her chin on Jennie's shoulder, arms wrapping around her from behind. "Not a dream, Nini. This is real—we've got two little babies on the way."

Jennie looked down at her belly with a soft smile. "Do you think I can still handle two babies crying at the same time?"

Lisa laughed softly. "Of course not. That's why we'll take turns crying, too."

Jennie snorted. "You're terrible."

"But I'm yours," Lisa replied, kissing her temple.

They sat there in silence for a while, wrapped up in soft blankets and softer dreams. The hum of the quiet house made everything feel warmer, calmer, more real.

Two babies.

Double the diapers. Double the cries. Double the joy.

Double the love.

Because now... they weren't just expecting..

They were expecting twins.

Veintidós

A Few Days Later

Lisa stood by the front door, helping Jennie's mom step out of the car slowly.
"Easy, Mom. One step at a time. No need to rush. We're not in a hospital race."

Jennie's mom chuckled as she gripped Lisa's arm for balance.
"I'm fine, Lisa. You're fussier than the nurses."

"That's because you're precious cargo now," Lisa teased, opening the door gently and motioning for her to come inside.
"Ready?"

"You didn't tell her, did you?" Jennie's mom asked, raising an eyebrow.

Lisa grinned mischievously. "Nope. She thinks you're still in the hospital, bossing the nurses around and ignoring their food."

They both shared a quiet giggle as they slipped into the house. Everything was calm. The hallway smelled faintly of lavender oil from the diffuser. The soft hum of Netflix playing in the living room filled the space.

Jennie was curled up on the couch in Lisa's oversized hoodie and Lisa's sweatpants, swaddled in a thick blanket like a moody burrito. Her snack tray sat untouched on the coffee table, the sliced apples now browning and the crackers abandoned.

"I still want mangoes dipped in vinegar," Jennie mumbled dramatically, not even looking up. "Why do I crave things I can't eat? Life is unfair."

A soft, familiar voice floated through the room.

"Did someone say mangoes?"

Jennie's head snapped around so fast it could've given her whiplash.

Her jaw dropped. "Mom?!"

She blinked, as if hallucinating, then slowly—very slowly—rose from the couch like a dramatic soap opera heroine. "Oh my god... you're here? You're really here?"

Her mom stood smiling in the doorway, arms wide open. "Lisa picked me up. Surprise, Jenjen. I'm out of the hospital—and I'm here to take care of you now."

Jennie waddled toward her with tears pooling in her eyes. "You should've told me! I've been dying here alone with no one but Lisa and her strict diet plans!"

Her mom hugged her tight, resting her chin on Jennie's shoulder. "I missed you too. And wow... look at this belly already."

Jennie pulled back just enough for her mom to get a look at her bump. "I'm huge, aren't I? That's what they don't tell you—pregnancy feels like carrying a watermelon."

Her mom placed a warm hand on her belly. "Lisa told me everything. The twins, the cravings, the hormones. I cried when I found out. Two grandbabies? God doubled the blessing."

Jennie sniffled, resting her forehead against her mom's. "I still feel like I don't know what I'm doing. I'm moody, hungry, tired all the time. Sometimes I cry because the toast is too crunchy."

"That's because you're growing two humans, Jen," her mom whispered, brushing her hair back. "You're doing amazing. You're already being a mom just by showing up every day."

Just then, Lisa stepped behind Jennie, sliding her arms carefully around her waist, resting her chin on Jennie's shoulder. "She's right. You're doing better than you think, Nini."

Jennie turned and leaned into her wife's arms, her heart full. "You really didn't tell me she was coming home?"

Lisa smirked. "Nope. Wanted to see that exact face you just made. You looked like you saw Beyoncé in our house."

Her mom laughed. "Thank you, Lisa. For everything. You've taken care of her better than I could ask for."

Lisa shook her head with a soft smile. "No need to thank me, Mom. I love her. This is what love does."

They all sat down after that—Jennie on the couch with her legs up, Lisa beside her, and Jennie's mom with a warm cup of tea. The three women spent the afternoon catching up, laughing, and telling stories—Jennie dramatically retelling every weird craving and emotional breakdown she had in the past two weeks.

By nighttime, the guest room downstairs was all set up, and Jennie's mom was already asleep, peacefully tucked in.

Back in their room, Jennie changed into pajamas and flopped on the bed with a groan. Lisa joined her seconds later.

Jennie rolled onto her side and whispered, "You gave me the best surprise today. I needed my mom. You know me too well."

Lisa kissed her temple. "I knew. You kept hugging the pillow tighter and sighing at random intervals. That's your 'I miss Mom' mode."

Jennie smiled sleepily. "I love you."

Lisa laid a gentle hand over her bump. "I love you more. You and Team Ruckus in there."

Jennie snorted. "Please don't start calling them that."

"It's fitting!" Lisa defended. "They're the reason you want peanut butter on pickles and cry over commercials. They're chaotic. Beautifully chaotic."

Jennie groaned. "I'm gonna change my name. And my number.

Maybe my country."

Lisa grinned and kissed her cheek. "Sorry, you're legally stuck with me. And them. Forever."

Jennie rolled into Lisa's chest with a soft, satisfied hum. "Fine. But tomorrow... you're finding me ume. And real tonkotsu ramen. Like the fatty, rich kind. Oh, and one of those stupidly cute kawaii cakes. The ones with the faces."

Lisa snorted, wrapping her arms tighter around Jennie and tucking the blanket up to her chin. "Ume, tonkotsu, and kawaii cake? What are we having, a Tokyo food crawl from our living room?"

Jennie mumbled into her chest, "I deserve it. I'm growing your spawn."

Lisa grinned, lowering her voice dramatically. "Ah yes, the noble sacrifice of carrying the royal gremlins. How could I forget? Very well, Queen Jennie. Tomorrow shall be your official cheat day."

Jennie peeked up at her. "Anything I want?"

"Anything," Lisa nodded, then added with a teasing smirk, "except sushi, raw stuff, anything fried, spicy, too salty, or processed. Doctor's orders, remember?"

Jennie groaned. "Why do I feel like I just got scammed?"

Lisa kissed her forehead. "Because you did, a little. But I promise, I'll find something delicious and pregnancy-approved. And I'll draw a little face on the cake if that helps."

Jennie gave a sleepy laugh. "You better. Or I'll file for separation until I get my ramen."

"Wow. Divorce threats over soup. Pregnancy hormones are undefeated," Lisa said with mock horror. "Okay, okay. I'll wake up early, scout every Japanese café or restaurant within ten miles, charm the chefs if I have to—just to bring you your dream meal."

Jennie let out a sleepy sigh. "You're such a good wife..."

Lisa whispered into her hair, "Only for you, Nini. And our mini uses."

And as Jennie drifted off to sleep, her head resting against Lisa's chest and her fingers brushing over the slight curve of her belly, her heart felt full.

Her mom was finally home. Lisa was here. The babies were safe. And even though her days were filled with cravings, mood swings, and mild chaos... this was the kind of beautiful mess she wouldn't trade for anything in the world.

—

Morning came gently, with the sun peeking through the curtains. Jennie was still curled up in bed, her face smushed against Lisa's pillow, her hand resting protectively over her baby bump. Her soft little snores filled the quiet room, and Lisa, already awake, smiled at the sight of her wife looking so peaceful.

She leaned in and pressed a gentle kiss to Jennie's lips before whispering, "Be right back, baby mama. Gotta fulfill your Japan-themed wishes."

Jennie didn't even stir, still deep in sleep. Lisa chuckled quietly and tiptoed into the bathroom to wash up. After changing into a hoodie and cap, she headed downstairs—only to find her mother-in-law already at the kitchen table, sipping warm tea and eating a light breakfast.

"Oh! Good morning, Mom," Lisa greeted with a surprised grin as she walked in. "You're up early."

Jennie's mom looked up, smiling warmly. "You're the one that surprised me. I thought I'd be the first one down here."

Lisa poured herself some water and sat down beside her. "Nini's still sleeping like a log. She didn't even twitch when I kissed her goodbye," she said fondly. "I think the babies wore her out yesterday."

Her mother-in-law chuckled. "She's been happier since I came back.

And I can tell you've been taking good care of her. Thank you, Lisa."

Lisa smiled genuinely. "Of course, Mom. She's everything to me. And now I've got three heartbeats to worry about."

Jennie's mom reached over and patted Lisa's hand. "You're going to be a wonderful Dada, Lisa. You already are."

Lisa laughed softly. "Let's just survive the cravings first. Speaking of which..." she stood up and grabbed her keys. "Today's mission is Japanese food. Ume, tonkotsu, kawaii cake... and somehow, I have to make it healthy enough so the OB-GYN doesn't chase me out of the room next week."

Jennie's mom grinned. "I'll keep breakfast warm if you don't make it back before lunch."

———

Lisa drove around town like a woman on a mission.
First stop: the fancy ramen place for tonkotsu with a less-oily broth version.
Next: a cute bento cafe for "kawaii cake" (it had a bear face and sparkles).
Lastly: a tiny Japanese market with authentic umeboshi that made Lisa flinch when she tasted one. "How does she even like this stuff?" she muttered with a grimace—but still bought two jars.

Satisfied and loaded with Jennie's requests (and a couple extras just in case her cravings shifted mid-meal), Lisa headed back home.

———

Back at the house, Jennie was still curled up in bed, completely unaware of the food adventure her wife just went through. Lisa and her mother-in-law moved around the kitchen, quietly plating the food and reheating it to the perfect warmth. Lisa even garnished the tonkotsu with heart-shaped seaweed pieces, grinning like a proud chef.

Then suddenly—

"Wait... what is that smell?" came a groggy voice from upstairs.

Lisa and Jennie's mom exchanged knowing looks.

A moment later, Jennie waddled slowly into the kitchen, eyes half-open, sniffing the air like a bloodhound. Her hair was a mess, she wore Lisa's oversized hoodie, and her face lit up the second she saw the table.

"Oh. My. God," Jennie gasped, staring at the spread. "Is that... ume? And... tonkotsu?? And—no way—is that a kawaii bear cake?!"

Lisa stepped forward dramatically with a proud grin. "Your wish is my command, Your Majesty."

Jennie walked up to her slowly, eyes misty. "You really went out and got all of this?"

Lisa nodded and wiped fake sweat from her forehead. "I fought traffic. I argued with a grumpy old man for the last bottle of real ume. I had to translate 'cute cake with a bear face' into three different accents. But yes, my queen, I made it happen."

Jennie looked like she might cry.

Her mom chuckled and said, "You should've seen her slicing seaweed into hearts."

Jennie laughed and waddled into Lisa's arms. "You're the best. Like literally the best wife ever. I don't deserve you."

Lisa hugged her back. "You're carrying my ruckus twins. You deserve everything."

———

They all sat around the dining table, Jennie finally digging into her food with excitement in her eyes and quiet little "mmms" of happiness with every bite.

Jennie looked across the table and said dramatically, "I swear, if these twins don't come out grateful after this meal, I'm having a talk

with them."

Lisa reached over and patted her belly. "Hey babies, just so you know, Mommy woke up craving vinegar fruit and pork bone soup and Dada—ran across the city for you two."

Jennie laughed with a mouth full of noodles. "You sound like an Instagram dada already."

"I am an Instagram dada," Lisa said, pretending to pose. "Now smile, let's post this chaos with the caption 'feeding the gremlins inside.'"

Jennie wiped her mouth and looked at her mom with a grin. "Are you sure you're okay staying with us, Mom? This house is getting weirder by the minute."

Her mom smiled warmly. "It's not weird. It's home. And I love it here."

———

Later that afternoon, Jennie didn't feel sick or dizzy once—which was rare for her lately. Maybe it was the food. Maybe it was the company. Maybe it was just feeling whole again, with her mom and wife beside her, and their little family growing stronger every day.

As Lisa helped Jennie back to bed for a nap, Jennie whispered sleepily, "You spoil me."

Lisa kissed her cheek. "I plan to for the rest of your life."

"Good," Jennie mumbled. "Because tomorrow I might crave Korean barbecue. And a unicorn macaron."

Lisa blinked. "...A what?"

Jennie was already snoring.

Lisa looked at her belly and whispered, "Please babies... have mercy on Dada. I'm running out of restaurants."

And with that, she pulled the blanket over her wife and curled

beside her, ready for the next wave of sweet, strange, and chaotic love..

Veintitrés

Fast forward...

It had been six months into Jennie's pregnancy, and her belly had grown so much rounder and heavier with the twins. She was glowing, but also easily tired from carrying two babies inside her. Lisa made sure she wasn't overworking—no more company stress, no all-nighters at the office. Now Jennie was healthy, the babies were stable, and she could move around freely again. She could cook, take short walks, even drive, but Lisa always reminded her not to push herself too much.

That morning, Jennie woke up with a soft smile. Lisa had left early for work, kissing her forehead gently before heading out. *"Rest well, Nini, I love you"* she had whispered. But Jennie, feeling extra clingy and thoughtful, decided she wanted to surprise her hardworking wife. Lisa had been juggling so much—company matters, sometimes assisting in hospital operations, and still coming home to take care of her moody pregnant wife. Jennie wanted to give something back.

So she tiptoed to the kitchen where her mom was already preparing breakfast.

"Mom," Jennie said sweetly, hugging her mom from the side, her big belly pressing a little against her.

Her mom laughed softly. "Careful, Jenny-ah, you're carrying two precious passengers in there. What brings you down here so early? You should be resting."

Jennie pouted dramatically. "I rest too much already. I want to do something for Lisa today. She's been so busy with work and still takes care of me every night. I want to surprise her with lunch."

Her mom raised a brow, amused. "Lunch? Are you sure you can

handle cooking in your condition? That belly looks like it has a mind of its own already."

Jennie giggled, rubbing her bump. "Don't worry, Mom. These two are being good today. No kicking so far."

Her mom shook her head, though a smile tugged at her lips. "Aigoo, you sound just like Lisa. Stubborn and full of excuses."

"Heyyy," Jennie whined, pretending to be offended. "I'm not stubborn. I'm just... thoughtful. And maybe a little hungry, too."

Her mom chuckled, giving in. "Alright, alright. What do you plan on making for her?"

Jennie's eyes lit up. "Her favorites! Japchae, kimchi pancakes, and spicy pork bulgogi. And maybe a little mango salad on the side. She loves that."

"You really love that girl, don't you?" her mom teased, already pulling out ingredients from the fridge.

Jennie softened, placing a hand on her belly. "I do, Mom. I mean... she takes care of me like I'm the only person in the world. Even when I'm moody and cry over food or get jealous over silly things, she never complains. She just holds me."

Her mom glanced at her daughter lovingly. "That's what true love looks like. I'm happy you found it, Jennie. And now you're building a family together."

Jennie smiled, a little emotional. "Sometimes I feel guilty, though... she works so much, and I just stay here."

"Don't ever say that," her mom cut her gently. "You're carrying her children. That's the most important job right now. Lisa knows it, too. You give her something no one else ever could—her family, her future."

Jennie blinked back a few tears and sniffled. "Momm, stop, you're gonna make me cry before I even cook."

Her mom laughed softly and wiped her cheek with her thumb. "Alright, no more tears. Let's focus on cooking. You stir the noodles, and I'll handle the frying pan. Deal?"

Jennie nodded eagerly. "Deal."

As they worked side by side, Jennie hummed softly while cutting vegetables, occasionally resting her back when it got sore. Her mom watched her with a mix of pride and protectiveness.

At one point, Jennie leaned on the counter and sighed. "Mom... do you think Lisa will like this surprise?"

Her mom smirked knowingly. "Jennie, Lisa would be happy if you just showed up with a single cookie. You're carrying her whole heart in that belly of yours. This lunch will make her day."

Jennie blushed at her mom's words, patting her stomach. "See that, babies? We're gonna make Dada happy today."

Her mom chuckled. "Aigoo, talking to them already? They can't even answer yet."

Jennie grinned. "They don't have to. I know they're listening."

By the time they finished, the table was full of Lisa's favorite dishes, neatly packed into containers. Jennie sat down for a moment, catching her breath.

"Are you sure you can carry all this?" her mom asked, concerned.

Jennie shook her head with a playful smile. "Nope. That's what you're here for, Mom."

Her mom laughed. "Ah, so I'm the assistant in this plan?"

"Yup. You're my partner in crime."

They both shared a laugh before Jennie carefully stood, ready to head out. With her mom's help, she carried the lunch boxes to the car.

As she settled in the driver's seat, Jennie felt a rush of excitement. "Lisa's gonna be so surprised. She won't even see it coming."

Her mom leaned in through the window, giving her a kiss on the cheek. "Drive safely, Jennie. And don't overdo it. Remember, you're carrying treasures."

Jennie smiled, her hand instinctively going to her belly. "I know, Mom. Don't worry. I'll be careful."

With that, Jennie started the car and drove off, her heart racing at the thought of seeing Lisa's face when she walked into her office carrying a homemade lunch. By 11:30 a.m., she pulled up at the company, her round baby bump leading the way as she stepped out of the car, excitement bubbling in her chest at the thought of surprising her wife.

—

When Jennie arrived at the company, Lisa's secretary Sana was nowhere to be seen. That made it easier for her to slip inside quietly, clutching the lunch bag she had prepared with her mom. She was smiling to herself, already imagining Lisa's surprised face.

She reached Lisa's inner office, twisted the doorknob, and pushed the door open—

—and froze.

Her whole world stopped.

There, right in front of her, was Somi. Sitting on Lisa's lap. Her arms were hooked tightly around Lisa's neck, lips pressed against Lisa's.

Jennie's stomach dropped. Her chest squeezed painfully. It was like the floor vanished beneath her feet.

Déjà vu.

Her mind flashed back to that painful memory ten years ago—the same scene, different girl, same nightmare. The memory of betrayal that had haunted her for years. But this time, she saw the difference

—Lisa wasn't kissing back. Lisa's hands were pressed against Somi's shoulders, trying to push her away, but Somi clung like a leech.

Still, the sight of it burned Jennie alive.

"You shameless people!" Jennie's voice shook, sharp enough to cut glass.

Lisa's head whipped toward the door, her eyes widening in pure panic. "Nini—! Wait, it's not what you think! She—"

But Somi only clung harder, pretending she didn't hear.

That was it.

Jennie's whole chest was on fire. Her babies kicked inside her, as if sensing their mother's fury. This wasn't just about jealousy anymore —this was about her family, her wife, the woman she had fought so hard to trust again.

She clenched her jaw, her eyes blazing. *Not again. Ten years ago, I left without trusting her. Not this time. Not again. I won't let another girl ruin us.*

Her steps were heavy as she marched forward, setting the lunch bag on the nearest table without care.

Lisa's eyes pleaded with her. "Jennie, please—she forced it! I swear I wasn't—"

But Jennie didn't let her finish. She reached down, grabbed a fistful of Somi's long hair, and yanked her back with so much force the girl cried out.

"Ahhh! Jennie, let go!" Somi stumbled off Lisa's lap, falling to the floor with a thud.

Jennie's lips curled into a furious snarl. "You filthy snake," she spat. "You dare touch my wife? While I'm carrying her children?!"

Lisa shot up instantly, reaching for Jennie. "Nini, don't! Don't stress yourself, baby, please—think of the twins."

But Jennie was beyond reason. The anger and jealousy had boiled too far. She bent down, grabbed Somi by the collar this time, and shoved her against the door.

"You think you can steal her from me?!" Jennie's voice was venom. Her hand tightened around Somi's collar as she pinned her. "Listen carefully, you desperate little brat. She is my wife. Mine."

Somi's face twisted, trying to hide her fear. "Y-You don't understand, Jennie. Lisa—she still likes me, she's just—"

Slap.

Jennie's palm cracked across Somi's cheek before she could finish. The sound echoed in the office.

Lisa gasped, rushing forward. "Nini!"

But Jennie only shook, trembling with rage, her breathing ragged. "Don't you ever say her name like that again. She doesn't like you. She doesn't even look at you. You're nothing but a desperate leech who can't accept rejection!"

Somi's lips quivered. "Jennie, I—"

Jennie grabbed her hair again, yanking her head back. "Do you want me to strangle you right here? Because I swear, if I wasn't pregnant, I would." Her eyes were cold, deadly serious. "But lucky for you, I have two little angels inside me keeping me from snapping your neck."

Lisa wrapped her arms around Jennie from behind, trying to calm her. "Baby, please, let her go. She's not worth it. Look at me—look at me, Nini."

But Jennie didn't budge. She shoved Somi toward the door, her voice cutting like ice. "Get. Out. And if I ever see your face near my wife again, I won't stop myself next time."

"Jennie—"

"OUT!" Jennie roared.

The door burst open as two security guards rushed in, alerted by the shouting. Jennie pointed straight at Somi, her finger trembling with fury.

"Don't ever let that girl step foot in this company again," Jennie ordered, her voice shaking but firm. "From this day forward, she's banned. Do you hear me?!"

The guards nodded quickly, grabbing Somi by the arm.

Fear finally cracked through Somi's bravado. Her eyes darted to Lisa, as if expecting her to stop this. But Lisa's expression was firm, her jaw clenched, her eyes never leaving Jennie.

Defeated, Somi stumbled out as the guards dragged her, her heels clattering loudly against the floor until the sound disappeared.

Silence fell inside the office.

Jennie's chest heaved as she leaned back against the wall, her hand instinctively going to her belly. Her eyes glistened, not with weakness, but with a storm of emotion.

-

Lisa approached slowly, hands slightly raised as if she were approaching a wild animal ready to bite. Her voice was soft and shaking.
"Nini... please, listen to me. I swear on our babies, I didn't kiss her back. I was pushing her away. I would never—ever—do that to you."

Jennie's chest was heaving, her eyes sharp but shimmering with unshed tears. She took one step back, arms crossed protectively over her belly.
"I know, Lisa. I saw it. I saw you trying to push her away." Her voice cracked for a moment, but she quickly steadied it. "But that doesn't erase the fact that she dared. And you—" she pointed at Lisa's chest, voice trembling, "you let her get that close to you."

Lisa's shoulders sagged in guilt, her throat tight.
"I'm sorry... you're right. I should've never let her in here in the first

place. I should've shut the door on her the second she walked in."

Jennie's lip quivered, her voice softer now but still edged with pain. "You're mine, Lisa. Mine. Don't you ever forget that."

That broke Lisa's heart. In two steps she closed the gap, wrapping Jennie up in her arms even as Jennie resisted at first, fists pushing lightly against her chest.
"I'll never forget," Lisa whispered hoarsely, kissing the top of her head over and over. "I'm yours. Always yours."

Jennie let out a shaky breath, her forehead pressed against Lisa's chest. She didn't cry this time, but her breathing came fast, heavy with leftover anger. She lifted her chin and glared at the door where Somi had disappeared.
"That girl's lucky I'm pregnant, or I would've dragged her by the hair all the way down the street."

Lisa let out a nervous chuckle, brushing Jennie's hair back gently. "You already dragged her by the hair halfway across my office, Nini. Security's probably still scared of you."

Jennie huffed, pouting.
"Good. They should be scared. I don't care if she's younger, prettier, taller—who cares? You're mine. Only mine."

Lisa's eyes softened, cupping her cheeks.
"I don't care about her. I never did, I never will. You're the only one I see, the only one I want. Even when you're angry at me, even when you're scary—" she smiled faintly, "I still think you're the most beautiful thing in the world."

Jennie tried to keep a straight face but her lips twitched, threatening a smile. She quickly covered it by pressing her finger against Lisa's mouth.
"Shh. Stop trying to be sweet. I still don't forgive you."

Lisa blinked, tilting her head.
"Wait—you said you trusted me though—"

Jennie raised a brow, finger still on her lips.

"I do. I trust you. But that doesn't mean you get off easy. I don't want your lips near me until you brush your teeth. Twice. No—three or more times."

Lisa's jaw dropped.
"Nini... seriously?!"

Jennie crossed her arms again, belly sticking out as if emphasizing her authority.
"Yes. Seriously. Do you think I'll kiss you after someone else's germs touched your mouth? Gross. I might throw up."

Lisa groaned dramatically, burying her face against her shoulder.
"But I didn't even kiss her back! I was literally fighting for my life, and you're punishing me like this."

Jennie narrowed her eyes.
"Exactly. Consider this your penalty. Next time, don't let anyone get that close again."

Lisa chuckled, kissing her temple carefully instead of her lips.
"Fine, fine. Whatever my queen commands. I'll brush, gargle, sanitize—heck, I'll even drink mouthwash if that's what it takes."

Jennie's pout softened into a smirk of triumph.
"Good answer."

But then she grew serious again, resting her hand on her belly.
"Don't let her—or anyone like her—ever near you again. I fought for us, Lisa. I'm not losing you a second time. Not when we have these two little ones coming."

Lisa's chest tightened, eyes glistening. She placed her palm gently over Jennie's bump.
"You won't lose me. You never will. You're the only one I'll ever belong to, Nini. Only you."

Jennie finally let out a small smile, though she tried to hide it by looking away.
"You better remember that, Lili. Pregnant or not, I'll still fight anyone who tries to take you."

Lisa chuckled softly, pulling her close again.
"I know. And that's why I love you... my scary, jealous, beautiful wife."

Jennie snorted but leaned into her chest anyway, muttering against her shirt.
"You're damn right."

-

After everything finally calmed down, Lisa made Jennie sit on the couch inside her office while she cleared her desk. Jennie stubbornly crossed her arms over her chest, her belly obvious beneath her loose chanel dress, lips still pouting like a child who refused to forgive.

Lisa glanced at the lunch bag on the table and smiled softly. "So... this is the famous surprise lunch my wife made for me?" she said carefully, almost like she was testing if it was safe to joke.

Jennie didn't look at her. "It was supposed to be a sweet surprise. But guess what I saw instead? Someone kissing you."

Lisa sighed, dragging a chair beside her. "I told you, Nini, I didn't kiss her back. My lips were literally a hostage in that moment."

Jennie finally turned her head, glaring at her. "Hostage? Really, Lisa? Do your lips have no security system? No guard dogs?"

Lisa laughed under her breath. "They do. They're called you. Unfortunately, my guard dog wasn't here."

Jennie narrowed her eyes but her lips twitched, trying not to smile. "You're not funny."

Lisa quickly opened the lunch containers, letting the warm scent of japchae and kimchi pancakes fill the room. "Ohhh, but my wife is thoughtful. Look at this. Japchae, kimchi pancakes, spicy pork bulgogi, and—wait for it—a mango salad on the side." She put her hand dramatically over her chest. "Nini, you're trying to kill me with love."

Jennie still pretended to be mad, though she glanced at the food with pride. "With food. Not love."

"Same thing," Lisa teased, handing her chopsticks. "Come on, let's eat before the babies protest."

Jennie sighed but gave in, picking up a piece of pancake. "You're lucky I cooked this for you before that stupid girl ruined my mood. Otherwise, I would've smashed it on your head."

Lisa chuckled, leaning closer. "Honestly? Worth it. You're still the prettiest even when you're mad. My scary, jealous, pregnant wife—look at you, glowing."

Jennie shoved a piece of japchae into her mouth, cheeks puffing adorably. "Don't sweet-talk me. Your mouth still has her germs. Don't think I forgot."

Lisa gasped dramatically, holding her chest. "I brushed my teeth twice! Gargled until my throat hurt! I'm practically a walking mint now!"

Jennie side-eyed her. "Good. Maybe I'll forgive you after dessert. Depends on my mood."

They ate quietly for a while, though Lisa kept sneaking glances at her. Jennie caught her once and scowled. "Why are you staring?"

"Because you're beautifully cute when you sulk."

Jennie nearly choked on her food. "I'm not sulking!"

"Yeah, you are," Lisa teased with a grin. "You've been stuck to me like bubblegum ever since that drama. Not that I mind, but my secretary's probably confused why my wife's acting like my personal bodyguard in the office."

Jennie huffed, poking her chopsticks into the rice. "I don't trust anyone near you right now. What if another girl tries again? I'll strangle her with these chopsticks."

Lisa laughed so loud that Jennie slapped her arm. "Ow! Okay, okay.

Don't worry. Nobody can touch me. I belong to you, Mrs. Manoban. And the twins will make sure of that."

Jennie tried to keep a straight face, but the corner of her lips finally lifted. "You better remember that, Lisa. You're mine. Forever."

Lisa leaned closer, lowering her voice just for her. "Forever and always, Nini. No one else. Just you."

Jennie finally relaxed, still a little sulky but softening as she reached for another bite. Lisa grinned and happily fed her a spoonful of rice, earning an eye roll but no resistance.

The rest of the day, Jennie stayed in Lisa's office—sitting on the couch, sometimes on Lisa's chair, sometimes pretending to "monitor" her wife like a hawk. She didn't let Lisa out of her sight even once.

Lisa didn't mind. In fact, she loved it. Because Jennie's jealousy, her protectiveness, her possessiveness—it all meant the same thing. She loved Lisa fiercely.

And no matter what, Jennie promised herself she would always choose trust this time. That was what love meant.

Veinticuatro

Jennie's mood shifted again, and this time she didn't say a word.

The car ride home was painfully quiet—way too quiet for Lisa's liking. Jennie sat stiff in the passenger seat, arms crossed tightly over her chest, eyes glued to the window as the city lights flashed by.

Lisa glanced sideways at her every few seconds, trying to lighten the air. "So... you're just gonna ignore me the whole way, huh?" she muttered with a half-smile, drumming her fingers on the steering wheel. "Not even a little smile? Not even a grunt? Come on, Nini, give me something. I'll even take a death glare right now."

Nothing. Jennie didn't move.

Lisa sighed dramatically, eyes back on the road. "You know, I read somewhere that silent treatment shortens your lifespan. And here I am, being murdered slowly by my pregnant wife. What a way to go."

Still, no reaction.

She tried again, softer this time. "Nini, you know I didn't want that to happen. I didn't even see her coming. If I could've thrown my office chair at Somi before she sat on me, I swear I would've." Lisa risked a peek, but Jennie's face was still turned to the glass.

Lisa groaned under her breath, then tried another tactic. "Alright, fine. If you won't talk to me, then I'll just talk to myself. Let's see... things I love about Jennie Kim-Manoban: number one—her pout. Which, by the way, she's doing right now, and it's killing me. Number two—her scary jealous streak. Hot as hell, not gonna lie. Number three—she's carrying my twins, which makes her the most powerful woman on earth. Number four—"

Jennie shifted in her seat, still not answering, but Lisa caught the tiniest twitch of her lips.

Lisa grinned to herself. "Ohhh, I saw that. You almost smiled. Don't try to hide it. I'm breaking you down slowly, Mrs. Manoban."

The silence returned, heavier this time. Lisa exhaled and whispered, almost more to herself than Jennie. "I hate it when you shut me out, Nini. You don't know how much it scares me. I'd rather you yell, throw something at me, anything—just not this. Not you going quiet like I don't exist."

The car slowed as they pulled into the driveway. Lisa parked, turned off the engine, and looked at her wife one more time. "I'm sorry, Nini. I really am. You and our babies are my whole world. And I'd never let anyone, especially her, come between us."

Jennie didn't say a word. She unbuckled her seatbelt, opened the door, and waddled out without a glance back—her belly leading the way, her silence screaming louder than words.

Lisa dropped her head against the steering wheel and sighed. "God... I'm so screwed."

-

Inside, Jennie's mom was already setting the table, humming softly as she arranged the side dishes. But the moment she felt the heavy silence of the two entering, she looked up—her eyes immediately catching her daughter's straight pouty face and Lisa trailing behind her like a guilty puppy.

"Oh no," her mom said knowingly, hand on her hip. "What did you do this time, Lisa?"

Lisa froze, hands up like she'd just been caught by the police. "Mom, I swear, it's not what it looks like. I'm innocent this time—technically."

Jennie stomped to her chair and sat down with her arms crossed, lips still pursed, not saying a word.

Lisa hurriedly sat across the table, leaning forward like she was about to testify in court. "It was Somi. She barged into my office—like a ninja but in heels—before I could even blink, she was on my lap. Then, boom! She kissed me!"

Her mom froze mid-step, gripping the ladle like she was ready to smack Lisa with it. "She what?!"

Lisa quickly nodded, talking fast before her mother-in-law could swing the ladle at her face. She waved her arms like crazy. "I swear, I didn't kiss her back! I was literally frozen in shock, trying to peel her off me like a cat clinging to your clothes. But then my wife—" she pointed at Jennie, who was stabbing her steak like it had done her wrong—"turned into Pregnant Superwoman. She grabbed Somi's hair so hard, Mom, I swear that girl lost at least a hundred strands on the spot."

Jennie's mom gasped, then quickly pressed her hand over her mouth to hide a laugh. "Jennie!"

Jennie ignored them both, quietly chewing on her steak and kimchi, eyes locked on her plate with a glare that said she wasn't in the mood.

Lisa wasn't done. She leaned closer to her mother-in-law, lowering her voice like she was telling a scary campfire story. "Mom, I'm telling you... I thought I was next. Jennie looked at me like my hair was about to be the next victim. If security hadn't shown up, I might be bald right now."

Jennie's mom finally burst into laughter, shaking her head. "My goodness, my daughter. You're pregnant and still that feisty. Poor Lisa..."

Lisa clutched her chest dramatically. "Exactly! Poor me. I was so traumatized. I almost filed for hazard pay at work!"

Her mom chuckled, sliding some food onto Lisa's plate. "You're lucky she only went after Somi. If she really lost her temper, you'd be eating dinner wearing a wig."

Lisa gasped in mock horror. "Mom! Not you too! Don't join the enemy's side!" She pointed at Jennie's mom with wide eyes. "You're supposed to defend me! I'm the loyal daughter-in-law here. The victim! The one falsely accused!"

Jennie's mom smirked, enjoying herself. "You? Loyal? You have women barging into your office and sitting on your lap."

Lisa's jaw dropped. "That wasn't my fault! If I had known she was coming, I would've installed an ejector seat on my chair!"

Jennie's fork clinked loudly against her plate as she set it down, finally cutting Lisa a glare sharp enough to slice through steel.

Lisa immediately straightened in her seat, her mouth snapping shut like someone pressed the mute button. "...Okay. Shutting up now."

Jennie's mom chuckled again, shaking her head at the scene in front of her. "Ah, my poor Lisa. You can stand in an operating room with someone's chest wide open, face big-shot investors, even boss around hundreds of employees at the company... but you can't handle my daughter's glare?"

Lisa leaned closer, lowering her voice dramatically like she was sharing a secret. "Mom... her glare is scarier than open-heart surgery. At least in surgery, the heart doesn't try to kill me. In business, people respect me—even fear me. But my wife?" She chuckled nervously, sneaking a glance at Jennie. "Whole different story. One glare and I'm finished."

Jennie's mom laughed so hard she had to set the ladle down before she dropped it. "Oh, Lisa, you never change. You can charm the whole world, but not my daughter."

Lisa pointed her chopsticks at Jennie, who was still sulking and stabbing at her food like it had done her wrong. "See, Mom? Look at that! She's not even eating, she's punishing the poor food for me."

Jennie finally glanced up with the iciest glare, and Lisa instantly froze like she'd been caught stealing. "I—I was just appreciating how... beautifully you stab your food, Nini," she stammered, forcing

a nervous smile.

Jennie's mom covered her mouth, trying to muffle her laugh. "Lisa, stop teasing her, she'll really aim that fork at you."

Lisa threw her hands up in surrender. "Please don't, Mom. I still need this face. The hospital needs me, the company needs me...and my wife obviously needs me to reach the mango jars on the top shelf and take care of her cravings and needs. If she kills me, who's gonna do that?"

That finally earned a faint snort from Jennie, though she quickly hid it by sipping her soup.

Lisa perked up instantly, leaning forward. "Aha! She laughed. Did you hear that, Mom? She laughed! That's progress."

Jennie gave her another sharp look, cheeks slightly pink this time. "Keep talking, and I'll make sure you sleep on the couch tonight."

Lisa immediately went quiet, staring down at her food and poking it like a guilty puppy. "Yes, ma'am. Understood."

The whole table burst into laughter—Jennie's mom wiping tears from her eyes, Lisa fidgeting like a scolded kid, and Jennie still eating silently, pretending to ignore them both even though her ears were turning red.

-

After dinner, they headed into their room. Jennie showered first, then immediately climbed into bed. She turned her back to Lisa's side, eyes shut tight like she was already asleep.

Lisa knew better. She took her time in the shower, replaying the whole day in her head. By the time she stepped out, towel-drying her hair, she could already tell from the way Jennie's breathing wasn't steady that her wife was only pretending.

She slipped under the covers, sliding closer until she was just behind Jennie.

"Nini..." Lisa whispered, her voice soft. "I know you're not asleep. You've been ignoring me since the office. And I get it—you're mad, you're jealous, you're scared. But I need you to hear me, even if you want to keep pretending."

She reached out and gently brushed her fingers over Jennie's shoulder.

"I've loved you for more than a decade, Jennie. Even when we were apart, no one ever replaced you. Yes, I had exes—but I always compared them to you, and none of them ever measured up. It was always you. It's always been you."

Jennie stayed still, not giving her the satisfaction of a reply, but Lisa kept talking, her words spilling out like she'd been holding them back too long.

"You're the only girl who captured my stupid, picky heart. The only one who makes me laugh, makes me crazy, makes me want to be better. You're my wife, the mother of our babies, the love of my life. No other girl—no Somi, no anyone—could ever replace you. Ever."

Lisa sighed and pressed her forehead gently against Jennie's back.

"I know you're hurt. I know seeing her on me reminded you of ten years ago, and I hate that. But I need you to believe me when I say, Nini... I'll never let anyone come between us again. You're my everything. Even if you're moody, even if you glare at me until I shrivel up, even if you ignore me like now—I'll still love you."

She chuckled softly, trying to lighten the air. "Honestly, I think I'd rather wrestle Somi a hundred times than survive another day of your silent treatment. At least with Somi, I can push her away. But you? You ignore me, and I feel like I'm dying inside."

Lisa paused, waiting—hoping for even a small reaction. But Jennie only shifted slightly, still quiet, though Lisa noticed the tiniest twitch at the corner of her lips.

Lisa smiled faintly, continuing in a whisper. "You can keep ignoring me tonight if you want, but just know I'll still be here, holding you.

Always."

She wrapped her arm gently around Jennie's waist, careful of her baby bump, and placed a soft kiss on her shoulder.

Jennie's eyes fluttered under her lids, but she didn't move.

Lisa sighed, kissing the back of her head. "If you want me to grovel forever, I'll do it. If you want me to brush my teeth ten more times, I'll do it. But don't shut me out, Nini. Talk to me."

Still, Jennie stayed stubbornly silent. Lisa smirked a little. She knew her wife too well.

"Fine," she whispered, pressing her lips gently to Jennie's neck.

Jennie stiffened but didn't push her away.

Lisa's smirk deepened as she kissed down Jennie's throat, her hand slipping lower until her palm pressed between her thighs.

"You're already dripping, Nini," she whispered, her voice husky. "All this waiting, and you're still so fucking wet for me."

Jennie whimpered, squeezing her eyes shut, thighs twitching. "Lilisaaa... I need you."

Lisa pulled her fingers away and licked them slowly, making sure Jennie saw. "Mmm. Sweet. But you know what I want inside you even more."

Jennie gasped when Lisa slid the thick head of her cock along her folds, teasing her slit without pushing in. Her swollen belly rose and fell with every desperate breath.

"Don't tease me," Jennie begged, her voice breaking into moans. "Please, Lili... put it in. I miss you so much."

Lisa leaned down, kissing her deeply while guiding herself inside. The tight, hot squeeze made her groan low in her throat.

"F-fuck, Nini," Lisa gasped, pushing deeper inch by inch. "You're

clenching me so tight already."

Jennie cried out, gripping Lisa's shoulders. "Ohhh—yes, yes, don't stop. I missed your cock so much. Harder, please."

Lisa pulled almost all the way out before slamming back in, rocking Jennie's whole body. The wet sounds between them filled the room, mixing with Jennie's cries.

Her hands cradled Jennie's belly as she thrust, careful not to press her weight down but still fucking her deep.

Jennie's nails dug into her back. "Ahhh, Liliii, deeper, don't hold back! Fuck me harder—please!"

Lisa groaned, her rhythm growing rougher. "You're my wife, my everything... I'll give you everything you crave."

She pounded harder, the slap of skin echoing as Jennie's moans got louder and higher. Lisa bent down to suck at her breasts, tugging her nipple with her teeth, drinking in more of her milk while thrusting fast.

Jennie screamed her name, arching as she came hard, her walls tightening around Lisa's cock. The squeeze nearly drove Lisa insane.

"Shit—Nini, I'm close," Lisa groaned, ramming deep, sweat dripping down her body.

Jennie wrapped her arms around her neck, panting, begging. "Cum inside me... please, Lili. Fill me, I want to feel you."

That was all it took—Lisa shoved deep one final time, groaning into her wife's mouth as she spilled hot, thick cum inside her. Jennie shuddered, crying out as another orgasm ripped through her from the heat flooding her.

They stayed like that, shaking, Lisa still buried inside, holding Jennie's belly gently between their hands.

Jennie let out a weak laugh between moans. "You came so much... I can feel it dripping."

Lisa smirked, kissing her. "Good. I want you full of me."

Jennie blushed, biting her lip as she whispered, "Again. I want more... I don't care if I can't move tomorrow."

Lisa chuckled darkly, pulling out slowly just to slam back in, making Jennie scream. "Then I'll fuck you all night until you beg me to stop."

-

And so, they found themselves tangled up again.

Lisa pressed soft kisses to Jennie's belly, right where their babies stirred. Her lips lingered there as she whispered, "I've missed this, Nini. Tonight, I just want to give you everything."

Jennie's eyes softened, glossy with both love and longing. Her voice cracked as she answered, "Then don't hold back, Lili... please. I want all of you."

Lisa carefully lifted her, holding Jennie as if she were the most fragile, precious thing in the world. She moved slowly, guiding them together, watching every little change in Jennie's expression. Jennie's lips parted as her head fell back against the pillows, overcome by the familiar closeness she had been craving for so long.

"Ahhh... Lili," Jennie breathed out, squeezing Lisa's hand tightly.

Lisa kissed the corner of her eyes, where tears had started to form. "Shhh... I've got you. Always."

Their movements started off slow and gentle, then deepened as Jennie clung to her, whispering and pleading for more. Every touch carried not just hunger, but love and devotion. Lisa wrapped her arms around Jennie's belly, grounding her as their rhythm built, both of them lost in each other.

Jennie cried out her name, her voice breaking with pure bliss and affection, and Lisa followed right after. Their bodies trembled together, their breathing uneven in the quiet of the night.

Afterward, Lisa stayed close, stroking Jennie's hair while she lay flushed and glowing, chest rising and falling as she caught her breath.

Half-asleep, Jennie whispered with a small, embarrassed smile, "I still hate that girl... but I love you."

Lisa chuckled softly, kissing her forehead. "Good. Hate her all you want. Just love me forever. Because I'm yours, Nini. Always."

Jennie finally let go of her sulking and curled into Lisa's arms.

After a few more rounds, both of them were worn out—still connected, still bare, skin against skin. The tension was gone, replaced only by warmth, love, and the gentle rise of Jennie's belly pressed between them. They drifted off like that, tangled in each other, their hearts and souls completely at peace.

Veinticinco

After a whole day of sulking and that lustful, much-needed night of intimacy, things slowly went back to normal—well, Jennie's version of normal.

Which meant clinginess. Lots and lots of clinginess.

Jennie was practically glued to Lisa 24/7, like a koala hanging onto its tree. If Lisa sat, Jennie sat on her lap. If Lisa walked, Jennie waddled after her like a determined penguin. If Lisa tried to shower alone, Jennie would bang on the door yelling—

"Yah! Why are you in there so long? Who are you texting?!"

Lisa, with shampoo on her head, would yell back, "Nini! I'm shampooing, not sexting!"

Jennie would cross her arms outside the door, pouting. "Then keep the door open!"

Lisa groaned. "You want water all over the hallway?"

Jennie snapped, "Better wet floors than a wet wife I don't know about!"

Lisa laughed so hard the water nearly went up her nose.

———

At breakfast, Lisa couldn't even butter her toast without Jennie leaning her chin on her shoulder.

"Why are you so close? I can't even spread this properly," Lisa teased.

Jennie squinted. "Making sure you don't spread it on anyone else."

Lisa froze, toast in hand. "...It's butter, Nini."

"Yeah, and next thing I know, you're buttering Sana's bread too!"

Lisa nearly choked on her coffee. "You're insane!"

Jennie sat back with a smug smile. "And you love it."

Lisa sighed, muttering, "God, give me patience..."

———

And the nights? Oh, those nights.

Jennie wanted Lisa like she was her daily vitamin. Every. Single. Night.

Lisa once joked, "Nini, should I just add myself to your prenatal vitamins? One Lisa a day keeps the mood swings away?"

Jennie gasped, slapping her arm. "Don't joke, I actually need you daily!"

Sometimes Lisa gave in, sometimes she tried to hold her ground.

"Nini, you're seven months pregnant. You need rest more than anything," Lisa reminded one night, gently stroking Jennie's belly.

Jennie's eyes widened in offense. "Rest?! You're rejecting your pregnant wife?!"

Lisa sat up, panicking. "I'm not rejecting you! I'm just worried!"

Jennie turned dramatically to the other side of the bed. "Fine. Don't touch me. I'll just sleep alone forever. Maybe I'll dream of Gong Yoo instead."

Lisa's jaw dropped. "EXCUSE ME?! Did you just—"

Jennie pulled the blanket over her head. "Goodnight. Don't talk to me."

Lisa stared at the lump under the blanket, muttering to herself.

"Unbelievable. My pregnant wife is cheating on me in her dreams."

———

Of course, that lasted all of five minutes before Jennie crawled back into Lisa's arms, grumbling.

"Cuddle me or I'll kick you out of bed."

Lisa smirked in the dark. "Ohhh, so now you want me?"

Jennie buried her face into Lisa's chest. "Shut up and hug me before I cry."

Lisa pulled her in, stroking her hair gently. "You're impossible, you know that?"

Jennie, muffled against her chest, replied, "And you're stuck with me forever. So deal with it."

Lisa kissed her forehead, whispering, "Gladly. Even if you drive me insane every night."

Jennie peeked up at her with a little smirk. "You like it."

Lisa chuckled. "Unfortunately, yes. I'm addicted to my clingy koala."

Jennie snuggled deeper into her, murmuring, "Good. Don't detox."

-

Jennie was never the jealous, possessive type before. Not with her exes, not even when she had every reason to be. She used to be chill, the kind of girlfriend who rolled her eyes and moved on.

But now? Pregnant, hormonal, with Lisa back in her life—everything changed.

Her jealousy was through the roof.

If someone so much as looked at Lisa too long, Jennie's glare could cut glass. If someone laughed at Lisa's joke in the office, Jennie would mutter, "What's so funny? She's not even that hilarious."

Lisa found it both amusing and adorable, but Jennie... not so much.

———

One evening, Jennie sat on the bed, brushing her hair in silence while Lisa dried her hair with a towel. The silence felt heavy, and Lisa could sense it.

"Alright," Lisa said, tossing the towel aside and sitting beside her. "Spill it. What's in that pretty little head of yours, Mrs. Manoban?"

Jennie avoided her eyes, frowning at her reflection in the mirror. "I'm not the same anymore."

Lisa blinked. "What do you mean?"

Jennie's voice cracked a little. "I'm... not sexy Jennie anymore. My body's changed, my belly's huge, I waddle like a penguin, my mood swings are crazy. What if one day you get tired of me and... and find some younger, sexier woman instead?"

Lisa froze, then slowly turned Jennie's chair to face her. She crouched down so they were eye-level, holding Jennie's hands.

"Yah, Nini. Don't you ever say that again." Lisa's voice was firm, but her eyes were gentle.

Jennie bit her lip. "But it's true... I see how people look at you, Lisa. You're this hot CEO-doctor, everyone's crushing on you. And I'm just... sitting here with swollen feet and cravings for mango jam at 2 a.m."

Lisa tilted her head, fighting a laugh. "First of all, you're adorable with your cravings. Second, you're not 'just' anything. You're Jennie Kim-Manoban. The only woman who made me crazy for over a decade. You think I survived ten years of missing you just to trade you in now? No way."

Jennie's eyes softened, but she still pouted. "But I'm fat."

Lisa grinned, leaning closer. "You're not fat, you're pregnant. And honestly? You're sexy as hell to me right now. That belly? That's

proof you're carrying our babies. You've never been hotter."

Jennie rolled her eyes, trying to hide her smile. "You're just saying that."

Lisa smirked, leaning in to kiss her neck. "Do I need to prove it again tonight?"

Jennie squeaked, swatting her shoulder. "Yah! Stop trying to turn everything into sex!"

Lisa laughed, hugging her tightly. "Fine, fine. But seriously, Nini, listen to me. You're mine. The only one. Even if you glare at every person who breathes near me, even if you cry over fries and mango jam, even if you waddle like a penguin for the rest of our lives—I will still want you. Only you."

Jennie finally looked at her, her eyes misty. "Promise?"

Lisa kissed her forehead gently. "Promise. I've loved you since we were teens. You're not losing me now. Not in this lifetime, not ever."

Jennie sniffled, wiping her cheek. "...Okay. But if someone flirts with you, I'm still pulling their hair."

Lisa burst out laughing. "Deal. Just don't strangle anyone in front of HR again, please."

Jennie smirked, crossing her arms. "No promises."

———

It had been two months since the Somi incident, and Jennie still hadn't let Lisa out of her sight. If Lisa had to go to work, Jennie tagged along, belly and all, no matter how many times Lisa said, "Nini, please, you need to rest."

Jennie's response was always the same: "Rest my ass. What if some girl tries to sit on your lap again? Hah? Do you want me to strangle another one?!"

Lisa rubbed her temples, exhaling. "No one's going to sit on my lap

again, Nini. HR literally sent a memo about it. No physical contact with the CEO. It's in bold, underlined, and highlighted."

Jennie squinted at her. "Good. Because next time, I won't just pull hair—I'll skin them alive and pull their teeth out one by one."

Lisa blinked at her, then slowly nodded like she was negotiating with a dangerous mafia boss. "Okay... noted. No lap-sitting. No smiling. No eye contact with anyone except you. Anything else, boss?"

Jennie huffed, flipping her hair. "Don't forget it."

———

At 31 weeks, Jennie's belly was huge, heavy, and slowing her down —but not her stubbornness. Lisa begged her to stay home, but Jennie insisted: "I'm not leaving you with those thirsty employees! You're too hot, Lili. They all look at you like you're dessert."

Lisa nearly choked on her coffee. "Dessert? Nini, come on. I'm like... broccoli. Healthy, boring, nobody really wants me."

Jennie's eyes narrowed dangerously. "Broccoli doesn't get stared at like that, Lisa. You're cake. Triple-chocolate cake with strawberries. And I'm not letting anyone taste you."

Lisa laughed, leaning closer. "And what are you then?"

Jennie smirked playfully, resting her hand on her bump. "I'm the fork. The only fork that can taste you."

Lisa cracked up, holding her stomach. "Oh my god, Nini. A fork? Really?"

Jennie pointed at her belly. "Don't laugh! The babies like my answer. They kicked just now. They agree I'm the fork."

Lisa leaned down and kissed her bump. "Okay, okay. You're the fork. The deadliest, prettiest, sexiest fork in the world."

Jennie grinned, satisfied. "Good. Remember that."

———

Lisa was so weak to her wife's possessiveness that she ended up secretly building a little room for her—a tented glass wall in her office that only Jennie could see through from the inside, but no one outside could notice her. It had a comfy bed, blankets, pillows, and even a mini fridge for her cravings.

Rosé called it "The Possessive Pregnant Wife Hiding Spot."

Jennie called it "My Throne."

———

One afternoon, Jennie was lying dramatically on the bed inside her "throne," one hand on her belly, sighing loudly like she was auditioning for a K-drama.

"Lili..." she whined, loud enough for Lisa to hear across the office.

Without looking up from her laptop, Lisa yelled back, "Yes, Nini?"

"I'm bored."

Lisa smiled, saving her document. "What do you want to do?"

Jennie pouted. "I want attention."

Lisa stood up and walked into the glass room, kneeling beside her. She cupped Jennie's cheeks dramatically. "Attention mode: activated. Beep beep. All attention on Jennie Kim."

Jennie tried to hold her pout but failed when Lisa kissed her nose. "Hmm... a little better."

Lisa kissed her lips next. "How about now?"

Jennie blushed, whispering, "Better."

Lisa grinned. "Good. Now my queen, please lie down and rest. The babies demand it."

Jennie groaned but lay back, mumbling, "Fine... but I'm still

watching you."

When Lisa went back to her desk, Jennie suddenly sat up and yelled, "YAH! That intern just stared at your ass!"

Lisa froze, nearly dropping her pen. "What?! She was handing me papers!"

Jennie glared like a cat spotting prey. "Tell her to wear a blindfold next time. I'll poke her eyes out if she looks again."

Lisa dropped her face into her hands, laughing helplessly. "Lord, give me patience."

Jennie smirked in victory, leaning back with a smug, "Patience... and a hot wife who belongs to me."

Lisa turned, meeting her eyes softly. "And that's why I don't mind, Nini. You can be clingy, moody, jealous, possessive—because at the end of the day, it only means one thing."

Jennie tilted her head. "What thing?"

Lisa's voice softened. "That you love me. Fiercely. And I love you the same way."

Jennie broke into a grin, placing her hands on her bump. "Good. Because these babies need to learn early—Lalisa Manoban belongs only to me."

Lisa leaned over and kissed her belly. "And I wouldn't want it any other way."

Jennie sniffled dramatically. "Ugh, fine. I forgive you... for existing."

Lisa laughed so hard she climbed onto the bed and hugged her. "I'll take it."

———

And still, Jennie wasn't allowed to work. Lisa banned it.

Every morning Jennie whined: "Lili, let me at least sign some papers, I'm rotting here."

Lisa would look at her belly, dead serious. "Nini, your belly is literally bigger than the office printer. Sit down before you topple over."

Jennie gasped in mock offense. "Are you calling me fat?!"

Lisa panicked. "No! No, no, no. I said... majestic, queen-sized, divine goddess! Totally different!"

Jennie smirked. "Hmm. Good save. You live another day."

———

But Lisa underestimated Jennie's jealous radar.

One day, while Lisa was talking to a new manager, Jennie suddenly waddle-ran out of the glass room holding a pillow like a weapon.

"YAH! Step away from my wife!"

The poor manager jumped like she'd seen a ghost. "I—I was just showing her a chart!"

Jennie narrowed her eyes. "Chart my ass. You leaned too close."

Lisa sighed. "Nini, please, go sit down."

Jennie clutched her pillow tighter. "Not until she leaves."

The manager fled so fast she nearly tripped.

Lisa turned back, trying not to laugh. "Really, Nini? A pillow fight with my staff?"

Jennie raised her chin proudly. "Better safe than sorry."

Lisa kissed her forehead, shaking her head. "You're crazy... and I love you."

Jennie huffed but melted into her arms anyway.

———

Another time, when an intern accidentally brushed Lisa's arm, Jennie banged on the glass wall like a furious penguin.

"YAH! HANDS OFF!"

The intern yelped, dropped the papers, and ran like her life depended on it.

Lisa collapsed in her chair, laughing so hard she cried. "Nini! She touched my arm, not my soul!"

Jennie shouted back, "Same thing!"

———

Rosé and Jisoo eventually came by the office, both holding bags of snacks. As soon as they walked in, they spotted Jennie inside her glass "throne," glaring out like a suspicious cat watching prey.

Rosé gasped dramatically. "Omo... unnie, what are you doing? You look like a stalker spying on Lisa at work."

Jennie popped a grape into her mouth, chewing slowly and seriously. "Not stalker. Not watchdog. Wife-guard."

Jisoo immediately burst out laughing, nearly dropping her chips. "Wife-guard? Like a lifeguard... but instead of saving people from drowning, you save Lisa from other women?"

Jennie pointed at her with narrowed eyes. "Exactly. Finally, someone gets it. Nobody touches Lisa. Not even air."

Lisa groaned from her desk, burying her face into her hands. "Somebody save me... this is my life now."

Rosé smirked, whispering loudly to Jisoo, "Do you think if we breathe in her direction, Jennie-unnie will attack us?"

Jisoo gasped theatrically. "Wait, let's test it." She turned to Lisa and exaggeratedly inhaled, then blew air toward her. "Haaaaah!"

Jennie shot up from the bed inside the glass room, slamming her hands on the window. "YAH! Don't you dare blow your dusty breath on my wife!"

Rosé and Jisoo doubled over laughing, clapping their hands like seals.

Lisa shook her head, chuckling despite herself. "See what you two started? Now she's gonna ban you from breathing near me."

Jennie squinted, pointing a threatening finger. "Don't tempt me. New HR rule: no breathing near CEO Lalisa Manoban."

Rosé gasped, pretending to write notes on her phone. "Rule number one: No breathing. Rule number two: No eye contact longer than one second."

Jisoo added dramatically, "Rule number three: If you must hand Lisa papers, do it with tongs from three meters away."

Jennie nodded proudly. "Now you're learning."

Lisa groaned again, dropping her pen. "Oh my god... HR is going to kill me."

Rosé leaned against the desk, smirking at Lisa. "Honestly, Lisa, you should feel honored. Do you know how much power you have? Jennie-unnie turned into a full security system just for you."

Jisoo chimed in, "She's like CCTV with mood swings."

Jennie gasped in offense. "Excuse me?! Mood swings?!"

Lisa snorted, muttering under her breath, "She's not wrong..."

Jennie's head snapped toward her. "WHAT did you say?!"

Lisa immediately sat up straight like a soldier. "Nothing! I said you're sweet swings. Like... sweet moods."

Rosé slapped Jisoo's arm, laughing. "Sweet swings?! Lali, that was the lamest save ever."

Jisoo was cackling so hard she almost fell off the chair. "Sweet swings! Ahahaha, I'm using that forever. Jennie, you're officially sweet swings!"

Jennie pouted, crossing her arms. "You all are so mean to me. I'm pregnant and hormonal, and none of you respect the wife-guard position."

Lisa stood up quickly, rushing into the glass room to kneel beside her wife, holding her hands dramatically. "No, no, baby, we respect you! You're the best wife-guard. The only wife-guard. A legendary wife-guard."

Jennie tilted her head, pretending to think about it. "...Legendary, huh?"

Lisa nodded frantically. "Yes. Better than FBI, better than CCTV, better than Navy SEALs."

Jennie finally smirked. "Good. Because if not, I was about to demote you to couch duty tonight."

Rosé and Jisoo were still laughing from the sidelines. Rosé wiped her tears. "I swear, you two are a sitcom. Who even argues about breathing rules?"

Jisoo pointed at Lisa. "You should just hire Jennie as your official bodyguard. Give her a badge that says 'CEO's Wife – touch Lisa and die.'"

Jennie's eyes lit up. "Ooooh, I want that badge!"

Lisa slapped her forehead. "Oh lord... don't encourage her."

———

But at the end of the day, Lisa let Jennie do whatever she wanted. Because she knew—Jennie wasn't just jealous. She was scared. Scared of losing her again.

So Lisa allowed the clinginess, the dramatics, the pillow fights, the interrogations—because all of it was Jennie's way of saying I love

you.

And Lisa didn't mind. Not one bit.

———

That night, after Jennie accused another poor intern of "staring too long at your wife's cheekbones," Lisa finally sat beside her on the bed.

"Nini..." Lisa whispered, tucking Jennie's hair behind her ear. "You know I only see you, right? Even if the whole company lined up in bikinis tomorrow, I'd still look for you—in sweats, messy hair, and with kimchi breath."

Jennie's lips twitched. "Even if I look like a whale?"

Lisa kissed her bump. "A sexy whale. My whale. With our two little dolphins inside."

Jennie laughed so hard she cried, hitting her shoulder. "You're so corny, Lili!"

Lisa kissed her cheek. "But you love it."

Jennie cuddled into her chest, finally smiling. "Yeah... I do."

Veintiseis

As the days went by, Jennie's belly had gotten so round and heavy that Lisa swore her wife looked like she was carrying a basketball under her dress. Every time Jennie shuffled past a mirror, Lisa would catch herself smiling, torn between amazement and worry. In just a few days Jennie would be nine months pregnant—moody as ever, and stubborn as hell.

Lisa couldn't believe the difference. Her wife wasn't the clingy type before. Jennie used to be chill about everything—she never even got jealous when Lisa stayed late at the office with her secretary or had to deal with employees constantly buzzing around her. She used to be the picture of confidence. But now, pregnant with twins, Jennie had turned into a completely different version of herself.

A complete 360.

And clingy. God, so clingy.

Every single morning, without fail, Jennie would waddle right after Lisa no matter what excuse Lisa came up with. Lisa always begged her to just stay home, rest a little, and take care of her aching back and tired body. She knew how much Jennie was already struggling—constant back pain, morning sickness that hit out of nowhere, and getting out of breath just from walking across the room. But Jennie being Jennie, stubborn to the core, never listened.

"Stay home, Nini," Lisa begged one morning as she buttoned her blazer, glancing at her wife leaning against the doorframe. "I'll just go to the office real quick. I won't be long."

"No." Jennie's pout deepened as she crossed her arms, which only made her look even smaller under the weight of her belly. She was breathing heavily, clearly exhausted, but still glaring at Lisa like she was preparing for a battle. "Wherever you go, I go. That's the rule.

Pregnant wife's law."

Lisa pinched the bridge of her nose, already feeling the migraine coming. "Since when was that law, Nini?"

"Since I made it up." Jennie lifted her chin stubbornly. "And you're my wife, so you have to follow. Now grab my snacks. We're going to your office."

Lisa let out a groan, her head tipping back against the door. "Jennie, you can't even walk from the bedroom to the kitchen without sitting down every five steps. How are you going to survive an entire day at my office?"

"Simple," Jennie said with a smirk. "By holding on to you the whole time. You're basically my wheelchair. Congratulations, Doctor Lalisa, you've been promoted to my personal human crutch."

Lisa turned to stare at her, deadpan. "Wow. Romantic."

Jennie only giggled, clearly pleased with herself. "Don't act like you don't like me clinging to you. You're obsessed with me, remember?"

"I was obsessed with you," Lisa teased, slipping her arms into her coat. "Right now I'm just terrified of you. You're like a tiny dictator carrying two hostages inside her belly."

Jennie gasped dramatically and smacked her arm. "Did you just call our babies hostages?!"

"Well, aren't they?" Lisa shot back, smirking. "They've taken over your body, your moods, your cravings. They've practically turned you into someone else."

Jennie narrowed her eyes but the corners of her lips twitched. "Careful, or you'll be sleeping on the couch tonight."

"I already sleep on the couch most nights," Lisa muttered. "Because you kick me out for breathing too loud, or for chewing chips too crunchy, or for existing."

Jennie stomped her foot—or at least tried to, though it looked more

like a tired shuffle. "And yet you still love me."

Lisa sighed, defeated, and reached over to brush Jennie's messy hair from her face. "Of course I do, you little tyrant." She kissed her forehead. "Fine. Grab your tote bag, let's go."

Jennie's pout instantly flipped into a smug grin. "Knew you'd give in."

Lisa could only shake her head as she ended up carrying Jennie's tote bag—stuffed with mangoes, crackers, gummy bears, bottled water, and even a pillow Jennie insisted on bringing. "This bag is heavier than you," Lisa muttered under her breath as Jennie waddled proudly beside her, clinging onto her arm like she had won the greatest battle of all time.

And so it went. A day after day, Jennie waddled around the company, shadowing Lisa like a very pregnant bodyguard. She'd glare at every employee who dared breathe in Lisa's direction, narrowing her eyes whenever someone laughed a little too hard at Lisa's jokes, or whenever Lisa's secretary walked in with a stack of papers.

By the first week, Lisa finally snapped. Not in anger—just in sheer, utter defeat. She slumped into her office chair, stared at her very pregnant, very smug wife who was snacking on mango slices on the couch, and sighed.

"You win, Nini. I officially give up. You're my boss now."

Jennie grinned around a mouthful of mango. "Good. Took you long enough to realize it."

-

That night, Lisa pulled Jennie close, rubbing her hand gently over her wife's swollen belly before speaking softly. "Nini, it's too much for you. The travel, the stress, the walking back and forth. Your back hurts every single day. I can't let you keep doing this."

Jennie's lips pushed into a pout immediately, her eyes glistening with that mix of hormones and mischief. "So what—you want to

leave me here? All alone? While you're surrounded by those pretty employees in their little skirts, smiling at you?" She huffed dramatically and crossed her arms, even though it looked more like she was hugging her belly.

Lisa exhaled slowly. There it is. She had been waiting for this line all week.

"I'm not leaving you," Lisa said firmly, brushing Jennie's hair back from her face. "I'm bringing the office here. At home. That way I can work and you can rest. No more long drives, no more waddling around the building, no more glaring at employees who are just trying to breathe."

Jennie blinked, caught off guard. "Wait... you'd really do that? You'd move all your work here just for me?"

Lisa's lips curved into a smirk as she leaned in, kissing the tip of Jennie's nose. "Nini, for you, I'd move the whole company into our living room if I had to. I'd make the conference table our dining table. I'd hold board meetings in the kitchen while you snack on mangoes."

Jennie's pout instantly melted into a smug grin. She tilted her chin up proudly. "Good answer. You're safe for now."

Lisa raised a brow, amused. "Safe? What happens if I give the wrong answer?"

Jennie narrowed her eyes playfully. "Then you sleep on the couch for the rest of my pregnancy. Maybe forever."

Lisa chuckled, pulling her closer and resting a hand on her belly. "Good thing I'm a fast learner then. Couch duty sounds like hell compared to cuddling you and our two little troublemakers in here."

Jennie softened, her arms looping around Lisa's waist. "Hmph. Fine. But you better bring snacks with those files tomorrow. If I see one paper on the bed without chips beside it, I'm calling it a strike."

Lisa laughed, kissing her temple. "Deal. CEO at work, snack supplier at home. Anything else, boss?"

Jennie smirked against her shoulder. "Yeah. Tell our pretty employees I'm watching them. Even from home."

Lisa groaned, but she was smiling. "You're impossible, Nini."

"And you love it," Jennie shot back, already snuggling deeper into her arms.

———

And so it began—Lisa officially became a work-from-home CEO. For now, she didn't accept any surgeries or on-call duties as a doctor. All her focus shifted to their company because Jennie was still on leave, and that meant all the heavy lifting fell on Lisa's shoulders. She was juggling being the CEO, managing the business, and at the same time being a full-time wife—providing for Jennie's cravings, whims, and yes... even her very demanding sex needs.

The living room slowly transformed into a mini office. Lisa set up her laptop, stacks of files arranged neatly on one side, a ring light positioned for her endless video calls. But right beside her desk sat "Queen Jennie's throne"—a giant recliner chair piled with pillows, snacks within arm's reach, and a fuzzy blanket wrapped around her like royalty.

Jennie would sit there every day, hands resting protectively over her huge belly, eyes fixed on Lisa like a hawk that didn't miss a single move.

One afternoon, Lisa was in the middle of a very serious video meeting with the board. She was presenting quarterly numbers when, out of nowhere, Jennie leaned forward toward the camera.

"Excuse me," Jennie said sweetly, waving at the screen full of startled board members. "This call is taking too long. My wife needs to rub my feet. End meeting. Goodbye."

Lisa's eyes went wide as she quickly yanked her wife back into her recliner. "Nini! What are you doing?!"

Jennie crossed her arms, lips stuck in a pout. "You've been ignoring me for forty minutes. That's longer than allowed."

The board members on the other side of the screen looked both confused and utterly terrified. One of them coughed awkwardly before muttering, "Uh... CEO Manoban, perhaps we can continue this discussion tomorrow?"

Lisa pinched the bridge of her nose, trying not to groan. "Yes, meeting adjourned. Thank you, everyone." She shut the laptop closed and turned to her wife, who was still glaring at her.

"Forty minutes, Lisa. That's too long."

Lisa chuckled softly, sliding down to the floor in front of Jennie's recliner. "Fine, fine. I surrender, Your Highness." She carefully lifted her wife's swollen feet onto her lap and began massaging them. "But do you really have to scare our employees like that? Half of them probably won't sleep tonight."

Jennie smirked, leaning back smugly as she munched on a cracker. "If they're scared, good. That means less chance they'll flirt with you."

Lisa rolled her eyes but bent down to kiss her ankle anyway. "You're unbelievable, you know that?"

Jennie hummed proudly. "I know. And you still married me."

Lisa grinned, her hands kneading gently. "That's because I love you. Even when you hijack my board meetings like a tiny dictator."

Jennie peeked at her with a mischievous smile. "Tiny dictator? Excuse me, I'm carrying your future heirs in here. Show some respect."

Lisa laughed, shaking her head. "My mistake. Supreme Leader Kim Jennie, may I continue serving you with foot rubs and snack deliveries?"

Jennie pretended to think, tapping her chin dramatically. "Hmm... acceptable. But you also owe me mangoes after this. And a cuddle. And maybe... some kisses."

Lisa raised a brow. "Just kisses?"

Jennie blushed, then smirked. "For now. Until the babies let me have more."

Lisa leaned closer, pressing a gentle kiss on her wife's lips. "Deal. Anything for you."

Jennie melted instantly into the kiss, her earlier annoyance forgotten. "Good answer, CEO Manoban. You're safe from couch duty tonight."

Lisa laughed and went back to massaging her feet, thinking not for the first time how lucky she was to be bossed around by her stubborn, clingy, pregnant wife.

———

The funny part? Jennie's jealousy didn't stop just because they were stuck at home.

One evening, Lisa was stretched out on the couch, scrolling through an email on her phone when suddenly Jennie leaned over and snatched it right out of her hands.

"Hey!" Lisa protested, reaching for it, but Jennie had already hugged the phone to her chest like a treasure.

"Who's Tzuyu?" Jennie demanded, eyes narrowing suspiciously.

Lisa blinked in confusion. "What? Nini... she's our marketing head, remember? We literally just had a meeting with her on Zoom this morning."

Jennie squinted even harder, as if she could see through Lisa's soul. "Mmm. I don't like her name. Sounds... flirty."

Lisa stared at her for half a second before bursting out laughing so hard she nearly rolled off the couch. "Her name sounds flirty?!"

"Yes," Jennie said with all the seriousness in the world, rubbing her belly as if the twins inside agreed with her. "I'm about to give birth to your twins, and some woman named Tzuyu is emailing you at 8 p.m.? Suspicious if you ask me."

Lisa shook her head, still laughing, and leaned over to kiss Jennie's temple. "Nini, she was emailing me charts. Pie charts. Graphs. The only thing Tzuyu flirts with is Excel spreadsheets."

Jennie scrunched her nose, unconvinced. "Pie charts at 8 p.m.? That's basically a booty call in office language."

Lisa groaned, dropping her face into Jennie's shoulder. "Oh my god. You're impossible."

Jennie grinned, smug. "Impossible but cute." She tossed the phone onto the far end of the couch and crossed her arms. "Fine. But I'm watching her."

Lisa wrapped her arms around Jennie's shoulders, pulling her close until her pout softened just a little. "God, I love you," she murmured into her hair. "You're completely insane, but I love you."

Jennie tilted her head up to smirk. "Good. Because you're stuck with me forever. Even if Tzuyu sends you... sexy bar graphs."

Lisa groaned again but kissed her anyway. "Sexy bar graphs? You really need to go to bed, Nini."

Jennie giggled, tucking herself against her wife's chest. "Nope. I need cuddles first. Then maybe I'll forgive Tzuyu."

Lisa laughed softly, kissing the top of her head. "Deal. Cuddles now, spreadsheets later."

Even Jennie's mom couldn't handle it sometimes.

At dinner, Jennie would always sit glued beside Lisa, one hand on her belly, the other suspiciously ready to smack Lisa's arm if she said something "wrong."

"This stew is amazing," Lisa told her mother-in-law one night after the first spoonful. "Eommonim, I swear, you're a genius in the kitchen."

Jennie's head snapped up so fast Lisa swore she heard a crack.

"Excuse me?"

Lisa froze mid-bite, spoon halfway to her mouth. "...What?"

"You just said that with too much enthusiasm, Lili." Jennie narrowed her eyes like a detective grilling a suspect. "Are you trying to flirt with my mom?"

Lisa almost inhaled her stew the wrong way, coughing and choking. "WHAT?!"

Jennie's mom burst into laughter, slapping her knee so hard the table shook. "Aigoo, Jennie-ah! What nonsense is this? Your wife is safe with me! I only love her as my daughter-in-law."

Jennie crossed her arms, pouting like a child. "Still... tone it down, Lisa. Compliments should be regulated."

Lisa groaned loudly, dropping her forehead onto the table like she'd given up on life. "Someone save me, please. I can't survive this dictatorship."

Her mother-in-law reached over, patting Lisa's back with a wide grin. "Welcome to parenthood, Lisa. You chose her, so you have to deal with her moods."

Lisa peeked up at Jennie through her messy hair and gave her a tired but sincere grin. "Yeah... and I'd choose her a thousand times again."

Jennie blinked, caught off guard, her glare softening immediately. "...Good answer. You're safe. Again."

Her mom laughed even louder, clapping her hands. "Hahahaha! Jennie, you've turned into such a jealous little monster. You weren't like this before pregnancy."

Jennie pouted harder, stabbing her spoon into her rice. "It's not my fault! She's too pretty, and everyone likes her. Even you!"

Lisa chuckled, reaching under the table to squeeze her hand. "Relax, Nini. Your mom is my mom now. That's all. No flirting involved, I

promise."

Her mom leaned forward, eyes sparkling mischievously. "But Lisa, if you ever get tired of my daughter's attitude, you know where to find me. I make stew every night."

Lisa's jaw dropped. "Eommonim! Don't join her side, please—"

Jennie gasped dramatically, clutching her belly. "See?! I knew it! Even my mom is trying to steal you from me!"

Her mom couldn't stop laughing, wiping tears from her eyes. "Aigoo, aigoo! Jennie, you're too much. Lisa, don't worry—once the twins are here, Jennie will be too tired to interrogate you like this."

Jennie shot her mom a glare. "I can interrogate forever. Even with twins."

Lisa sighed, kissing Jennie's temple. "God help me."

Her mom chuckled knowingly, sipping her soup. "You'll survive, Lisa. After all, you're crazy enough to love my daughter."

Lisa smiled softly, brushing her thumb over Jennie's knuckles. "That's not crazy. That's just love."

Jennie melted again, cheeks warming as she leaned into Lisa's shoulder. "Okay... you're safe. For tonight."

Lisa rolled her eyes playfully but kissed the top of her head. "I'll take it."

Her mother-in-law smirked, shaking her head. "You two... drama every day. But I like it. Keeps this house noisy."

———

And so their days went on—funny, chaotic, dramatic, full of bickering and laughter.

Jennie was stubborn, jealous, and endlessly clingy, but Lisa wouldn't trade it for anything. Not when her wife was this close to

bringing their twins into the world.

Family came first. Always.

And for Lisa, that meant choosing Jennie—every single time.

Veintisiete

It was Jennie's due date.

Lisa had taken a full month's leave from the company just to monitor her wife, proudly telling everyone she was "on strict CEO-maternity-watch duty." She even said it with her chest, like it was an official corporate role. The truth though? She was nervous as hell. Every little wince Jennie made, every time she rubbed her belly, Lisa's heart jumped like she was on standby for a fire alarm. She was ready to grab the hospital bag and sprint to the car at any second.

They were alone in the house. Jennie's mom had gone to visit Lisa's parents next door, who'd just gotten back from a business trip, and Rosé and Jisoo were there too with their kids, excited to meet the new family members soon. The maid had the day off, so for once, the big house was quiet. Too quiet. Just the two of them.

And in that quiet, Jennie reigned supreme.

She was the complete opposite of Lisa—calm, too calm for someone carrying twins who could literally decide to make their grand entrance at any moment. Still bossy as ever, she waddled around the house like a queen inspecting her palace, while Lisa trailed after her, arms loaded with pillows, snacks, and water bottles, like some overly dedicated assistant-slash-bodyguard.

That morning, Lisa walked into the kitchen, only to freeze mid-step. There was Jennie, on her tiptoes, one hand stretched high, trying to grab the mango jam from the very top shelf.

Lisa's eyes nearly popped out of her head. "Nini, can you please, for once, just sit down?" she groaned, rushing forward. "Why are you climbing shelves like Spider-Man when you're about to pop?"

Jennie turned her head slowly, giving Lisa a glare sharp enough to cut glass. "Are you saying I'm disabled?"

Lisa put her hands on her hips, exhaling dramatically like she'd rehearsed this moment a thousand times. "No, I'm saying you're nine months pregnant with twins. That's like... carrying a backpack full of bricks strapped to your belly. Actually, two backpacks. And don't even get me started on how you can barely see your feet anymore."

Jennie finally snagged the jar, clutching it like a victory trophy. She smirked, eyes glinting. "Exactly. And I'm still hot doing it."

Lisa rolled her eyes but leaned down to kiss her cheek anyway. "That you are," she admitted, muttering against her skin, "but still reckless."

Jennie plopped the jar onto the counter with a flourish and unscrewed it smugly. "Reckless but hot. Your favorite combination."

Lisa grabbed a spoon and reached for the bread. "My favorite combination is you sitting down and not giving me a heart attack every five minutes."

Jennie leaned back against the counter, folding her arms across her huge belly like she was about to debate her thesis. "Lili, I've been pregnant for nine months. Nine. If I want to stand up and get my own mango jam, I'll do it. I'm not fragile."

Lisa pointed the spoon at her like it was a gavel. "You are fragile. My mom said pregnant women are like glass—"

Jennie cut her off immediately, one brow shooting up. "Glass?! Please. I'm more like steel right now. Look at me. Carrying two babies and still glowing."

Lisa chuckled, shaking her head as she spread the jam on the toast. "Steel doesn't waddle like a penguin, Nini."

Jennie gasped, her mouth dropping open in fake betrayal. "Did you just compare me to a penguin?!"

Lisa panicked for a second before correcting quickly, "A very cute penguin! Like the ones in the movies. Everyone loves them. Adorable, irresistible, the star of the whole show."

Jennie narrowed her eyes, still trying to glare, but her lips twitched. "Hmph. You're lucky you're cute. Otherwise, I'd make you sleep in the car tonight."

Lisa grinned, leaning down to kiss her forehead. "Good thing I don't mind the car... as long as I can still keep an eye on you."

Jennie melted instantly, her pout slipping. She mumbled under her breath, "Ugh. Fine. You win this round." But she perked up again almost immediately, pointing at the jam jar like it was evidence in court. "But I'm still getting my own jam whenever I want. No negotiations."

Lisa sighed in defeat, handing her the spoon like a peace offering. "Yes, Your Majesty. Just don't climb the counters again, or I'll install child locks on the cupboards."

Jennie smirked, dipping the spoon into the jar. "Try me."

Lisa groaned but couldn't stop smiling as she watched her wife dig into her breakfast like she'd just won a war. Every bite Jennie took, she hummed in satisfaction, smearing jam on her toast with the smugness of a queen who had conquered all.

And Lisa, even in her nerves, couldn't help but think: yeah... I'd follow this woman anywhere—even into a war over mango jam.

———

Then it happened.

By afternoon, Jennie's water broke. She was in the kitchen, rummaging for food like she always did lately, when she suddenly froze, wide-eyed, before shouting from the hallway,

"Liliiiiiii! It's ready! Oh my god, I think my water just broke!"

Lisa, who had been scrolling on her phone at the dining table,

practically tripped over the rug as she shot up. "What?! Are you sure?!"

Jennie was already clutching her belly, one hand braced on the wall. But her face wasn't panic—it was pure annoyance. "Well, unless I just spilled a whole bucket of water between my legs, yeah Lisa, I'm pretty damn sure."

Lisa's jaw dropped. "Oh my god, oh my god! Okay—okay, don't move! I'm gonna get you new clothes to wear. Stay right there. Then I'll get the hospital bag, the car, call the doctor, call the—"

Jennie cut her off with a frown. "Calm down. I'm not about to pop them out in the living room."

Lisa blinked, arms flailing. "You literally just said your water broke!"

Jennie hobbled over to the couch with her bag of crackers, plopping down like she was settling in for a movie night. "Yeah, but it doesn't mean they're sliding out in five minutes. Chill."

Lisa rushed upstairs, practically tripping over her own feet as she grabbed Jennie's clean clothes. Her hands were shaking so much she almost dropped them on the way back down. By the time she returned, Jennie was sitting there cool as ever, munching on crackers like nothing unusual was happening.

Lisa crouched down in front of her, fumbling to peel off Jennie's soaked maternity dress. Her fingers kept slipping on the fabric.

"God, you're ice cold," Jennie teased, leaning in to press a playful kiss against Lisa's neck while she changed.

Lisa shuddered. "I'm just—nervous! I can't even think straight."

Jennie smirked, lowering her voice to a whisper. "Mmm... but you know what? Every time you touch my skin like this... I feel kinda horny."

Lisa froze, eyes going wide. "You—WHAT?!"

Jennie's smirk widened, clearly enjoying the way Lisa's ears turned pink. "I said... you're turning me on."

Lisa blinked at her like she had just grown a second head. "Jennie Kim Manoban, you are literally about to pop out two babies and you're still thinking about sex?! You're unbelievable!"

Jennie leaned closer, kissing along her jaw and sliding her hand against Lisa's chest. "What can I say? My hormones are insane. And honestly? You're really hot when you're panicking."

Lisa groaned. "Nini, you're literally in labor. This is insane."

"Then make me crazier," Jennie whispered, nipping gently at her ear.

Lisa cursed under her breath. Her dick twitched at the way Jennie was touching and kissing her. Pregnant belly and all, swollen and glowing, Jennie was still the sexiest thing she had ever seen.

"Nini..." Lisa tried to resist, but Jennie's lips trailed down her neck, and that was it—she melted. It didn't take long before she gave in completely.

Lisa helped her sit back on the couch, setting the clothes aside. She blew out a shaky breath, eyes drifting down toward Jennie's breasts. They were definitely bigger, fuller—her mouth went dry.

"Fuck... you're so hot," Lisa breathed.

Jennie smirked and shushed her. "Clothes off, talk later." She tugged at Lisa's shirt, unbuttoning it quickly and tossing it aside. Her hands slid around Lisa's back, unclasping her bra before Lisa could even think.

Lisa didn't waste any time either. She shoved off her jeans and boxer, then helped Jennie out of her damp shorts. They hadn't touched each other in almost two weeks, and now with Jennie showing more, Lisa hesitated for a moment—staring at her. Naked, round-bellied, flushed... Jennie was breathtaking.

Jennie frowned a little. "Lili, stop. Don't look at me like that."

Lisa growled softly. "But you're gorgeous... sexy... and so fucking hot."

Jennie rolled her eyes, though her lips curved. "I know. Now come here." She grabbed Lisa's hand and pulled her down for a kiss.

Lisa's hand slid up to cup her breast, kneading and pinching her nipple, earning a sharp moan. She broke the kiss and trailed her lips lower—down Jennie's neck, her collarbone, then her breasts, before stopping to press kisses over her round belly. She lingered there, smiling softly when she felt movement inside. Her chest squeezed—tomorrow, or maybe even tonight, they'd be parents.

"Lili..." Jennie's voice pulled her back, needy and shaky. "Please. I need you. Touch me."

Lisa chuckled softly. "Sorry." She kept going, kissing down her belly until she was between Jennie's thighs. Her lips brushed against the inside of Jennie's thighs, teasing higher and higher. Jennie was already dripping wet.

Lisa bit her lip, then leaned in, licking until she found Jennie's clit and sucking gently.

"Mmm... so sweet," Lisa breathed.

Jennie's moans filled the room, her back arching as her fingers tangled desperately in Lisa's hair. It didn't take long before she cried out, trembling as she came hard into Lisa's mouth. Her chest rose and fell quickly, breathless and flushed.

"That was amazing, Lili..." she gasped out.

Lisa wiped her mouth with the back of her hand, eyes dark. "I'm not done with you." Her cock had been aching since the moment Jennie kissed her, and now she was painfully hard.

Jennie whimpered at her tone, pulling her in for a messy kiss. In the shuffle, Lisa's length pressed against exactly where Jennie wanted it, making them both groan. The position wasn't great though, so Lisa gently helped Jennie turn onto her hands and knees.

"Ready, Nini?" Lisa whispered, sliding her hand down to guide herself in.

Jennie helped line her up and moaned loudly as the tip slipped inside. "Go deeper, Lili..."

Lisa grunted, pushing in fully with one hard thrust. Jennie's hips immediately rocked back, grinding into her. Lisa grabbed her waist, setting a slow rhythm at first, watching Jennie writhe beneath her. But soon, slow wasn't enough—they both needed more. Lisa's thrusts sped up, the couch creaking under them, their moans and gasps filling the room.

Jennie cursed, babbling incoherently, her arms giving out until she collapsed forward against a pillow, still rocking back onto Lisa.

A few more rough thrusts and Jennie was screaming Lisa's name, climaxing again. But Lisa wasn't finished—she couldn't stop.

"Li... Liliii! I can't—I don't think I can anymore," Jennie cried out, completely breathless.

"You can, baby... just one more," Lisa grunted through clenched teeth.

That pushed Jennie over the edge again, harder this time—her body stiffened as a gush of liquid rushed down her thighs. Her orgasm ripped through her, the strongest she'd ever felt.

Lisa moaned, feeling Jennie clench around her, and with one final thrust, she came deep inside. She pulled out quickly when she felt liquid on her own legs too, panic flashing across her face.

"Jen?! Are you okay? Nini, answer me—are you in labor now?"

Jennie stayed face-down, giggling breathlessly into the pillow.

Lisa blinked, confused. "Jen, c'mon, you're scaring me."

"Not yet, Lili. It's okay..." she whispered, still laughing softly.

Lisa helped her roll onto her side, brushing her sweaty hair back.

"Then what the hell just happened?"

Jennie's cheeks flamed red as she buried her face into Lisa's neck. "...I just squirted."

Lisa blinked. "...Uh. Sorry, didn't catch that. Say it again?"

Jennie sighed, pressing a kiss to her neck before pulling back. "I said I just squirted."

Lisa's eyes widened, then a slow grin spread across her face. "That was so hot, Nini."

Jennie smirked back at her. Despite the contractions, despite the exhaustion, she straddled Lisa again, grinding down against her still-hard length.

"Again," she whispered, biting her lip.

Lisa groaned, hands gripping her hips. They lost track of time, lost in each other, giving in to Jennie's wild hormones and Lisa's need until they were both too weak and sweaty to move.

———

Minutes later, Jennie lay back on the couch, cheeks flushed, panting with satisfaction. Lisa was still hovering over her, trying to catch her own breath.

"That... was amazing, Lili," Jennie whispered, smiling. Then she suddenly winced as another wave of contraction hit. "Ahhh—"

Lisa sat bolt upright, panic returning full force. "Are you okay?!"

Jennie held her belly, breathing through the pain. "I'm fine... just a little painful. Nothing I can't handle."

Lisa ran her hand over Jennie's hair, kissing her temple. "You're insane, you know that? We just had sex in the middle of your contractions. Who even does that?"

Jennie smirked, still catching her breath. "Your wife, that's who.

And don't lie—you loved it."

Lisa groaned, covering her face with one hand. "God, you're gonna kill me one day."

Jennie kissed her wrist gently. "Nah. You'll live. You need to take care of our kids, remember?"

Lisa swallowed, nodding, then scrambled to her phone. "Okay, no more distractions! I need to time these contractions." She pulled up her stopwatch app like she was about to run a marathon.

Jennie sat on the couch with her crackers again, crunching casually. "Already did. A little tightening here and there. Nothing bad. Actually, one hit while we were—uh—you know."

Lisa whipped her head around. "Nothing bad?!" She tapped furiously on her phone. "That's one. Okay, okay... about seven minutes apart. Nini, that's close! We should leave now."

Jennie lounged deeper into the couch, chewing slowly. "You're more dramatic than me."

Lisa froze mid-step, staring at her. "Excuse me?! Dramatic?! I'm not the one eating crackers like it's a picnic while two humans are fighting their way out of me!"

Jennie laughed softly, licking crumbs off her fingers. "Exactly. I'm the one doing the pushing, not you. So relax, Doctor CEO Panic Manoban."

Lisa nearly ripped her hair out. "How are you THIS calm?!"

Jennie winked. "Because, Lili... boss bitch. Remember?"

Lisa gaped at her. "You're... unbelievable."

Jennie leaned back smugly, crossing her arms. "That's why you married me."

Lisa pointed at her with the phone. "You're eating crackers. In labor. Who does that?!"

Jennie shrugged. "The same woman who still looks good with swollen feet. Sit down, Lili, you're making me dizzy with all that pacing."

Lisa reluctantly sat beside her, still clutching the stopwatch. "If you start crowning while chewing crackers, I swear—"

Jennie rested her head on Lisa's shoulder, laughing. "Then at least I won't be hungry while pushing out your children."

Lisa groaned, pressing her forehead against Jennie's. "You're too calm, it's stressing me out."

Jennie patted her cheek like she was soothing a child. "Shhh. You'll live."

Lisa narrowed her eyes at her. "...Barely."

Jennie smirked, triumphant. "Boss bitch, Lili. Boss bitch."

Veintiocho

Lisa called her family and Jennie's mom, her voice all shaky and high-pitched, and within minutes the whole clan had mobilized like an emergency rescue team. They decided it was time to bring Jennie to the hospital.

When they finally headed out, it turned into a full-on parade. Lisa's parents came, Jennie's mom insisted on riding with them, and of course Rosé and Jisoo showed up too—leaving their kids at home with the nanny because apparently "auntie Jennie in labor" was headline news that couldn't be missed.

By the time they reached the private hospital room, it was less like a maternity ward and more like a family reunion. Everyone squeezed inside, talking over each other, hovering like Jennie was made of glass.

Meanwhile, Lisa was pacing back and forth, gnawing at her nails, muttering medical terms like she was on Grey's Anatomy. "Her contractions are seven minutes apart, she's at three centimeters—why are they not panicking? Why are we not panicking?!"

Jennie, on the other hand, was lounging comfortably on the bed, scrolling TikTok like she was at a spa. "Because I'm fine. Seriously. I feel normal. Actually... can someone get me tteokbokki? I'm starving."

Her mom gasped and smacked her arm lightly. "Jennie! You're in labor!"

Jennie made a face. "So? It's not like the babies are sliding out right this second."

Lisa's dad chuckled, sipping the hospital's sad excuse for coffee. "She's calmer than all of us combined."

Lisa finally dragged a chair next to the bed and grabbed Jennie's hand dramatically. "Why are you not freaking out, Nini? Freak out with me. Please. I need emotional support."

Jennie smirked, eyes still glued to her phone. "Because if we both panic, who's gonna be the adult in this relationship?"

Rosé nearly fell off the couch laughing. "Oh my God—she's roasting you while in labor. That's queen behavior."

Jisoo chimed in, grinning. "Imagine how savage she'll be after the epidural."

Lisa groaned loudly and dropped her head onto Jennie's lap like the world had ended. "Kill me now. Just... kill me."

Jennie stroked her hair with exaggerated sympathy, like she was petting a puppy. "Shh, my poor dramatic wife. The babies aren't even out yet and you're already losing your mind."

Jennie's mom rolled her eyes. "Lisa, sweetheart, calm down. You're not the one giving birth."

Lisa peeked up from Jennie's lap, horrified. "I feel like I am! Sympathetic labor is a real thing, you know."

Rosé gasped dramatically. "Wait—don't tell me you're gonna start craving pickles and ice cream too."

Jisoo snorted. "Nah, she'll probably ask for bubble tea while Jennie's pushing."

Lisa glared at all of them. "You're all so mean to me."

Jennie pinched her cheek. "Aww, my poor baby Dr. CEO. It's okay, you can push with me later if you want."

The whole room erupted in laughter, except Lisa, who groaned again and buried her face in Jennie's belly.

Jennie, still scrolling casually, announced, "Okay but for real... tteokbokki? Anyone?"

Jennie's request for tteokbokki had everyone staring at her like she'd grown another head.

Rosé raised her hand like a kid in class. "Um... can pregnant women even eat spicy food during labor?"

Jennie didn't even look up from her phone. "Yes. This pregnant woman can."

Her mom sighed. "Unbelievable. I suffered twenty hours of labor with you and didn't even think about food. Meanwhile, you want rice cakes drenched in chili paste."

Jennie smiled sweetly. "Well, I'm built different, Mom."

Lisa groaned, tugging at her own hair. "Why is no one taking this seriously? She's at three centimeters! That's like... three whole centimeters closer to the babies coming!"

Lisa's dad patted her shoulder with the calm of a man who'd seen it all. "Relax. When it gets real, you'll know. She'll start screaming at you."

Jennie smirked. "Mmm, can't wait for that."

Lisa's eyes widened. "Don't you dare."

Rosé whispered loudly to Jisoo, "Place your bets now. Who's she gonna curse out first—Lisa or the doctor?"

"Lisa," Jisoo answered immediately. "One hundred percent Lisa."

Jennie giggled. "Oh, definitely Lisa."

Lisa pointed at them all like an angry prosecutor. "You guys are evil."

Her mom leaned over. "Sweetheart, if she does yell at you, just remember—don't take it personally. Labor words don't count."

Lisa gasped. "What do you mean don't count? If she tells me she hates me, I'm supposed to just... ignore it?!"

Jennie tapped her chin, pretending to think. "Hmm... yeah, pretty much."

The whole room burst out laughing again, while Lisa slumped dramatically in her chair, holding Jennie's hand like it was the only thing tethering her to sanity.

Jennie turned her phone toward her, showing a TikTok dance. "Hey, want to distract yourself? We can learn this one real quick while we wait."

Lisa gawked at her. "You are not about to make a TikTok in labor."

Jennie's smirk widened. "Why not? Hashtag twin delivery edition."

Rosé nearly choked. "Oh my God, do it, please. That would break the internet."

Lisa buried her face in her hands. "I married a clown."

Jennie kissed the top of her head sweetly. "And you love me for it."

Lisa mumbled into her palms. "...Unfortunately, yes."

———

But a few hours later, things shifted fast. Jennie's easy smiles were gone. Every contraction had her face scrunching up, her grip on Lisa's hand getting tighter and tighter until Lisa was sure her bones would snap.

Then it started—the shouting saga.

"Oh my god... oh my GOD, Lisa—ahhh, fuck!" Jennie cursed so loudly the nurse outside peeked in through the window. She squeezed Lisa's hand so hard her knuckles turned completely white. "This is your fault!"

Lisa winced, nearly yelping at the pain in her fingers. "What did I do?!"

Jennie's eyes snapped open, wild and teary. "You put this—

ahhhhhh!—inside me! Don't you ever put your thing inside me again!" She tossed her head back, groaning through the contraction.

The room went dead silent for a beat before Jisoo's eyes bulged. "Oh my god. She's feral."

Rosé slapped a hand over her mouth to hide her giggles. "Lisa's literally getting canceled in the middle of labor."

Lisa bent down, trying to whisper sweetly despite the fact her hand was being crushed to dust. "Nini, baby, breathe. You're doing amazing."

Jennie whipped her head toward her, eyes blazing. "Don't you dare tell me to breathe, I'll suffocate you right now!"

Lisa flinched but kept her lips pressed to Jennie's forehead anyway. "It's okay, yell at me all you want, Nini. Just... bring our babies safely, okay?"

Jennie glared at her through hot tears, voice trembling. "You're lucky I love you. Otherwise, you'd be a dead woman right now."

Lisa smiled weakly. "Duly noted."

Rosé leaned toward Jisoo and whispered loudly, "I swear, this feels like watching a K-drama and a boxing match at the same time."

Jisoo nodded. "Except Lisa's the punching bag."

Lisa shot them a death glare over her shoulder. "Not. Helping."

Jennie screamed again, throwing her head back, her nails digging into Lisa's wrist now. "LISA, IF YOU EVER TOUCH ME AGAIN—AAHHH—I'M MOVING OUT!"

Lisa's mom tried to hide her laughter behind a tissue. "Oh honey, she doesn't mean that."

Jennie immediately turned her fury to her mother-in-law. "YES I DO!"

Lisa gasped, horrified. "Nini! Don't divorce me while you're dilating!"

Rosé was full-on laughing now, tears in her eyes. "She's roasting her wife and in-laws while pushing out twins. Iconic."

The nurse finally came in with a straight face. "Um, Mrs. Manoban, we need you to save some of that energy for actual pushing."

Jennie snapped, "Then tell my wife to stop breathing so loud!"

Lisa slapped a hand over her own mouth. "I'm literally holding my breath, what do you want from me?!"

Everyone burst out laughing again—even Jennie cracked a half-smile in between contractions, though she was still panting hard.

Lisa kissed her sweaty temple and whispered, "Go ahead, baby. Yell at me, curse at me, hate me... I'll still be right here holding your hand."

Jennie sniffled, squeezing her eyes shut. "...Fine. But after this, you're sleeping on the couch."

Lisa nodded quickly. "Deal. I'll even build a tent outside if you want."

That got another round of laughter from the family, even as Jennie groaned through another wave of pain.

———

They wheeled Jennie toward the delivery room, but the second the wheelchair stopped, she pushed herself up with a determined grunt, clutching her belly.

"I'm not weak. I can walk," she insisted, wobbling forward.

Lisa practically yelped, arms flailing. "Nini! Get back in the chair! Or at least—get on the bed!"

Jennie took two slow steps like she was proving a point... then

suddenly froze, her whole body going rigid. Her eyes went wide as saucers.

"Lisa..." she whispered.

Lisa's stomach dropped instantly. "What? What is it? Don't scare me like that!"

Jennie's voice trembled. "I... I feel the head."

Lisa's scream could've shattered glass. "WHAT?!" She grabbed Jennie's arm in pure panic. "You mean the—head head?! Our baby's head?!"

Jennie groaned, half crying, half furious. "Yes, the head! I can't calm down if I feel the baby's head, Lisa! Ahhhhhh!"

Her mom immediately crouched down to check, completely unbothered by the circus around her. One glance and her eyes shot open. "She's right—the head is crowning!"

Lisa's whole face drained of color. She looked ready to faint. "WHAT DO WE DO?!"

Jennie screamed at her, sweat dripping down her forehead. "Catch it, you idiot doctor!"

Rosé gasped dramatically from the corner. "This is straight out of a medical K-drama!"

Jisoo grabbed Rosé's arm. "Shut up and film it!"

Lisa spun around, horrified. "DON'T film this!"

And before anyone could argue—

"AHHHHHHH!"

Jennie pushed with all her might, clinging to Lisa for dear life. The first baby slipped out so fast, Lisa's mom literally caught her midair like she was diving for a soccer ball.

The room froze. Silent.

Jennie, still standing, still gripping Lisa's arm like a lifeline, stared down in total disbelief. Her chest heaved. "Well... that happened."

The silence broke into chaos—Lisa barked out a laugh, half hysterical, half euphoric, tears of joy streaming down her face. "Oh my god—we just had a standing delivery!"

The tiny baby let out soft cries as the nurses rushed in to help. She was calm, her little eyes fluttering open, looking around like she was judging everyone.

Rosé squealed. "She's not even crying—she's just staring! That's Jennie's attitude for sure."

Jisoo snorted. "Nope. That's Lisa. Look at that poker face. Straight from Dada."

Lisa was sobbing and laughing at the same time. "She's... beautiful. She looks like me—but her aura is all Jennie."

The nurses gently guided Jennie onto the bed at last, while Lisa stayed glued to her side, holding her hand with trembling fingers.

One nurse looked at Lisa. "Do you want to cut the cord?"

Lisa wiped her tears with her sleeve, nodding like her head was about to fall off from how fast she agreed. "Yes—yes, please."

Her hands shook as they handed her the scissors, but she managed to snip the cord, still crying and whispering, "Hi, baby girl... you're finally here."

Jennie, sweaty and exhausted but smiling faintly, teased in a raspy voice, "See? Easy. One down, one to go."

Lisa turned to her in horror. "DON'T SAY IT LIKE THAT!"

Rosé and Jisoo were laughing so hard they nearly fell off their chairs, while Lisa's mom proudly held up the baby like she'd just won the championship trophy.

———

But the second baby... oh, she was a fighter.

An entire hour later, Jennie was still pushing, drenched in sweat, her hair plastered to her face like she'd just run a marathon in the rain. Her voice was hoarse from all the screaming, but that didn't stop her from shouting at the top of her lungs.

"AHHHHHHH! Get her out! Please, Lisa—I swear, if you ever touch me again, I'll cut it off—ahhhhhh!"

Lisa, who was already crying and sweating almost as much as Jennie, grabbed a towel and gently wiped her forehead. "Nini, you're almost there. Just a little more, I promise."

Jennie whipped her head toward her, wild-eyed and furious. "Don't —don't say that! You said that twenty minutes ago! You're a liar!" She sobbed, crushing Lisa's hand until Lisa thought every bone would snap.

Lisa winced but refused to pull away. "I know, I know... but you're the strongest person I know, Nini. You can do this."

Jennie let out another guttural scream, tears streaming down her cheeks. "Shut up! Stop being motivational! I hate you right now, Lisaaaa!"

The whole room tried to hold in their laughter. Rosé had her face buried in Jisoo's shoulder, shaking with silent giggles, while Jisoo whispered, "Lisa's not gonna survive this marriage after today."

Lisa's lips trembled, but she still kissed Jennie's hand, her voice breaking. "Then hate me. Hate me all you want, Nini. Just... bring our daughter safely. I'll take all of it."

Jennie glared at her through tears, panting. "You're lucky I'm too busy pushing to strangle you!"

Her mom stroked her arm soothingly. "Almost there, sweetheart. Just one big push."

Jennie screamed again, throwing her head back. "WHAT DO YOU MEAN ONE BIG PUSH?! They've all been big pushes!"

Dr. Seulgi, calm as ever, adjusted her gloves. "She's right there, Jennie. One more good one and she's out."

Lisa leaned close, her forehead pressed against Jennie's. "Together, Nini. Squeeze my hand and push."

Jennie groaned, her whole body tensing as she bore down with every ounce of strength she had left.

"AHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

And finally—finally—the second twin came out, red-faced, fists clenched, glaring at the world like a tiny queen who was not impressed. The sound of her fierce cry filled the room, sharp and demanding.

Everyone gasped in awe, some tearing up instantly. Lisa laughed through her tears as she cut the cord, her voice trembling. "Welcome to the world, little one. You're stubborn like your mommy."

Rosé clapped her hands together. "Oh my god, she came out angry! Total Jennie vibes."

Jisoo grinned. "Yep. Baby number one is chill like Lisa, baby number two came out ready to sue somebody. Balance."

Lisa was still crying, still shaking as Dr. Seulgi patted her shoulder. "Congrats, Doc CEO. You survived your wife's wrath."

Lisa chuckled weakly, wiping her face with her sleeve. "Barely. I think she broke my hand in three places."

Jennie, completely drained, gave Lisa one last glare before her eyes fluttered closed. "I meant... every word..." she whispered faintly.

Lisa panicked. "Nini?! Baby?!"

The nurse smiled gently. "She's fine. Just exhausted. She pushed two

humans out in less than two hours—let her rest."

Lisa finally exhaled, collapsing into the chair beside the bed, still holding Jennie's limp hand and kissing it over and over. "You did it, Nini. You really did it."

The twins were placed into their bassinet side by side, one quiet and serene, the other squirming and demanding, already making her presence known.

Lisa leaned over and whispered to them softly, "You've both got your mommy's fire and your dada's stubbornness. God help us all."

———

Later, in the private room, the chaos of labor had finally quieted down. Jennie was fast asleep, her face soft and peaceful against the pillow. The twins were wheeled in by the nurse, both bundled like tiny burritos, one sleeping soundly, the other fidgeting and making little noises like she had complaints already.

Lisa sat right in the middle of the couch between both grandmothers, cradling one baby in each arm like the proudest parent alive. Her parents hovered nearby, while Rosé and Jisoo leaned so close their noses were practically touching the blankets.

Lisa's dad chuckled warmly, pointing at the baby on Lisa's left. "This one looks exactly like Lisa—so calm, just staring like she's analyzing stocks."

Lisa puffed her chest proudly. "Takes after her Dada."

Rosé giggled, pointing at the other one who was scrunching her face up. "And this one? Oh my god. Definitely Jennie. Look at that glare! She just got here and she's already judging us."

Jisoo nodded seriously. "Yeah, she's not even one hour old and I already feel like I disappointed her."

Everyone burst out laughing. Even Lisa's mom shook her head. "Heaven help Lisa. You're about to live with two versions of Jennie."

Lisa, beaming, kissed each tiny forehead. "Lily," she whispered to the calm one. Then she turned to the fiery baby, who was wiggling like she wanted to escape. "And Jane."

The whole family hummed in approval, trying the names out loud. Rosé clasped her hands. "Lily and Jane Kim-Manoban. Ugh, they sound like K-drama leads already."

Lisa's dad teased, "Or a law firm. 'Call Lily and Jane, Attorneys at Law.'"

That set everyone off again, giggling until the twins squirmed at the noise.

Just then, Jennie stirred, groaning softly as she blinked awake. "Lili...?"

Lisa jumped up, carefully placing the babies in the bassinet before rushing to her side. "Nini, they're here. Meet Lily and Jane."

Jennie's tired eyes landed on the two tiny bundles. Her lips parted, and tears immediately spilled down her cheeks. "They're... perfect."

Lisa's own eyes shone as she kissed her forehead. "Just like their mommy."

The room went quiet for a moment, everyone giving the new mom space as Jennie reached out weakly. Lisa guided Lily into her arms, then Jane, making sure Jennie was supported.

Jennie sniffled, stroking their cheeks gently. "Two down... nine more to go. You still don't have your baby boy, Lili."

Lisa smirked mischievously. "Challenge accepted."

Jennie's head snapped toward her with an instant glare. "You dare. Then you give birth to the next nine babies, Lisa. See if you can handle it. No more from me."

Rosé nearly choked from laughing. "Nine more?! Lisa, you'll have a soccer team!"

Jisoo wagged her finger at Lisa. "Good luck convincing Jennie. I'm pretty sure this hospital remembers every curse word she screamed at you."

Lisa only leaned closer, grinning. "We'll see."

Jennie, too weak to properly fight, grabbed a pillow and threw it half-heartedly at her. Lisa dodged dramatically, hands up like she was under attack. "Assault! Someone save me!"

The entire room exploded in laughter, shaking their heads at the usual antics.

"Classic Jennie," Rosé said, wiping tears from her eyes.

"Classic Lisa," Jisoo added with a snort.

Lisa returned to the bed, sitting on the edge while brushing Jennie's damp hair back with careful fingers. She looked at her wife, her daughters, then at the family all crowding the room with nothing but love in their eyes. Her voice softened. "No matter what, we did it, Nini. We built our family."

Jennie, still exhausted but glowing, gave the faintest smile. "Yeah... we did."

And for once, the room full of noise and jokes went quiet again, everyone taking in the miracle of two tiny lives sleeping soundly.

Veintinueve

The hospital chaos was finally over. After two stormy little girls entered their world—Lily, the calm angel, and Jane, the fierce diva —Jennie and Lisa were back home.

Their first night as parents, though, was anything but peaceful.

———

2:00 AM.

Jane's cry shattered the silence like a fire alarm.

Lisa shot up straight from bed like a soldier under attack, hair messy, shirt half-off, and one sock missing. She glanced at Jennie, who was sprawled on her side, mouth slightly open, snoring softly.

"Of course," Lisa muttered, rubbing her face. "I get the alarm clock, and you get beauty sleep."

She leaned over the crib and scooped Jane into her arms. "Alright, baby Jane... Dada's here. What is it, huh? Hungry? Dirty diaper? Or you just wanna make sure I never sleep again?"

Jane screamed louder, kicking her tiny legs.

Jennie stirred from the bed, mumbling in a sleepy voice, "Lisa... turn her off..." before rolling over and tugging the blanket higher.

Lisa chuckled under her breath. "She's not a switch, Nini."

She rocked Jane slowly, whispering, "Shh, shh... it's okay, Dada's got you..." and just when Jane's cries softened—

Lily joined in.

Her little wail started soft but quickly built up, matching her sister like they'd been rehearsing for weeks.

Lisa froze. "Oh no. Don't—don't do this. Don't you dare start a duet."

Too late. Two tiny sirens filled the room, screaming in perfect harmony.

Lisa's eyes widened in panic. She looked at Jennie, still curled up. "Oh my god... they're plotting against me." She tried rocking both cribs with her foot while bouncing Jane, but it only made the cries louder.

"Jennie!" Lisa whisper-yelled, desperate. "Help! I'm outnumbered!"

Jennie groaned, lifting her head slowly, hair sticking up like a wild lion's mane. "What? What happened? Is the house on fire?"

Lisa stood in the middle of the room, holding Jane in one arm, awkwardly reaching into Lily's crib with the other. Her face was pure panic. "No! Your daughters are plotting my death!"

Jennie blinked blearily at her, then dropped back on the pillow. "Good. Let them. I need sleep."

"Jennie!" Lisa whined, bouncing both babies desperately.

Jennie peeked an eye open, lips twitching into a small tired smile. "Fine. Hand me Lily."

Lisa narrowed her eyes. "Of course. You pick Lily because she's easy. Jane's your mini-me, dramatic queen and all."

Jennie squinted at her, too tired but not missing the shade. "What did you say?"

"Nothing." Lisa shoved Lily into Jennie's arms quickly.

They both sat up on the bed now, each rocking a crying twin. Jennie cradled Lily close, swaying gently. "Shhh, mommy's here. What's wrong, baby girl? You hungry like me?"

Lisa snorted softly. "Hungry like you? Please. She's crying because you passed your dramatic genes down."

Jennie snapped her head toward Lisa with a deadly glare, even half-asleep. "Say that again and you're banned."

Lisa smirked. "Joke's on you—I'm already banned for at least eight weeks. Doctor's orders. No sex allowed until you fully heal."

Jennie's cheeks puffed, glaring harder. "Still your fault! You did this to me!"

Lisa tried to keep a straight face. "Correction: we did this. Together. Like a team."

Jennie pouted, rocking Lily, her voice dropping to a mutter. "No more babies, Lisa. Two is enough. No more. I don't wanna get pregnant again."

Lisa chuckled, still bouncing Jane who was now kicking like a kung fu master. "You say that now... but wait until they call me 'Dada' first. You'll wanna make another one just to beat me."

Jennie shot her the fiercest glare of the night. "Lisa. Shut up. Or I'll personally make sure there are never more babies."

Lisa raised a brow, teasing. "Ooooh, scary mommy mode. Jane, see? That's who you get your diva genes from."

Jennie smacked Lisa's leg with her free hand. "Focus on calming her down, not making jokes!"

Lisa yawned, rocking Jane desperately. "I'm trying! She just hates me. I think she wants me to suffer."

"Good," Jennie muttered. "Now you know how I felt being pregnant with them for nine months."

Lisa groaned, resting her head against Jane's. "Okay, fine. Fair."

The twins' cries slowly softened as Jennie hummed softly to Lily and Lisa walked in small circles with Jane. The room finally settled

into something almost peaceful.

Jennie's eyes fluttered shut as she whispered, "You know... this is just the first night. We're doomed."

Lisa glanced at her, smirking tiredly. "Yeah... but at least we're doomed together."

Jennie cracked a sleepy smile, leaning her head on Lisa's shoulder while still rocking Lily. "Mm. Together."

And just as silence returned—Jane suddenly let out another loud wail.

Lisa's jaw dropped. "ARE YOU KIDDING ME?!"

Jennie burst out laughing, too tired to care anymore. "Welcome to parenthood, Lili."

—

The following days blurred into an endless cycle of sleepless nights, diaper explosions, and bottles always on standby.

Lisa's family sometimes dropped by if they weren't too busy with work or away on business trips, and every weekend they made it a point to visit, ready to help however they could.

Jennie's mom was their real lifesaver. She guided them patiently—teaching Lisa how to swaddle properly without turning the babies into burritos, showing Jennie how to burp them without panic, and reminding them both that babies don't come with manuals. Even though they lived in the same house, Jennie and Lisa tried not to disturb her too much, only asking when they really needed guidance.

Those were the rare times the couple could finally breathe and actually rest—when the whole clan swooped in and took over twin duty.

———

One late afternoon, Lisa collapsed onto the couch, Jane lying across her chest, both of them looking equally exhausted.

Lisa groaned, rubbing her face. "I swear, this child is out to get me. She waits until I close my eyes, then—boom—instant crying."

Jennie dropped down beside her with Lily cradled in her arms, sighing just as dramatically. "That's your karma for putting me through labor. She's your payback wrapped in a blanket."

Lisa cracked a weak laugh. "If I had a womb, I'd take turns with you, I swear."

Jennie gave her a side-eye smirk. "Yeah? Then go ahead, Dr. CEO. Carry the next nine babies yourself."

Lisa tilted her head, pretending to think. "Hmm... tempting. But sadly, biology doesn't work that way. I can't get pregnant, so... it's all you, Nini." She smirked. "My job is just to keep giving you massages and feed you snacks while you do the heavy lifting."

Jennie narrowed her eyes at her, leaning against Lisa's shoulder. "As if. We are ending with these two. No more. Chaos times two is already hell enough."

Lisa chuckled, gently patting Jane's back. "We'll see... you never know. Maybe we'll get an addition someday."

Jennie whipped her head toward her with a death glare. "Shut up. Don't even joke. I don't want to suffer through labor ever again."

Lisa leaned in closer, whispering playfully, "But you looked so cute when you were screaming my name in the delivery room—"

Jennie smacked her arm instantly. "Lalisa! Don't you dare romanticize my pain."

Lisa burst out laughing, then winced when Jane stirred and almost started crying again. "Shh, shh, sorry baby! Mommy's scary when she's mad, right?"

Jennie crossed her arms. "Scary? I gave birth to your daughters.

Respect me."

Lisa grinned, reaching over to poke Jennie's cheek. "Yes, ma'am. Respectfully, you're hot when you're mad."

Jennie groaned and turned away, but Lisa caught the little smile tugging at her lips.

———

Suddenly, Lily let out a loud burp followed by a tiny spit-up that landed right on Jennie's shirt.

Jennie stared down in horror. "Oh my god. Did she just—"

Lisa burst out laughing so hard that Jane started fussing. "Pfft—welcome to motherhood, Nini babe. That's not spit-up, that's her love gift for you."

Jennie glared while blotting her shirt with a tissue. "Then you take it. You carry Lily."

"Nope," Lisa said quickly, bouncing Jane like a shield. "I'm already under Jane's contract. One baby per parent. No switching."

Jennie huffed, muttering. "Unfair."

Just then, Lisa's mom popped her head in from the kitchen. "What's going on? I heard screaming."

Lisa lifted Jane like a trophy. "She spit on Jennie!"

Jennie gave her the most tired glare. "She's a baby, not a llama!"

Her mom chuckled, walking in to scoop Lily from Jennie's arms. "Alright, hand her to grandma. You two need to rest."

Jennie slumped back against the couch, rubbing her face. "Rest? With these two? Impossible."

Lisa leaned her head back dramatically, closing her eyes. "At this point, I'd pay good money for a nap longer than twenty minutes."

Jennie smirked. "Should've thought of that before getting me pregnant, Dr. CEO."

Lisa cracked an eye open. "Correction: we got you pregnant. Don't blame only me."

Jennie turned to her slowly. "You. Did. This."

Lisa laughed nervously, kissing Jane's forehead. "Worth it."

Jennie sighed but leaned into her shoulder anyway. "You're lucky you're cute."

"Always," Lisa teased, resting her cheek against Jennie's head.

Jennie's mom just chuckled, shaking her head as she watched the two bicker like kids while Lisa kept teasing Jennie.

"Enough, you two," she said with a laugh. "Let me handle this. You both need to rest—you already look like zombies."

Lisa only grinned, too tired to argue. She was still on leave from work, determined to stay home until the twins got a little bigger and Jennie had fully recovered. CEO duties and on-call doctor life could wait—right now, her family came first.

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Two Months Later

Jennie had finally healed enough to move around comfortably again. The twins were slowly falling into some kind of routine (well... sort of, if crying at different times could be called a routine), and Lisa no longer looked like a complete zombie—just a half-zombie with better hair.

The next big thing? Their wedding.

With Rosé and Jisoo taking charge of the planning, Jennie and Lisa barely had to lift a finger, which was a blessing since most of their energy was spent on diapers, feeding bottles, and trying to sneak naps.

At the Manoban house, Rosé and Jisoo had transformed the dining table into a mini wedding headquarters. Folders, swatches, and sample menus were laid out neatly—or at least neatly in Rosé's section. Jisoo's side looked like a warzone of sticky notes.

Jisoo clapped her hands together like she was hosting a meeting. "Alright, brides, here's the deal. All you two have to do is show up. We've got the beach wedding booked in Jeju, ceremony at the Kai's Hotel. Perfect view, perfect spot, perfect everything."

Lisa leaned back in her chair, sighing in relief. "You two are actual lifesavers. Like, real MVPs."

Jennie squinted at them suspiciously, arms crossed. "Wait a second... Are you really planning our wedding or just living out your own secret dream weddings before?"

Rosé gasped dramatically, hand to her chest. "Excuse you! This is for you. But also, yes, maybe we are enjoying this a little too much."

Lisa snorted, squeezing Jennie's hand under the table. "I'm just glad we can actually focus on Lily and Jane instead of stressing about flowers and menus. Seriously, thanks, guys."

Jisoo grinned, leaning over the table. "No problem. Honestly, you should be thanking Rosé. She's been bossy about every single detail."

Rosé flicked Jisoo's arm. "Bossy? Excuse me, it's called being organized. Someone has to keep this chaos on track."

Lisa raised her brows, smirking. "Wow... she sounds exactly like Jennie."

Jennie turned her head slowly to Lisa, giving her the patented Kim Jennie death glare. "Excuse me?"

Lisa quickly lifted her hands. "I mean that in the most loving way possible, Nini."

Jisoo burst out laughing. "Oh my god, whipped."

Lisa groaned. "Shut up, unnie."

Jennie shook her head, but her lips twitched into a smile. "You're both clowns."

Rosé rolled her eyes, flipping through one of the folders. "Anyway, before the circus continues, let's focus. Food tasting is scheduled next week. You two just have to approve the menu."

Lisa perked up instantly. "Food tasting? Oh, I volunteer as tribute. I'll eat everything."

Jennie gave her a look. "Lisa, it's not a buffet for you. It's for the guests."

Lisa pouted dramatically. "But if I'm the bride, doesn't that make me the most important guest?"

Jisoo pointed at her. "You know what, I agree. Bride privileges include eating as much as you want."

Rosé groaned, dropping her pen. "You two are hopeless."

Lisa leaned toward Jennie, whispering loud enough for everyone to hear. "See, Nini? Even Jisoo agrees. I deserve unlimited cake."

Jennie shook her head, giggling softly. "You're unbelievable."

"Unbelievably in love with you," Lisa shot back with a grin, earning a groan from both Jisoo and Rosé.

"Okay, ew," Jisoo muttered, covering her face. "Can you two save the cheesy lines for the vows?"

Rosé sighed but smiled at the scene. "You know what? Forget it. As long as you two show up on the big day and don't start bickering over centerpieces, we'll handle everything else."

Lisa raised her hands like she was surrendering. "Deal. No bickering. I'll let Jennie win everything."

Jennie smirked. "Good answer."

Jisoo leaned back in her chair, pointing at Lisa. "Whipped. Totally whipped."

Lisa pointed right back at her. "Better whipped than single!"

The whole table burst into laughter, while the twins' soft coos from the crib nearby mixed right into the chaos of their little wedding planning session. In the living room, Rosé and Jisoo's kids were running around playing with their nannies, adding to the background noise. With Lisa's and Rosé's parents away on another business trip, it was just the four of them left alone with all the kids.

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The Wedding

The day finally arrived.

The Jeju shoreline was transformed into a dream. The beach sparkled under the afternoon sun—white sand stretching wide, the ocean breeze carrying the scent of salt mixed with blush roses. A wooden arch stood at the end of the aisle, draped with flowing white fabric, seashells and starfish woven into the garlands of pink and ivory flowers. Chairs were lined up on either side, but the guests sat barefoot, their shoes left in baskets by the entrance.

Soft music played from a string quartet—Rosé's idea, of course—while the crowd hushed in anticipation.

Lisa stood at the altar, hands fidgeting, heart pounding. Her suit was perfectly tailored, a soft cream color with a white shirt underneath. But her eyes weren't on the guests. They were locked down the aisle, waiting.

Then Jennie appeared.

She walked slowly, arm hooked with her mom's. Her lace gown shimmered in the golden sunlight, intricate embroidery catching the light with every step. The veil flowed softly behind her, brushing over the sand. She looked nervous, but radiant—like every dream Lisa ever had.

Lisa's mouth fell open. She actually forgot to breathe.

When Jennie finally reached her, Lisa whispered, unable to hold it back, "I think you just broke the world record for most beautiful woman ever."

Jennie blushed, rolling her eyes at her, whispering back, "Smooth talker."

Lisa grinned. "Not talk. Truth."

———

Jisoo, proudly officiating with a clipboard she barely used, cleared her throat. "Ahem. Welcome, everyone, to the most dramatic love story comeback in history. Today, we're not just witnessing a wedding—we're witnessing Jennie forgive Lisa for all her past sins."

The crowd laughed, and Jennie playfully smacked Lisa's arm. Lisa mouthed, "Worth it."

Jisoo smiled warmly then. "But in all seriousness, this isn't just a wedding. This is a family being celebrated. Two little girls are already part of this union, and today we're all here to witness their moms choose each other again."

Jennie's mom dabbed her eyes with a handkerchief. Lisa's cousins cheered. Rosé sniffled so loudly that Jisoo nudged her.

And then, it was time for the vows.

Lisa held Jennie's hands tightly, eyes shining. "Nini... from the first moment my eyes saw you, I knew I'd spend my life chasing you. And oh, did I chase. We had moments where I lost you, moments where fate pulled us apart for years. I even—" she winced, glancing at Jennie's mom, "—um, forced myself into your life once, out of jealousy, just so you'd be mine. I'll admit it. And I'm sorry for the way I did it, but... I never regretted it. Because that led us here."

Jennie gave her a teasing glare. "You're still in trouble for that."

Lisa grinned. "I know. I'll spend forever making it up to you. But now... I don't have to chase anymore. You're here. You're my wife. The mother of our daughters—and maybe more babies if I can convince you later—"

Jennie shook her head firmly, mouthing, *No way* .

Lisa laughed, then softened. "You're my best friend, my partner, my home. And I vow to keep annoying you, keep loving you, and keep making you laugh, until we're old and wrinkly and fighting over the TV remote."

The crowd laughed and sniffled all at once.

———

Jennie took a shaky breath, eyes glassy. "Lili... we've been through so much. We broke before. We were forced into marriage once, and I swore I would never regretted it... but look at us now. Here we are, standing on the beach, with our twins, with our families... and it feels like everything was leading to this moment."

Lisa squeezed her hands, whispering, "Don't make me cry before the kiss."

Jennie chuckled, then continued. "You're annoying. You're stubborn. You snore—loudly. You steal the blanket. And sometimes you tease me until I want to strangle you."

Lisa mouthed," *Sexy strangling?"* and Jennie smacked her arm. The guests laughed.

"But... you're also the person who makes me laugh when I want to cry. You gave me Lily and Jane—the best gifts of my life. You gave me a home, not just a house. And even when you drive me insane, I can't imagine a life without you. So today, I promise to keep loving you, even when you tease me, even when you test my patience, even when you're being dramatic. Because at the end of the day... you're my forever."

Lisa bit her lip, tears slipping down, while the guests erupted in applause.

———

Jisoo cleared her throat again, her voice teasing. "Okay, enough. By the power vested in me, by absolutely no government at all, I pronounce you officially, legally, and dramatically married—again. You may now kiss your very dramatic bride."

Lisa pulled Jennie in and kissed her under the flowered arch. The crowd went wild—cheering, laughing, a few even whistling like they were at a concert instead of a wedding. Rosé immediately broke down in tears, unable to stop herself. She'd seen just how badly Lisa had struggled after Jennie left her years ago, and now, to see her twin standing there grinning like the sun itself, married to Jennie—the woman she'd always loved—made her heart burst. And the best part? Their little "ruckus twins" were part of the story too. It felt like the happiest ending and a brand-new beginning all at once.

The twins, dressed in tiny white dresses, were lifted up by their grandmothers for the big moment—Jane letting out a giant yawn while Lily clapped her tiny hands right on cue, like their own personal cheer squad.

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The Reception

The celebration flowed right onto the sand. Lisa's cousin Kai had gone all out, transforming the hotel's beach banquet space into something out of a movie—fairy lights strung from palm tree to palm tree, lanterns swaying gently in the breeze, and long wooden tables piled high with seafood feasts, tropical fruit platters, and chilled champagne. The salty air mixed with the smell of grilled shrimp and roasted fish, and it made everyone's stomachs growl even before the buffet opened.

Shoes were forgotten in a corner; people danced barefoot on the sand, the ocean waves crashing nearby like the night's background music. Kids ran around chasing each other with glow sticks while the nannies tried to keep up.

Lisa tugged Jennie by the hand and pulled her onto the dance floor for their first dance. Their twins sat comfortably in their grandmas' laps, watching wide-eyed as their moms swayed under the twinkling fairy lights.

Jennie leaned her head against Lisa's chest with a sigh. "You realize we look like some cheesy romance drama right now."

Lisa smirked, spinning her slowly. "Good. I've always wanted to be the hot lead."

Jennie snorted. "Correction—you're the dork lead."

Lisa leaned in close, whispering, "Still got the girl, though." She stole a quick kiss on Jennie's forehead, grinning smugly.

Jennie narrowed her eyes. "You're lucky you're cute, Manoban. Otherwise, I'd push you into the ocean right now."

Lisa gasped dramatically, spinning her again. "Wow, my own wife wants to murder me on our wedding night? That has to be a record."

Jennie giggled. "Not murder—just a little splash. You need cooling off."

"Try it and I'll drag you in with me," Lisa teased, tightening her hold.

Jennie raised a brow. "You wouldn't dare."

Lisa smirked. "Oh, you know I would."

Before Jennie could retort, Jisoo's voice cut through the speakers. She had snatched up the microphone, cheeks already red from wine.

"Okay, okay! Everyone shut up for a sec—speeches!" she announced, waving dramatically. "I just have to say this: Jennie... you deserve a medal for putting up with Lisa's annoying ass for this long."

The whole crowd roared with laughter.

Lisa groaned and picked up a bread roll from the table, aiming it at Jisoo. "Yah! I'll ban you from the open bar!"

Jisoo dodged with ninja-level reflexes. "Ha! Missed me!" Then she grinned, her tone softening. "But seriously, you two... watching you now, it feels like the ending of a K-drama where everything finally

works out. Jennie, you brought Lisa back to life. And Lisa—don't mess this up, okay? Or I'll personally haunt you."

The crowd "oooh'd," clapping and laughing.

Rosé quickly snatched the mic out of her wife's hands, shaking her head with a dramatic sigh. "Aigoo, give me that, you clown," she muttered, rolling her eyes. Then she smiled warmly at the couple. "Okay, my turn. Lisa, you did good—no, you did perfect—for choosing your TOTGA... your 'the one that got away.' You two were always meant to circle back to each other. Even after years apart, here you are—back in each other's arms, stronger than ever."

She turned to Jennie, pointing at her with the mic. "Jennie, please, I beg you—be patient with my annoying twin. She's stubborn, she talks too much, and she'll probably try to boss you around forever."

Lisa immediately shouted across the table, "Yah! She's more bossy than me!"

The crowd burst out laughing. Jennie smacked Lisa's shoulder with a glare. "Don't embarrass me in front of everyone."

Lisa rubbed her shoulder, grinning. "See that? Proof! She's the bossy one!"

Everyone laughed louder, and Jennie's glare only got sharper. "Keep talking and you'll sleep outside tonight, Mrs. Manoban."

"Oooohhh," the crowd teased, while Lisa quickly raised her hands in surrender, but her smirk gave her away.

Rosé chuckled at the chaos and shook her head. "Exactly my point. She'll never stop teasing, Jennie, so please—stay strong." Then her voice softened. "But thank you—for loving her, for choosing her again, even after everything. Be strong and stick together till the very end. You both deserve this happiness."

The crowd let out a collective "aww," clapping as Jennie and Lisa exchanged a soft look that said it all.

Rosé paused, then added with a mischievous grin, "Also, side note—

the twins are way cuter than both of you combined. So, please, hurry up and make more babies. I want a full soccer team of mini Lisa-and-Jennies running around soon."

The whole place exploded with laughter, whistles, and claps.

Lisa whooped, clapping and nodding. "Hear that, Nini? More babies!"

Jennie shot her a death glare. "Yah! Don't encourage her!"

Rosé cackled, handing the mic back. Jennie smacked Lisa's arm, while Lisa just laughed and whispered, "What? I like the idea."

Their moms were next, standing side by side, each holding one of the twins. Jennie's mom spoke first. "I'm just so proud of you both. Jennie, my daughter, you've been through so much... and Lisa, you've taken care of her with everything you have. You two... you're proof that love can be tested and still come back stronger. And these little angels—" she lifted Jane's tiny hand—"are living proof of that love."

Lisa's mom wiped at her eyes before taking the mic. "Jennie, I know I tease Lisa all the time, but I want you to know—you're the best thing that ever happened to her. You balance her crazy, you ground her. And Lisa, Lali, I'm proud of you. You've built a family full of love. That's all a mother could ask for."

The crowd clapped warmly, and Jennie and Lisa hugged their moms tightly, the twins squirming between them.

After both moms gave their sweet and emotional speeches, the mic was passed over to Lisa's dad. He stood up slowly, straightening his blazer, and cleared his throat dramatically.

"Alright, my turn before everyone here gets drunk on champagne and wine," he said, earning a few chuckles from the crowd. He looked at Jennie and Lisa, his eyes softening. "First of all, to my daughter... Lisa, I've watched you grow from that little tomboy running around with scraped knees to this strong, stubborn, but kindhearted woman standing here today. You've made me proud so

many times, but today... this one tops it all. You didn't just choose a partner—you chose family."

Lisa's smile wavered, her eyes already glassy. "Dad..." she whispered, hiding her face in Jennie's shoulder.

Her dad chuckled. "Yah, don't cry yet! I'm not finished." He turned to Jennie, his voice firm but warm. "And Jennie... thank you. Thank you for loving my daughter, for accepting her for who she is, and for giving her two beautiful daughters who will probably gang up on her someday."

The crowd laughed, and Lisa groaned playfully. "They already do, Daddd!"

Her dad grinned. "Good. That's what you get." Then he softened again. "In all seriousness, Jennie... you're my daughter now too. And I couldn't be more grateful. I can see how much you love each other. And love like that? It's rare. So promise me one thing—you two stick together no matter what. Because when life gets tough—and it will—you'll need to remember this moment, this love, and this family around you."

The crowd clapped warmly, a few sniffles echoing through the tables. Lisa's dad raised his glass. "To Lisa and Jennie—may your love be louder than your fights, may your laughter drown out your worries, and may your twins let you sleep at least once in a while!"

Everyone laughed and raised their glasses, while Lisa leaned toward Jennie and whispered, "Dad really had to remind the twins in the middle of his speech, huh?"

Jennie giggled softly. "Because he knows you'll be their favorite toy forever."

Lisa groaned, but she was smiling ear to ear.

As the night went on, the party only got livelier. Guests stuffed themselves with grilled lobster, fresh oysters, and mango sticky rice. The younger crowd danced barefoot in the sand while the older guests sipped champagne, laughing under the lantern glow.

At one point, Jennie caught Lisa sneaking an extra dessert plate. "Yah, that's your fifth slice of cake!"

Lisa stuffed a forkful of strawberry shortcake into her mouth and mumbled, "Shhh, I'm stress-eating from being married to you."

Jennie laughed, stealing the fork from her. "Fine, then I'll stress-eat with you."

Later that night, the sky lit up with fireworks—bursts of gold and pink reflecting off the waves. Everyone clapped and cheered, the kids screaming excitedly as they pointed to the sky.

Jennie leaned into Lisa's side, slipping her arm around her waist. "This really is our dream wedding," she whispered, eyes shining as the colors danced across the water.

Lisa kissed her hair, pulling her closer. "Better," she said softly. "Because it's real."

Jennie tilted her head up to look at her. "Cheesy."

Lisa smirked. "You married me. You signed up for this."

Jennie sighed dramatically. "Regrets already."

Lisa gasped, pretending to pout. "Take it back or no honeymoon!"

Jennie giggled, kissing her cheek. "Fine, fine. No regrets... except maybe the cake being gone."

Lisa laughed, squeezing her tighter as the last firework lit up the night sky, marking the perfect end to their perfect day.

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Honeymoon

They didn't fly anywhere fancy. Instead, they left the twins with Jennie's mom and Lisa's parents just for one night—just one night to breathe, to be only them again.

Inside the hotel penthouse, Jennie slipped off her heels with a sigh. "Finally. Alone."

Lisa came up behind her, arms circling her waist, her chin resting on her shoulder. "I missed you, Mrs. Manoban."

Jennie smirked, turning in her arms. "You literally saw me this morning."

"Not like this," Lisa whispered, kissing her slowly, deeply, like she had been holding back for months.

Jennie's lips curved against hers. She pushed Lisa down onto the bed and straddled her. "You owe me for the pain you put me through."

Lisa chuckled, flipping her gently onto her back. "Then let me make it up to you... all night."

Their kisses deepened until Jennie was breathless, her body already trembling with need. Lisa slid her hand under Jennie's shirt, fingers brushing over her belly before moving up to her chest. She cupped her, thumb grazing over sensitive skin, making Jennie gasp softly.

When Lisa tugged her dress over her head and tossed it aside, Jennie instinctively crossed her arms over her chest.

"Nini," Lisa said gently, pulling her arms away. "Don't hide yourself from me."

Jennie looked away, embarrassed. "We haven't... done this in a while. I just gave birth three months ago, Lili. I feel... insecure. My body isn't the same."

Lisa's heart softened. She tilted Jennie's chin up and kissed her nose. "Nini Baby, you gave me the most beautiful gift in the world—our twins. You're more than perfect. You're sexy, strong, and the most gorgeous woman I've ever seen."

Jennie bit her lip, and Lisa groaned. "And stop doing that. You know what it does to me."

Before Jennie could protest, Lisa kissed her again—deep, desperate—then moved to her neck, tracing slow kisses down her collarbone. Jennie shivered, her hands tangling in Lisa's hair.

When Lisa's mouth found her breast, Jennie gasped, arching off the bed.

"Li... Liliii..." her voice cracked between moans.

Lisa teased her until Jennie was trembling, before trailing kisses down her belly. She looked up—Jennie's eyes were closed, her cheeks flushed, lips parted.

Lisa moved back up to kiss her lips again, whispering, "I've missed you so much."

Her hand slid down Jennie's thigh, stroking gently until she reached the edge of her panties. She rubbed slowly over the fabric, teasing.

"Lili..." Jennie whimpered.

"It's okay, baby. Just let me take care of you."

But when Lisa tried to slip her hand under, Jennie caught her wrist. "Wait."

Lisa froze. "What's wrong, Nini?"

Jennie swallowed hard, her eyes flickering with nerves. "It's been so long. I'm scared."

Lisa kissed her forehead softly. "Tell me what you want, baby."

Jennie's voice was shaky, but honest. "You. I just... I want to feel you inside me again."

Lisa smiled tenderly, brushing her thumb along Jennie's cheek. "Then that's exactly what I'll give you."

Jennie hesitated before helping Lisa tug her boxers down. Her eyes widened. "God, I'll never get used to how... big you are."

Lisa chuckled. "Hey, we already made twins out of this. And you're still amazed?"

Jennie rolled her eyes but laughed breathlessly.

Lisa guided Jennie's hand to her length. "Feel it, babe. Hard... all because of you."

Jennie blushed, cheeks hot. "Really? That fast?"

"Nini Baby," Lisa smirked, leaning close, "I've been starving for you for months."

She pulled Jennie's panties down slowly, teasing her until Jennie whimpered in impatience. When Lisa finally slid a finger inside, Jennie's body arched.

"You're so ready for me," Lisa whispered.

Jennie nodded, breathless. "Please... just put it in already."

Lisa kissed her softly. "I'll be gentle, I promise." She laced their fingers together, pinning Jennie's hands above her head. "Eyes on me, baby."

Jennie nodded nervously. Lisa lined herself up and eased inside, slow and careful.

Jennie gasped loudly, biting her lip. "Ahh, oh my god..."

"Are you okay?" Lisa whispered, pausing immediately.

Jennie nodded quickly, eyes squeezed shut. "Y-yeah... just... keep going."

Lisa started moving slowly, letting Jennie adjust. Soon, Jennie's soft moans filled the room.

"Ahh, yes... Lili..."

"God, Nini," Lisa groaned, kissing her deeply, "you feel so good. So tight."

Their bodies moved together, finding a rhythm that felt like home. Jennie clung to her, nails digging into her back, their lips colliding between gasps and moans.

"Lili... I'm—ahhh—I'm close..."

"Me too, baby. Let go for me."

Jennie cried out, her body trembling as she reached her climax. Lisa followed right after, groaning her name as she spilled inside her.

They collapsed together, sweaty, breathless, their foreheads pressed tight.

"Wow," Jennie whispered with a dazed smile. "That was... amazing."

Lisa kissed her temple. "Best thing I've felt in a long time."

"I missed this... I missed you," Jennie murmured.

"I'm not going anywhere," Lisa promised, brushing her hair back. "I love you, Nini."

Jennie smiled softly. "I love you too, Lili."

But they didn't stop after once. After weeks of exhaustion, of putting the twins first and themselves second, they poured every ounce of longing into each touch, each kiss.

Hours later, Jennie was curled against Lisa, still full of her, their bodies tangled together, unwilling to separate.

Jennie murmured sleepily, "You're heavy."

Lisa kissed her hair, whispering, "Then don't let me go."

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By morning, they woke up tangled again, kissing and laughing before they even opened their eyes.

Jennie groaned, hiding her face in the pillow. "You're insatiable."

Lisa chuckled, nipping her ear. "Blame yourself. You married me."

Jennie smirked lazily. "Guess I did. No regrets though. I need a shower."

"I'll join you."

"What? Seriously?"

"Why not? I'd love to shower with you," Lisa grinned.

Jennie groaned. "But Lili, I want my peaceful bath..."

"Come on, it'll be fun, Nini."

Lisa climbed out of bed, came around to Jennie's side, and held out her hand. Jennie took it reluctantly but was already smiling as they walked toward the bathroom. Lisa kissed her softly before moving to turn on the water. She came back, slipped her arms around Jennie's waist, and whispered against her ear, "God, you're so damn beautiful. I love you, Nini. So much."

"I love you too," Jennie murmured.

The bathroom was already warming up, steam curling through the air. They stepped into the shower together, the hot water cascading over them, making everything feel even hotter, the air thick with steam, soap, and the faint musky scent of them. Lisa grabbed the soap, lathering Jennie from head to toe, kissing her skin as the suds rinsed away. She trailed kisses down Jennie's neck, and Jennie let out a soft moan.

Lisa smiled against her skin, pressing Jennie gently back against the shower wall. One hand cupped her breast, thumb circling slowly, the other sliding lower between her thighs. "Nini... you're already so wet."

"Lisaaa... ahhh..."

"Feel good?"

"Yes..." Jennie's breath hitched.

Lisa slipped a finger inside, slow at first. Jennie gasped, clutching at her shoulders. "Liliiii!"

Lisa leaned her forehead to hers, the spray of the shower hitting her back, steam fogging up the mirror. She kissed down from Jennie's lips to her nipple, licking and gently biting until Jennie's soft moans filled the space.

"Liliii... ahhh!"

Lisa slid her finger back in, feeling how tight she was. "Nini... you're still so damn tight, even after the twins..."

Jennie's eyes fluttered. "Lisaaa—"

Lisa pulled her finger out, lined herself up, and pushed inside her in one slow, deep motion.

"Lisa! At least warn me!" Jennie squealed, half annoyed, half breathless.

"I've got you, Nini. It's okay," Lisa murmured, kissing her lips. She moved slowly, deliberately, each thrust pressing Jennie deeper into the wall.

"Lili... please... go... a little... faster..."

"Not yet, Nini. I like this pace. Slow. Steady. I want you to feel me."

She kissed her softly, hands roaming over Jennie's wet skin, pinching, squeezing, exploring every inch. "I love you so much," she

whispered against her nipple, tongue circling.

"Lisaaa... please faster!"

Lisa finally pulled out slightly, then pushed back in harder, again and again, each thrust stronger than the last. "Jennie... oh, Nini... you feel so damn good," she panted.

That last thrust tipped Jennie over the edge. "Oh ahhhmmmnn, Lisaaa!"

"Yes, Nini... let go..." Lisa groaned, slamming back into her one more time, their bodies slick and trembling as Jennie cried out, shaking with release. Lisa gave a final deep thrust, shuddering as she came too, sighing and leaning her forehead against hers.

"Wow, Lili..." Jennie whispered, still breathless.

"I love you, Lili."

"I love you more, Nini," Lisa said with a tired smile.

They stayed under the water for a bit, washing off together before heading back to bed.

They stayed wrapped up until almost noon, only dragging themselves out because they knew Lily and Jane were waiting at home.

Lisa held her close, kissing her hair. "One night wasn't enough."

Jennie smiled sleepily. "Good. That means you'll keep chasing me forever."

Lisa kissed her again. "Forever, Nini. Always."

Treinta Y Dos

After their honeymoon night of finally reconnecting, Jennie and Lisa slipped back into their chaotic new-normal life—with two tiny bosses named Lily and Jane running the household.

Lisa had two weeks left before she had to return to her CEO chair, and she was soaking up every single second with her little family.

"Good morning, my three favorite girls," Lisa said as she peeked into the nursery, hair messy and still wearing her oversized shirt.

Jennie, already awake, was sitting cross-legged on the couch with a baby bottle in one hand and her phone in the other. "Morning? It's already eleven, Dada. You slept through their 5 A.M. duet concert," she said dryly, glaring at her wife with tired eyes.

Lisa grinned and leaned down to kiss her cheek. "Hey, I took the 2 A.M. shift! You and I both know Jane's scream could summon ghosts."

Jennie rolled her eyes but smiled. "You're lucky you're cute." She held up the baby bottle. "Wanna earn more points? Lily's still hungry, and I'm already tired."

Lisa quickly scooped up their smaller twin, Lily, who was already kicking and making cute gurgling noises. "Good morning, princess. Hungry again? You're just like your mommy."

Jennie raised a brow at her. "Excuse me?"

Lisa laughed, rocking Lily gently in her arms. "Always craving for something," she teased, throwing in a playful wink.

Jennie rolled her eyes and grabbed a pillow, tossing it straight at her. "You're so annoying, Manoban."

Lisa laughed and dodged the pillow effortlessly. "You married me, Mrs. Manoban. No refunds."

"Trust me, I've checked the return policy," Jennie teased back, finally smiling as she watched her wife feed Lily.

Moments like that—the laughter, the teasing, the quiet between the chaos—were what kept them sane.

———

Later that afternoon, Lisa tried to work on her laptop while Jennie lounged beside her on the couch, Lily and Jane asleep in their bassinets.

"Can you believe it's almost five months since I left the office?" Lisa murmured, typing something halfheartedly.

"Five peaceful months," Jennie said, resting her head on Lisa's shoulder. "No stress, no meetings, no secretaries flirting with you."

Lisa froze mid-type. "Wait—what?"

Jennie smirked without looking up. "You heard me. Don't 'what' me."

Lisa laughed nervously. "Nini, no one was flirting with me."

"Mm-hmm." Jennie squinted at her. "I saw how that intern looked at you before your maternity leave."

"Oh my god, Jennie," Lisa groaned. "She looked at everyone. She was probably trying to remember names."

"She didn't look at me like that," Jennie replied with a pout, folding her arms.

Lisa chuckled, wrapping an arm around her. "Because you look like the boss. No one dares to make eye contact with you. You're scary when you're jealous."

Jennie smirked. "Good. Keeps everyone away from my wife."

Lisa kissed her forehead. "You're unbelievable, you know that?"

"Yeah," Jennie said smugly, snuggling closer. "But you love me anyway."

Lisa couldn't argue with that.

———

When the twins woke up, chaos began all over again. Lily started crying first, followed by Jane in perfect harmony. Jennie groaned. "Here we go again, concert part two."

Lisa stood up and stretched. "Okay, okay, Dada's coming."

"Dada Lisa to the rescue," Jennie teased as she watched her wife awkwardly try to calm both babies at once. "You sure you got this?"

"I was born ready," Lisa said confidently, bouncing Lily while trying to reach for Jane's pacifier with her foot.

Jennie burst out laughing. "Oh my god, you look like a circus act."

"Shh," Lisa hissed playfully. "You'll wake the dragons."

"They're already awake, Dada Lili," Jennie said, standing to help her. "Here—give me Jane. You're gonna pull a muscle trying to multitask with your toes."

Lisa handed Jane over, still chuckling. "I swear, these two are plotting against us."

Jennie smiled softly as she cradled Jane. "Maybe. But they're our chaos."

Lisa grinned. "Yeah. The cutest chaos ever."

They finally managed to calm both twins, and for a rare few minutes, the house went quiet. Jennie leaned back against Lisa, exhausted but content.

Lisa nuzzled her cheek. "You know... I'm gonna miss this when I go

back to work."

Jennie sighed, looking at her. "Then don't go yet."

Lisa smiled sadly. "You know I have to, Mommy. But only two more weeks. Then I'll be home every night to help you."

Jennie pouted. "Promise?"

Lisa raised her pinky. "Promise. CEO by day, diaper expert by night."

Jennie laughed softly, linking their pinkies. "You're such a dork."

Lisa leaned closer, whispering, "But your dork."

"Yeah," Jennie murmured, smiling tiredly. "My dork."

———

By midnight, both babies were asleep, finally giving the couple a break. Lisa collapsed beside Jennie on the bed, arm draped lazily over her waist.

Jennie glanced at her with a smirk. "You look exhausted, Dada."

Lisa groaned. "That's because I am exhausted. They tag-team me all night Mommy."

Jennie chuckled softly, turning to face her. "But you're doing great, Lili. I'm proud of you."

Lisa's eyes softened. "Hey... don't make me cry now, Nini. You're the one who carried them for nine months. I just... follow orders and change diapers."

Jennie giggled and brushed her fingers through Lisa's hair. "And I'm glad you're mine."

Lisa smiled sleepily. "Always, Mrs. Manoban."

As they drifted off, the nursery monitor crackled—and a soft baby cry echoed through the room.

Lisa's eyes flew open. "Oh no."

Jennie groaned, pulling the blanket over her head. "Your turn, Dada..."

Lisa sighed dramatically but smiled anyway as she rolled out of bed. "Yes, Mommy. Dada on duty."

—

Another morning with their twins was, as usual, loud and messy—but in the most adorable way possible. Lisa was sitting cross-legged on the floor, her once-perfect Doctor/CEO hair now a total disaster, playing peek-a-boo with Lily while trying to survive Jane's tiny hands aggressively tugging on her ponytail.

"Boo!" Lisa laughed, hiding behind her hands then popping out, making Lily giggle and squeal in excitement. But before she could celebrate her success, Jane yanked her hair again with a tiny growl. "Ow—Jane, baby, please, this is not a stress toy!"

From the doorway, Jennie leaned against the frame with her arms crossed, holding two milk bottles, watching the chaos with amusement. "Wow," she said with a teasing grin. "Look at our hot Dr. CEO being defeated by her employees."

Lisa looked up, eyes half-pleading, half-laughing, her hair sticking in five different directions. "Correction: not employees—tiny, ruthless dictators. And the worst part? They don't even pay me."

Jennie walked closer, laughing. "Oh, they pay you plenty. You just got paid with spit-up, drool, poop, pee, and a brand-new hairstyle—courtesy of Jane."

Lisa let out a dramatic sigh, gently prying Jane's fingers from her hair. "Yeah, your daughter is savage."

Jennie raised an eyebrow, smirking. "My daughter? Excuse me, Dada Manoban, you were the one who begged for a baby, remember? Now look at you—being terrorized by your own little clones."

Lisa grinned, finally managing to get Jane to settle on her lap. "And I'd still want more all over again," she said with a cheeky wink. "I haven't had my boy yet—the next Manoban heir, the next CEO. But I love these two princesses, even if they team up against me like mini gang leaders."

Jennie rolled her eyes, though the smile on her face betrayed her affection. "These two are enough, Lisa. I'm not going through that again—the swollen feet, the cravings, the pain—no thank you."

Lisa scooted closer, leaning her head against Jennie's thigh while still holding Jane. "Aww, come on, Mrs. Manoban. You were glowing. Everyone said you looked like a goddess when you were pregnant."

Jennie snorted. "A goddess who threw up every morning and wanted to strangle you every night? Sure, goddess."

Lisa laughed, handing Jane over as she reached for Lily's bottle. "Admit it, though... you kind of miss it."

Jennie gave her a flat stare. "Not even close. I miss sleeping, eating in peace, and taking a shower without someone screaming for me every five seconds."

Lisa smirked. "So you miss me, then."

Jennie rolled her eyes again but sat beside her on the floor, handing Lily her bottle. "Don't push it, Dr. CEO Manoban. You're lucky I still find you cute after the torture you put me through."

Lisa chuckled, leaning in to kiss her cheek. "You love the torture. That's why you married me."

Jennie smirked, side-eyeing her. "You're so full of yourself."

Lisa grinned wider. "And yet, here you are—watching me get beaten up by our daughters and still smiling."

Jennie shook her head, laughing softly. "You're ridiculous."

Lisa reached up, brushing a strand of Jennie's hair aside. "And you

love me for it."

Jennie pretended to think. "Hmm... debatable."

Lisa gasped dramatically. "Wow. After everything? The sleepless nights, the diaper explosions I bravely handled—"

Jennie cut her off, giggling. "Handled? You screamed for me the last time Lily peed on you."

Lisa laughed so hard she almost dropped Jane. "Okay, fair. But still! I'm trying here."

Jennie smiled, leaning closer to her wife and pressing a quick kiss to her temple. "You're doing amazing, Lili."

Lisa smiled back, eyes softening as both babies started to settle down. "We both are."

Then, of course, Lily let out a tiny squeal—and Jane followed, starting another round of chaos.

Lisa sighed, looking up at Jennie with mock seriousness. "So... about that third baby—"

Jennie immediately shot her a glare. "Don't even start, Lisa Manoban."

Lisa grinned mischievously. "We'll see, Jennie Manoban."

Jennie narrowed her eyes, shaking her head with a smile. "You're impossible."

Lisa winked. "And yet, still your favorite person."

Jennie snorted. "For now."

And just like that, the twins started crying in unison—because peace, in the Manoban household, lasted exactly thirty seconds.

—

For weeks, Lisa stayed home—doing everything from late-night

feedings, diaper duty, and bottle sterilizing to lullaby concerts at 3 a.m. She was the hands-on "Dada" everyone adored, especially Jennie, who finally got to catch small naps in between chaos. But eventually, those two blissful, messy, sleepless weeks came to an end.

It was time for Lisa to go back to the office.

Early that morning, Lisa was getting dressed in front of the mirror, fixing her hair and buttoning her crisp white blouse. Jennie sat on the edge of the bed, hair messy, wearing Lisa's oversized shirt, watching her wife like a clingy cat who didn't want her human leaving.

"You're really leaving me alone with two?" Jennie asked in a pouty tone, hugging a pillow like a sulking kid.

Lisa smiled softly, turning to her. "I'm not leaving you alone, Nini. You literally have backup—our moms, Rosé, Jisoo and our maids. They're all fighting over who gets to babysit first."

Jennie crossed her arms. "Yeah, but they're not you."

Lisa chuckled, kneeling down in front of her. "I'll be home by dinner, I promise."

Jennie gave her a suspicious look. "You better be. If I see you smiling too much at someone in the office, I swear—"

Lisa interrupted, laughing nervously. "Jennie, you do realize my employees are terrified of you, right? They don't even look at me too long because they don't want to get death-glared."

Jennie smirked, clearly satisfied. "Good. That means the system is working."

Lisa raised an eyebrow. "System? Nini, this isn't a dictatorship—it's a company."

Jennie grinned, leaning closer. "Then I'm the first lady of the company. Meaning everyone should know their boundaries."

Lisa laughed, shaking her head. "You're unbelievable."

Jennie stood and looped her arms around Lisa's neck, swaying her gently. "I just don't like sharing my wife. Is that a crime?"

Lisa smiled, holding her close. "If it is, you'd be serving a life sentence already."

Jennie playfully smacked her arm. "You're making fun of me."

"Never," Lisa said with mock seriousness, but her grin betrayed her. "I love jealous Jennie. She's kind of hot."

Jennie pulled back and squinted. "You like it when I'm jealous?"

Lisa shrugged. "A little. You're cute when you're territorial. Like a tiny kitten hissing at anyone who gets too close."

Jennie gasped. "Did you just call me a cat?"

Lisa chuckled. "A very adorable, slightly violent one."

Jennie's jaw dropped in disbelief. "Slightly violent?! I gave birth to your twins, Manoban!"

Lisa laughed and kissed her cheek. "And I love you for it, mama bear. But I have to go—board meeting starts in an hour."

Jennie pouted again, wrapping her arms around Lisa's waist. "Fine, but don't stay late. And send me pictures when you get to the office."

Lisa smiled. "Pictures? Of what?"

"Your face. I'll know if you're smiling too wide. That means someone's there."

Lisa chuckled, shaking her head. "You're insane."

Jennie kissed her softly. "And yet, you married me."

Lisa smirked. "Best decision of my life."

Jennie raised an eyebrow, testing her. "Even if I text you every hour?"

"I'd still pick you," Lisa replied instantly, kissing her forehead again.

Jennie smiled proudly, but before Lisa could grab her bag, she added, "But seriously, if I find out someone's been flirting with you, I'll march there with both twins strapped to my chest. I'll make it a family confrontation."

Lisa burst out laughing. "Oh my God, you're insane."

Jennie grinned. "No, I'm in love. There's a difference."

Lisa shook her head, laughing as she walked toward the door. "Okay, my jealous queen, I'll text you when I get there, alright?"

Jennie pointed a finger. "Video call, not text."

Lisa playfully saluted. "Yes, ma'am."

Jennie smirked in victory. "Good. System maintained."

Lisa laughed again as she stepped out the door. "I swear, Nini, I run a company—but at home, you're the real boss."

From the doorway, Jennie called out proudly, "Exactly! Don't forget that, Dr. CEO Manoban!"

And with that, Lisa left—already missing her wife's clingy chaos before she even reached the car.

Treinta Y Tres

Lisa had been back as CEO for two weeks now. The company was running perfectly fine, thanks to her parents stepping in and Rosé making sure every project stayed on track while Lisa was on leave. Everything at work was smooth, calm, professional—no chaos, no drama.

But at home?

Whole different story.

Jennie had gone full-blown jealous, clingy, possessive wife again.

It started subtly. She'd text Lisa every hour—"Where are you?" "Who are you with?" "Send selfie."—like a tracking device with emotional damage. Then, she started showing up at the office with the twins, pretending to "check in" on Lisa.

But everyone knew the truth.

She was doing territorial inspection rounds.

Lisa would be in a meeting when the door would suddenly open and there was Jennie—hair tied up in a messy bun, one twin in her arms and the other strapped to her chest, giving the staff her signature "smile-that's-not-really-a-smile."

"Hi everyone," Jennie would say sweetly. "Just dropping by to see my wife."

Every female employee within a five-meter radius would immediately scatter.

Lisa, caught between pride and panic, would stand up and say, "Nini, what are you doing here? You could've called."

Jennie would tilt her head, smile faintly, and go, "Oh, I was just bored at home. You know... missing you. Making sure no one's

trying to flirt with you or anything."

The poor interns looked like they wanted to quit on the spot.

Lisa tried to laugh it off, but deep down, she was sweating. "Nini, I love that you trust me—"

Jennie cut her off. "Oh, I trust you. I just don't trust them."

Everyone nodded silently, terrified. Even Rosé texted Lisa later that day, "Sis, your wife scared the HR team into behaving. I think productivity went up by 30%."

But at home, the chaos didn't stop there.

At night, Jennie turned into a clingy baby koala. If Lisa moved even an inch away from her in bed, she'd instantly pull her back.

"Where are you going?" she'd mumble half-asleep, still clutching Lisa's shirt.

"Bathroom, Nini," Lisa whispered, half laughing.

"Don't take too long," Jennie mumbled, "or I'll follow you."

Lisa sighed lovingly, stroking her hair. "You're worse than the twins."

Jennie peeked one eye open. "They got it from me."

Lisa chuckled softly. "No argument there."

She tried to stay patient, but it didn't take long before she noticed something... familiar.

Mood swings. Random cravings. Jennie getting emotional over commercials. Crying because her ice cream melted, then yelling at Lisa for laughing about it.

It was all too familiar.

Then one night, around 3 A.M., Lisa was watching late-night reruns while Jennie, who had just eaten ramen an hour ago, suddenly sat

up in bed.

"Lisa," she whispered dramatically.

Lisa blinked sleepily. "Hmm?"

"I want pizza."

Lisa sat up. "Now? You literally just ate."

Jennie turned to her with a serious expression. "I want pizza now, Lisa. With extra cheese. And pineapple."

Lisa stared at her. "You seriously hate pizza and pineapple."

Jennie frowned. "No, I don't."

"Yes, you do. You called it 'a crime against humanity' last week."

Jennie squinted at her. "Are you calling me a liar?"

Lisa froze, eyes wide. "No! Of course not. Pineapple pizza—coming right up."

As she got out of bed to make the order, Jennie crossed her arms and muttered, "You're too slow. Maybe I'll just cook it myself."

Lisa turned around, horrified. "Absolutely not! You sit. You rest. You're not going near the kitchen."

Jennie sighed dramatically, sinking back into the pillows. "Fine. But hurry."

Lisa quickly placed an order online and came back to bed, rubbing her temples. "Okay, pizza will be here in 20 minutes."

Jennie smiled triumphantly. "Good."

Twenty minutes later, she was happily munching a slice in bed while Lisa watched her like she was studying a new species.

Lisa narrowed her eyes. "Nini..."

Jennie hummed, mid-bite. "What?"

Lisa tilted her head. "You've been craving weird food again. You cry over baby videos. You've been extra clingy. And your mood swings —"

Jennie's eyes snapped up. "Are you saying I'm moody?"

Lisa's soul left her body. "N-No! No, no, no! You're perfect! Gorgeous! Angel! My goddess!"

Jennie raised an eyebrow and took another dramatic bite. "You better remember that."

Lisa nodded rapidly. "I will. I swear. Written in blood if you want."

Jennie smirked, chewing slowly. "Good. Now pass me the chili flakes."

Lisa obediently handed it over, watching her wife drizzle way too much on her pizza.

As Jennie ate happily, Lisa's mind was racing. Oh no. This is familiar. Too familiar.

She did a quick mental flashback: the cravings, the clinginess, the mood swings... the last time this happened, they ended up with twins.

Lisa gulped. "Oh no," she whispered under her breath.

Jennie glanced up. "What?"

"Nothing," Lisa said quickly, forcing a smile. "Just... admiring how beautiful you look while eating at 3 A.M."

Jennie smiled smugly. "I know. I'm glowing, huh?"

Lisa let out a nervous laugh. *"Yeah... glowing. Like a pregnant woman,"* she thought to herself.

And as Jennie continued eating her pineapple-chili pizza happily,

Lisa sat frozen beside her, thinking one thing and one thing only—

She's pregnant. She's totally pregnant.

And I'm so dead.

—

Lisa lay there in the dark, Jennie snuggled up against her chest, sleeping peacefully like nothing was wrong—while Lisa's entire soul was spiraling into panic mode.

She stared blankly at the ceiling, one arm still wrapped around Jennie's waist. " *We just had twins. They're not even one year old yet. If Nini's pregnant again... I'm a dead woman walking."*

She swallowed hard, replaying everything in her head—especially their honeymoon. The beach, the candles, the way Jennie looked at her like she was the only person that mattered. Yeah... there was no way she didn't get carried away that night.

And then there were those sneaky, *"the twins are asleep"* moments that happened... well, more than once.

Lisa groaned quietly and covered her face with both hands. *"I'm screwed. I'm so, so screwed."*

Jennie stirred beside her and murmured sleepily, "You talking to yourself again, Dada?"

Lisa froze. "N-no, baby. Just... thinking about work."

Jennie cracked one eye open. "At 3:30 a.m.? You're weird."

Lisa chuckled nervously, brushing a strand of hair off Jennie's face. "Go back to sleep, okay? You and the babies need rest."

Jennie hummed softly, curling tighter into her chest. "Mmm... don't go to work tomorrow. Stay with me."

Lisa's heart melted a little. "You know I'd love to, but the company might burn down without me."

Jennie smirked without opening her eyes. "Then let it burn."

Lisa bit her lip, stifling a laugh. "Wow. Mrs. Manoban the arsonist."

Jennie nuzzled her neck. "I just miss you. And you've been too busy lately. Maybe that's why I've been so moody."

Lisa's brain screamed *your pregnant* , but her mouth said, "Yeah... that's probably it."

Jennie lifted her head lazily. "What's that supposed to mean?"

Lisa smiled awkwardly. "Nothing! You're just... extra adorable lately."

Jennie squinted suspiciously. "You're acting weird."

"I'm always weird," Lisa said quickly. "You knew what you signed up for when you married me."

Jennie stared for a few seconds before shrugging and lying back down. "Hmm. I guess. Just don't make me wait too long tomorrow night, okay? I want pizza again. The one with double cheese and pineapple."

Lisa blinked at her. "Pizza and pineapple? You hate both of those."

Jennie yawned. "Not anymore. I want it now. Goodnight."

Lisa's eyes widened. She sat there silently, processing the words like a horror movie ending.

"Pizza and Pineapple," she whispered to herself. *"She really is pregnant."*

She stared at the ceiling again, defeated, one hand dramatically over her face. *"Oh my god, Jennie Kim-Manoban, you're gonna kill me."*

Jennie's sleepy voice mumbled against her chest, "Then stop talking and sleep before I do kill you."

Lisa swallowed her laugh and wrapped her arms tighter around her wife. "Yes, mommy."

But her mind kept racing even as Jennie drifted back into deep sleep. *What am I supposed to do now? She's going to freak out if I even suggest taking a test. Maybe she's just... craving weird stuff. Maybe it's stress. Maybe—*

Jennie suddenly shifted and murmured, "I love you, even if you make me fat again."

Lisa blinked. "...Yup. Definitely screwed."

—

NEXT MORNING

Jennie was in the kitchen, aggressively flipping pancakes like they had personally insulted her. The smell was heavenly — butter, sugar, and pure rage.

Lisa walked in very carefully... like someone entering a lion's den wearing meat-scented perfume.

"Good morning, wifey..." she said slowly, leaning in to kiss Jennie's cheek.

Jennie didn't even smile. Didn't even blink.

"You were laughing in your sleep last night," she said flatly. "Dreaming of someone else?"

Lisa froze mid-breath.

She swallowed.

Then went for the most chaotic, stupid, horny strategy possible:

"What?! No! Babe — I was, uh — dreaming of you."
She leaned closer, lowering her voice.
"You were feeding me your pancakes... down there."

She pointed directly at Jennie's pussy.

Jennie turned around slowly with the spatula in her hand like a weapon.
Her eyebrow raised. Her voice deadly calm.

"What are you pointing at, Manoban?. Pervert."

Lisa held her breath.

Jennie pointed the spatula down at Lisa's sweatpants — specifically at the outline of her morning erection.

"You better not be lying," she warned, "and not eating ANY other girl's pancakes... or I'll cut that dick off myself."

Lisa raised both hands in surrender. "WOAH — Nini — relax— listen—"

She went all in:

"Cross my heart, hope to die.
It was you in the dream. Naked.
Legs wide open."

She gulped dramatically.

"I was eating your pussy so good you were crying for more."

Jennie blinked.

Then her lips slowly curled into a smug smirk she tried to hide.

"...Acceptable," she muttered.
"BUT STOP THAT PERVERT TALK — you're making me hot and it's too early."

Lisa grinned and backhug her wife.
"Then let's do it here, Mommy."

Jennie snapped her head around. "I'M COOKING. And your dick is poking me again, stop that!"

And yeah — Jennie could feel it pressed against her backside.

Lisa leaned in from behind, voice low.
"I know you're already wet down there, mommy."

Jennie's knee buckled a little — but she covered it with attitude.

She grabbed the nearest knife.

"Stop your naughtiness OR I CHOP THAT THING OFF."

Lisa immediately backed off, hands still raised.
"OKAY—OKAY—OKAY—CHILL, HOT-TEMPERED WOMAN, MY GOD."

"What?"

"NOTHING!" Lisa squeaked, sitting down at the dining table like a disciplined school girl.

She sat there watching Jennie, legs squeezed together, trying to calm the mini-sex-devil inside her mind.

Then Jennie bent forward to grab another plate and—
Lisa nearly fainted.

Because the shorts Jennie wore were tiny.
And Jennie wasn't wearing panties.

Lisa choked on air.

Jennie heard and glared.
"Don't even think about it."

"Me?? Thinking?? Never," Lisa lied.

Jennie flipped a pancake, hips swaying lightly — totally accidental but absolutely illegal.

Lisa groaned. "Mommy... please..."

"No," Jennie said firmly.

"But—"

"No."

Lisa pressed her forehead to the table dramatically.
"You're killing me."

Jennie grabbed the syrup bottle, then walked over and placed pancakes in front of her.

"You'll live."

Lisa stared at her.

"You look so sexy when you're mean to me."

Jennie rolled her eyes — but her cheeks turned slightly pink.

And Lisa, being Lisa, leaned forward and whispered:

"Let me eat your real breakfast later."

Jennie's eyes widened.

Then she muttered, "Shut up, LISA— my mom is here. If she hears you, I'll bury you behind the house."

From the hallway, Jennie's mom yelled:

"I CAN HEAR EVERYTHING. STOP BEFORE I BREAK BOTH OF YOU."

Lisa jumped.

Jennie choked on her own spit.

Then — quietly — she whispered at Lisa:

"You're dead."

Lisa whispered back:

"Worth it."

Jennie turned away fast, hiding her smile as she flipped another pancake.

Lisa sat there, staring openly at her wife's thighs.

Jennie didn't look back, but she said:

"Stop staring at my ass."

"I'm not—"

"Lisa."

"...I'm staring respectfully."

Jennie snorted, shaking her head.
"You're unbelievable."

Lisa's voice softened — a little more sincere this time.

"And you're beautiful."

Jennie froze for a second, the spatula hovering mid-air.

"...Stop," she whispered shyly.

Lisa grinned.

"Make me."

Jennie's cheeks flamed.

"You want me to stab you?"

Lisa held up her hands again.

"...Maybe later. In a sexy way."

Jennie turned and smacked her with the spatula.

"OW— I love you too," Lisa said dramatically.

Jennie laughed despite herself — and that was when Lisa knew she

was officially forgiven.

For now.

—

That evening, Lisa's family came over, helping with the twins while Jennie sulked dramatically on the couch with her arms crossed like a grumpy cat.

Lisa's mom sat beside her daughter and whispered, "What's with Jennie? She's glaring at you like you committed a crime or something."

Lisa let out a tiny groan. "I think she's pregnant again, Mom."

Her mom immediately choked on her tea, slapping Lisa's arm. "What?! Already? Your twins aren't even one year old yet and you want to add more? You're unbelievable, Lali!" she whisper-shouted, eyes wide.

Lisa winced. "I didn't want to! It just... happened. Maybe. Possibly. I don't know!"

Jennie, overhearing the whispering but not the exact words, snapped her head up.
"What did you just say?!"

Lisa froze like a deer caught in headlights. "N-Nothing, Nini! Just—just talking about how amazing you look today!"

Jennie narrowed her eyes at Lisa, then slowly turned her suspicious glare to Lisa's mom.
"Mom... if she's really suggesting to you that I should get pregnant again, you better prepare her funeral dress. I will kill her if ever. As if it's easy to push a baby out—plus taking care of more babies? The twins are enough!"

Lisa's mom burst into loud laughter, patting Jennie's knee. "Aigoo, Jennie. You are too much. But you're right. Your wife is crazy."

She turned to Lisa. "Good luck, Lali. Prepare your will now before

it's too late." She teased her daughter, tapping her back as she laughed.

Lisa sighed dramatically. "What can I do? No choice... this might be the end of me, Mom."

Jennie huffed from the couch. "Good. At least you know."

Lisa walked over and sat beside her, leaning her head on Jennie's shoulder.
"Niniiii... why are you so moody today? You didn't even laugh at Mom's joke. Usually you laugh then threaten me after."

Jennie pushed her head away lightly. "Don't cling to me. You're suspicious."

Lisa blinked. "Suspicious? Me? Your loyal, pretty-handsome, faithful, sexy wife?"

Jennie raised a brow. "Exactly. Why are you being extra nice? What did you do this time?"

Lisa's mom snorted from across the room. "Usually when she acts sweet, she did something stupid."

"Mom!" Lisa complained.

Jennie crossed her arms harder. "See? Even your mother knows."

Lisa pouted dramatically, leaning closer again. "Nini... I love you."

"Stop buttering me up."

"I love you so much."

"I'm ignoring you."

"You're the sexiest woman alive."

"...keep going."

Lisa smirked. "You're my queen. My goddess. My only love. My forever and ever and ever."

Jennie finally cracked a tiny smile... then masked it fast.
"Don't think you're forgiven. I'm still watching you."

Lisa's mom shook her head, laughing.
"You two are like kids. And Lali, if your gut feeling turns out right, better run now while you still have legs."

Lisa whispered to herself, "I might actually do that..."

Jennie glared. "What was that?!"

"NOTHING, HONEY! Just saying you look so beautiful even when you're angry!"

Jennie smirked. "Mm-hmm. That's what I thought."

Lisa gulped.
Oh yeah... she's pregnant. She is definitely pregnant.

—

Two Weeks Later

Night had fallen, and the room was quiet except for the soft hum of the AC. Jennie was curled up against Lisa, her arms wrapped around her like a koala. She sighed dramatically.

"You're mine. Only mine. Don't forget it," she murmured, burying her face in Lisa's neck.

Lisa pressed a soft kiss to her forehead. "Always, Nini. Forever yours."

Jennie sniffed again, but this time her stomach twisted. She pulled away suddenly, her face pale. "Ugh... oh no..."

Before Lisa could react, Jennie bolted toward the bathroom. Lisa's heart sank. "Nini? Are you okay?" she called, rushing after her.

Jennie was already leaning over the toilet, vomiting violently. Lisa gently rubbed her back, whispering soothingly, "I'm here, it's okay... breathe, Nini, breathe."

Jennie groaned, her hair falling forward as she retched again. "I hate this... but I... I think... something's happening, Lili..." Her voice cracked. "I... I have a feeling I'm pregnant again... Our twins aren't even a year old yet!"

Lisa stiffened but forced herself to stay calm, her hand still on Jennie's back. "Okay... okay. We'll figure it out. Let's... let's just confirm first, yeah?"

Jennie groaned in defeat and fumbled for the pregnancy test kit she had bought earlier, her hands shaking slightly. Lisa followed closely, crouching beside her on the cold tiles, gently holding her arm. "I'm right here. Don't worry, Nini, we'll handle it together."

Jennie did the test while Lisa watched silently, worried but quietly holding her wife's other hand. It was intimate in the strangest way —they were naked in the dimly lit bathroom, but somehow it felt... right. Close. Real.

After a few minutes, Jennie finally finished and held the test in her trembling hands. Lisa immediately pulled her into a hug, trying to comfort her.

"I'm so sorry if you're pregnant again, Nini," Lisa whispered.

Jennie rested her head on Lisa's shoulder, taking deep breaths. "We can't do anything about it, Lili... we made this baby with love. We didn't use protection, so... yeah. We just... accept the consequences."

Lisa tightened her embrace. "I know... and I love you. I'll handle whatever comes next, Nini. Together, okay?"

Jennie let out a soft sigh. "I'm the only child, Lili... maybe it will be fun to have a soccer team like your old dream, but... it's still hard to push out a baby." She paused, rubbing her belly. "Let's... just hope it's a boy this time, for the Manoban legacy. And please, pray it's not... another one like me already."

Lisa chuckled softly against her hair. "Nini... even if it's another you, I'd still love it. And you."

Jennie finally picked up the test, flipping it over...

Lisa's stomach dropped.

The test said: Pregnant.

Jennie's reaction was instantaneous. Her mood flipped 360 degrees in a split second.

"I HATE YOU!" she yelled, punching Lisa in the shoulder and throwing the test kit across the bathroom like it was a grenade. Lisa jumped back, raising her arms in defense.

"Wait! Nini! That's... wait—ow! Watch the hair!" Lisa yelped as Jennie paced around, muttering angrily under her breath.

"This is your fault, I end up pregnant again!" Jennie muttered, arms flailing dramatically.

Lisa froze, smiling nervously into the dim light. "Y-Yeah... totally my fault..."

Inside, though, Lisa was screaming. I'm dead. Absolutely dead.

Jennie groaned, dramatically flopping onto the bathroom rug. "Ughhh... the twins aren't even one! And now this? I hate you, Lalisa. I hate you so much!"

Lisa sat beside her, trying to calm her down, rubbing her back gently. "Nini... hey... it's okay. You're mad, I get it. I would probably be mad too... if I were you... oh wait, I'm... not you... you know what I mean!"

Jennie turned her head sharply, glaring at Lisa. "You better know what you mean, or I'm throwing the next thing at your head. Maybe your laptop."

Lisa laughed nervously, ducking a pillow Jennie threw at her. "Okay, okay, no laptops. Just... breathe with me. We'll get through this, I promise."

Jennie huffed, still pacing around the room like a tiny angry storm cloud, muttering under her breath. "I... I can't believe this... I barely survived with the twins pushing it and now another... another one?

Are you kidding me right now?"

Lisa sat very still on the bed, watching the hairbrush Jennie kept waving dangerously. She leaned forward carefully and placed a kiss on the top of Jennie's head. "Another one we'll love just as much," she murmured, slowly inching the hairbrush away from her face. "And hey... maybe it's a boy this time. Then we'll have a proper Manoban soccer team someday, huh?"

Jennie stopped, turned, and glared. "I swear, Lisa... if this is another girl, you'll be sleeping on the couch for your whole life. Whole. Life. And no more babies, no asking for a baby boy again, no 'just one more,' nothing. This is enough. My uterus is retiring after this."

Lisa held her hands up like she was surrendering to the police. "Okay, okay, I hear you, mommy. Retiring uterus. No more drafts."

Jennie shot her another look. "Don't try to be funny. I'm mad."

Lisa couldn't help it—she laughed, then gently wrapped her arms around Jennie from behind, pulling her close despite the glare. "Deal. But... honestly? I kinda love seeing you pregnant. You're a hot mama." She nuzzled Jennie's neck. "And I love sleeping next to you anyway. Even when you're furious, throwing things, threatening my life... all of that is part of the charm."

Jennie sniffed—part annoyed, part emotional—and wiped her eyes with the back of her hand. "You're ridiculous... you know that?"

Lisa smirked, brushing a strand of hair from Jennie's face. "And yet you married me."

Jennie rolled her eyes but leaned into her anyway. "Yeah... unfortunately."

Lisa grinned. "Fortunately."

Jennie smacked her shoulder lightly. "Shut up."

But she was smiling.

Jennie groaned dramatically, burying her face in Lisa's chest. "I hate

you. I love you. Kill you now. Kill you later. But... I'll let you live, Lisa... for now."

Lisa pressed a kiss to Jennie's temple. "I'm counting on that... because we've got another little rascal on the way."

Jennie groaned, rolling her eyes but snuggling closer. "You... better be ready. I'll make sure this one is even more dramatic than me."

Lisa laughed softly, burying her face into Jennie's hair. "Bring it on, Nini. I'm ready for all of it. All of you."

The two stayed like that for hours, a mix of chaos, laughter, and the quiet terror of impending parenthood swirling together—but as always, together.

Treinta Y Cuatro

The months had been... intense didn't even begin to cover it.

Lisa was juggling EVERYTHING — being CEO of the biggest company in Korea, stepping away from being a doctor, managing two toddlers, keeping Jennie alive, and serving her very pregnant, very emotional, very horny wife like some kind of personal butler-slash-bodyguard-slash-therapy animal.

Jennie's pregnancy this time was a whole different level.
Mood swings? Extreme.
Cravings? Unholy.
Possessiveness? Olympic level.
Clinginess? If she could physically glue herself to Lisa, she would.

And the hormones... oh lord.

Lisa was at her home office desk, reviewing documents, rubbing her temples. Jennie lay sprawled dramatically on the couch beside her, huge belly resting like royalty, tossing looks like she was summoning Lisa through psychic force.

"I'm bored, Lili..." Jennie whined, swinging her foot in the air.

Lisa hummed distractedly. "I know, Nini, I'm almost—"

"NO. You don't know." Jennie sat up, hair messy, pout deep. "You're staring at that stupid paper instead of staring at me. Your gorgeous, pregnant, glowing wife."

Lisa smiled. "You are glowing."

Jennie's eyes narrowed. "Don't try to butter me up. I said I'm bored."

Lisa kept typing. "Two minutes, Nini—"

"No." Jennie scooted down the couch like she was on a mission, grabbed Lisa's arm, and pulled her close. "I need attention. Your attention. Now."

Lisa blinked. "Nini—"

"And," she added dramatically, voice dropping seductively, "I need you inside me right now. We haven't had sex in sooo long. You're always tired and always working. I'm here, horny, miserable, pregnant, bored, annoyed, and THIS—" she pointed at Lisa's documents "—is what you choose?!"

Lisa's mouth fell open. "...I'm working so I can finish everything before you give birth again."

"I don't care!" Jennie crossed her arms, then pouted like she was posing for a drama poster. "These babies are heavy! Do you know how hard it is to carry your children? And your sperm is dangerous, Lili. Dangerous. You really made me pregnant with twins AGAIN. I still remember Doctor Seulgi's face. 'Jennie, it's twins again!' Like do I look like I'm built for this? DO I?!"

Lisa swallowed a laugh. "We didn't know it was twins until last week, Nini."

Jennie gasped like she'd been betrayed. "Oh, so you're defending yourself?"

"No, no!" Lisa corrected instantly. "Everything is my fault, I agree."

Jennie smirked. "Good answer."

Then she suddenly leaned in, voice soft but wicked:
"...Also, my inside is itching already because I need your dick."

Lisa choked on nothing. "Nini—!"

Jennie shrugged casually. "What? I'm pregnant, not dead. And you're the one who started this mess. So finish your job."

Lisa pressed her palms to her face. "Nini... you're like eight and a half months pregnant."

"And? It's not like we haven't had sex a hundred times already," Jennie said, raising a brow. "I still want you. I'm horny. You're hot. I'm bored. And you're mine. Plus, you totally owe me for this pregnancy."

Lisa's voice cracked. "I— we can... do it later, Nini. I promise I'll satisfy you once I'm done with this."

Jennie stared at her, deadpan.

"Later?"

"...Yes?"

Jennie scoffed dramatically and turned away like she'd just been slapped by fate. "Unbelievable. I can't believe I married an excuse-making CEO. Wow. Amazing. Stunning. I might as well go seduce someone else at this point."

Lisa groaned and dropped her pen. "Nini—"

Jennie kept going, hand on her chest like a soap opera actress. "I'm here, craving your body, and you're rejecting me. The betrayal. The disrespect. The emotional damage—"

"You're being dramatic."

"I AM PREGNANT, LISA. You don't get to say that."

Lisa raised both hands. "Okay, okay! I surrender!"

Jennie lifted her chin proudly. "I knew it. What Jennie wants, Jennie gets."

Lisa sighed, giving in completely. "Come here, drama queen."

Jennie didn't even think—she just wrapped her arms around Lisa's neck and pulled her down onto the couch with her.
"Good," she whispered, smirking. "Because I'm not waiting anymore."

Lisa gave a soft laugh. "You're impossible."

"And you love that about me," Jennie shot back, already kissing down her neck. "Now hush... and make me feel good."

Lisa didn't need to be told twice. She kissed her way slowly down Jennie's stomach, teasing her, watching every reaction. When Jennie looked back at her with that warm, trusting look, Lisa moved up to her chest, kissing what her clothes didn't cover. Her hands slid behind Jennie, finding the clasp easily.

Jennie didn't stop her. She just breathed out softly as Lisa slid the straps off her shoulders and removed her bra. Lisa cupped Jennie's fuller breasts gently—so careful because of the pregnancy—before kissing along her left one.

Jennie let out a soft moan when Lisa's lips grazed over her nipple. That sound alone sent heat rushing through Lisa.

Lisa kept everything slow, giving Jennie time to breathe, time to stop her if she ever wanted. She kissed up her throat, exactly the way Jennie loved it. Then she eased Jennie back until she was lying comfortably on the big couch.

Jennie reached for Lisa's shirt next, tugging it upward. Lisa laughed a little and let her pull it off before tossing it to the floor. Jennie leaned up to kiss her again while her hands unbuckled Lisa's belt and slid down the zipper. Lisa lifted her hips so Jennie could pull the jeans off, and soon enough, the rest of their clothes followed.

Lisa positioned herself at Jennie's center, steadying her breath. When she slowly pushed in, Jennie gasped softly, her lips parting—her silent signal of "okay." So Lisa leaned down and kissed her, moving carefully, slowly, deeply.

It wasn't fast. It wasn't rough. It was slow enough that they could feel every inch, every breath, every emotion. Jennie's stomach brushed Lisa's body with every movement, so Lisa stayed extra careful, terrified of putting pressure on their babies.

"Oh God..." Jennie moaned, and Lisa smiled against her lips. Jennie's hips lifted to meet her, making it easier for Lisa to fully sink in.

"Yes, Nini..." Lisa breathed, their lips brushing every time their bodies moved. Then she closed the tiny gap between them, kissing her again. Their hips found a steady rhythm—slow, deep, addicting.

Lisa held herself up with her arms, but she let one hand rest on Jennie's stomach, rubbing circles to comfort their babies. Jennie moaned into her mouth, tightening around her, and Lisa felt her own breath stutter.

"Yes, Nini... oh God..." Lisa groaned. It felt too good. Jennie tightened her grip around Lisa's biceps—her nonverbal sign that she wanted Lisa to go faster. They always had those little gestures for when words felt too embarrassing.

So Lisa picked up the pace, still controlled but deeper, her movements rolling in slow circular strokes the way she always did with Jennie. They kept kissing, breathing each other in, both of them panting, both trying to make the moment last as long as possible.

When Lisa felt Jennie getting close, she shifted just enough to hit her exactly where she needed. Jennie's walls clenched hard around her, pulling a loud groan from Lisa as she spilled inside her. Even while trembling herself, she kept moving to help Jennie reach her high too—she always made sure Jennie finished.

When Jennie finally came down from it, Lisa slipped out gently and laid beside her, pulling her into her arms.

"I love you, Nini," Lisa whispered, kissing her forehead.

Jennie nodded, still breathless. "I love you too."

Lisa curled into her, letting her body mold around Jennie's softer, fuller figure—her favorite thing in the world. They shared one last kiss before exhaustion took over.

Jennie fell asleep first.

Lisa smiled, brushing hair from her face. She carefully dressed both of them, then lifted Jennie in her arms and carried her to their bedroom. She laid Jennie on the bed, tucked her in, and finally lay

beside her, holding her close.

Because no matter how pregnant, moody, stubborn, dramatic, or clingy Jennie got...

When Jennie wanted something?

She always got it.

And Lisa always gave it—gladly.

—

Lisa settled beside her, thinking Jennie was fully asleep. She brushed a thumb over Jennie's cheek, whispering,
"You tired out so fast, Nini baby..."

But Jennie suddenly mumbled, eyes still closed,
"Because someone drained all my energy..."

Lisa froze. "...You're awake?"

Jennie cracked one eye open and smirked. "Barely. But I heard you bad-mouthing me."

Lisa chuckled softly. "I wasn't bad-mouthing you. I was admiring you."

Jennie slowly turned to face her, snuggling closer, her voice soft and sleepy.
"Hmm... admire me again."

Lisa laughed. "You're unbelievable."

Jennie hooked her leg over Lisa's hip without opening her eyes. "That's why you married me."

"Believe me," Lisa whispered, wrapping an arm around her waist, "I'd marry you again a hundred times."

Jennie smiled against her chest. "Okay, don't start. I'm hormonal. You know I'll cry."

"Well," Lisa teased, "better tears than you throwing a sandal at me like yesterday."

Jennie groaned. "I WAS HUNGRY. And you brought the wrong noodles."

Lisa gasped dramatically. "I literally drove to three stores—"

"And all of them failed me."

Lisa rolled her eyes but kissed Jennie's forehead.
"You're lucky you're cute."

Jennie smirked. "And pregnant with your children."

"Yeah," Lisa sighed. "That too."

Jennie lifted her head just enough to look at her.
"You're really careful with me, hm?"

Lisa nodded. "Of course. You're carrying our babies. I'd wrap you in bubble wrap if I could."

Jennie giggled softly. "Imagine me walking around the house like... pop pop pop."

Lisa snorted. "You'd still look gorgeous."

Jennie smiled, looking at her lovingly.
"You really love me."

Lisa brushed a hand through her hair.
"I really do. Even when you yell at me for breathing too loudly."

Jennie pouted. "It was irritating that day..."

"You were eating ice cream."

"And you were breathing near my ice cream."

Lisa stared. "You're crazy."

Jennie shrugged. "Pregnancy rules. Everything is your fault."

Lisa smirked. "That one I believe."

Jennie yawned and cuddled closer, resting her head fully on Lisa's chest now.
"Mm... Lili..."

"Yes, Nini?"

"Carry me to the bathroom later."

Lisa blinked. "Huh? Why?"

"I'm too tired to walk..."

"Jennie, you can literally walk."

"No. My legs retired. They filed a resignation."

Lisa burst into laughter. "You're ridiculous."

Jennie tapped her chest weakly. "I'm serious. If you don't carry me, I'll cry. Or scream. Or both."

Lisa sighed dramatically. "Fine. I'll carry you."

Jennie smiled proudly. "Good wife."

Lisa kissed the top of her head. "Anything else, my queen?"

Jennie raised a hand weakly like a tiny baby dinosaur paw.
"Water..."

Lisa sighed again and stood up. "I swear this is why I'm always tired."

Jennie followed her with half-opened eyes. "Because you love me so much?"

"Sure. That too."

Lisa returned with water, helping Jennie sit slightly. Jennie drank two sips then handed it back.

"That's it?" Lisa asked.

Jennie nodded. "My mouth just wanted to sip. Not drink."

Lisa stared at her. "You're something else."

Jennie pouted. "Cuddle?"

Lisa climbed back into bed and wrapped her arms around her immediately.

Jennie hummed happily. "Lili..."

"Yes, Nini?"

"Do I look different?" Her voice was quiet, almost insecure.

Lisa looked down at her for a long moment before answering.
"Yeah."

Jennie froze. "HEY—"

Lisa kissed her forehead before she could finish.
"You look softer. Gentler. More beautiful. And you're glowing."

Jennie swallowed, cheeks warming. "You mean glowing like a... lightbulb?"

"No," Lisa whispered, touching her cheek. "Glowing like a woman who's carrying our babies again."

Jennie's lips trembled. "You're gonna make me cry..."

Lisa smiled. "Then cry. I'll kiss every tear."

And Jennie actually did—one soft tear slipping down her cheek.

Lisa kissed it immediately.

Jennie whispered, "I love you... so much Lili..."

"I know," Lisa whispered back. "I love you more Nini."

Jennie buried her face into her chest tightly like a small clingy koala.
"Lili... don't ever leave me."

"Never," Lisa answered instantly. "Not in this lifetime."

Jennie smiled softly, breathing slow and warm against her skin.
"You promise?"

Lisa tightened her arms around her.
"I swear."

Jennie sighed in relief, finally relaxing fully, her voice sleepy again.
"Good. Because you're stuck with me forever."

Lisa chuckled.
"There's no place I'd rather be."

Jennie's breathing softened, her body going limp in full comfort.

"Lili..." she mumbled one last time.

"Hm?"

"Don't forget to carry me to the bathroom later..."

Lisa groaned into her pillow.
"Oh my god."

Jennie, eyes still closed, smiled triumphantly.
"I heard that."

And Lisa just kissed the top of her head and pulled her even closer, already accepting her fate as Jennie's forever personal attendant.

Treinta Y Cinco (Fin)

Fast forward to the day everything changed.

Jennie was lying on the couch like a tired kitten, rubbing her giant belly while Lisa typed on her laptop right beside her. They were ready — due date, bags packed, everything prepared. The house felt calm.

Too calm.

And then—

"LIIIIIIISAAAAA!!!"

Lisa shot out of her chair so fast she nearly threw her laptop across the room. "Nini?! What—what happened?! Who hurt you?!"

Jennie's eyes were wide, her face full of betrayal.
"My water! MY WATER BROKE! OH MY GOD OH MY GOD—LISA YOUR SPERM IS EVIL! I told you it's dangerous! How dare you impregnate me with twins AGAIN!"

Lisa's soul left her body. "Nini, baby, don't say our babies are evil—they can hear you! They're still inside—please, think positive thoughts!"

Jennie smacked her arm. "POSITIVE THOUGHTS?! I AM FLOODING OUR COUCH LIKE THE HAN RIVER, LILI!"

Lisa scrambled to grab towels. "Okay—okay! Just breathe! Stay still—wait—no don't—Nini STOP WALKING YOU'RE MAKING IT WORSE!"

"My legs are MOVING ON THEIR OWN!" Jennie cried, pacing dramatically.

Water dripped everywhere.

Then Jennie suddenly froze.
"LISA. GET. THIS. DRESS. OFF. ME. NOW."

Lisa blinked. "Okay—okay—hold on—"

Jennie started flailing her arms. "Do it fast before I give birth in this stupid dress and the baby comes out with sequins on their head!"

"Why are you wearing a sequin dress at home?!" Lisa cried.

"BECAUSE I FELT PRETTY!" Jennie screamed.

Lisa helped her peel off the wet dress. Both of them were stumbling, half-panicking, half-yelling.

Once Jennie was finally in clean clothes, she jabbed a finger into Lisa's chest.
"If you EVER... EVER let me get pregnant again after this—I swear —I will—"

"You're already pregnant, Nini..." Lisa whispered.

Jennie narrowed her eyes. "I KNOW THAT. DON'T RUB IT IN!"

Lisa grabbed the car keys. "Let's go, love, let's go—before you murder me."

———

Jennie waddled to the car dramatically, holding her belly like it was a bomb that could explode any second.

The moment Lisa started driving—even before she buckled—Jennie started screaming again.

"LISA GO FASTER! WHY ARE YOU DRIVING LIKE A GRANDMA?! I SWEAR IF I GIVE BIRTH IN THIS CAR—YOU WILL BE A DEAD WOMAN!"

"I'M GOING AS FAST AS I CAN WITHOUT KILLING US—PLEASE,

NINI!" Lisa shouted back, swerving around a slow taxi.

Then Jennie suddenly sniffled. Her voice wobbled.

"You're... you're shouting at me now, Lisa..."
Her lip quivered. Tears formed.

Lisa panicked instantly. "No! No I'm not shouting at you, Nini! I'm shouting WITH panic! I mean FOR you! I mean—" she grabbed Jennie's hand, kissing it quickly.
"I'm sorry, Nini love. I'm so sorry. Please don't cry. Please. Crying will make me crash."

Jennie sniffed dramatically. "I'm in pain and you're yelling at me..."

Lisa almost cried too.
"No, my love. I'm your slave. Your servant. Your bodyguard. Your idiot wife. Please don't cry."

Jennie suddenly yelled again. "LILI TURN LEFT, YOU MISSED THE TURN!"

Lisa swerved. "OH MY GOD SORRY!"

"WATCH THE MOTORCYCLE!"

"I'M WATCHING!"

"You're panicking!"

"BECAUSE YOU'RE SCREAMING!"

They bickered like two people fighting over the last chicken nugget in traffic.

Finally—FINALLY—they reached the hospital.

———

Hospital

Nurses ran toward them the moment they arrived because Jennie was screaming before she even stepped inside.

Lisa held her hand as Jennie paced in a circle near the delivery room.

"This is all your fault, Lisa! ALL OF IT!" Jennie yelled, gripping Lisa's shirt like she wanted to rip it.
"You hear me? No more! NEVER AGAIN! I'm serious this time! I don't care if you get down on your knees or cry—I AM DONE!"

Lisa nodded aggressively like a student terrified of their professor.
"Yes—yes—no more—absolutely no more—my queen—my empress of pain—my goddess—whatever you say!"

Jennie groaned, bending forward as a contraction hit.
"Don't call me goddess right now, Lili! I look like a whale who lost a boxing match!"

Lisa kissed her forehead. "You're the sexiest angry whale in the world."

Jennie glared. "I will kill you after this."

A nurse poked her head in. "Mrs. Manoban? We're ready for you."

Jennie tightened her grip on Lisa.
"Lili. Don't leave my side. If you let go, I swear I will rise from the dead just to haunt you."

Lisa squeezed her hand. "I'm here, Nini. I'm not going anywhere."

Jennie nodded once, dramatically. "Good. Because I need someone to blame through this."

Lisa sighed. "I figured..."

Jennie shot her one last daggered glare.
"You better hope this is the last set of twins I ever carry. Because if not—your funeral will be next year, Lisa."

Lisa gulped.
"Yes, my love."

Jennie hobbled toward the delivery room doors, still muttering

curses under her breath.

"Evil sperm... dangerous Manoban genes... stupid contractions... never again... NEVER..."

Lisa followed behind, whispering a silent prayer for survival.

—

Delivery Room

After hours of agony, crying, pacing, yelling, bargaining with God, and cursing Lisa's entire bloodline... Jennie was finally ready to push.

Lisa stood beside her, already sweating even though she wasn't the one giving birth. She held Jennie's hand like it was a bomb detonator.

Jennie was panting, hair all over the place, eyes wild.
"I swear, LISA... if one more nurse tells me to 'relax' I'm going to THROW THE MONITOR AT SOMEONE!"

Lisa tried to calm her.
"Push when I say push, okay?"

Jennie snapped.
"I DON'T CARE ABOUT CALM! I WANT THIS BABY OUT RIGHT NOW! LALISA, I'm cursing you for everything you've done to me! EVERYTHING! AHHHHHH!"

A contraction hit.

Jennie grabbed Lisa's collar and dragged her down.
"YOU DID THIS TO ME, MANOBAN! YOU AND THAT EVIL SPERM OF YOURS!"

Lisa squeaked, "I love you... just... focus... breathe..."
But her voice cracked like a pubescent boy.

Jennie glared at her like a demon.
"Don't 'breathe' me, LALISA! I am breathing! I'm literally

BREATHING TO STAY ALIVE RIGHT NOW!"

Lisa nodded fast, terrified. "Yes, yes, you're breathing beautifully, my love."

The doctor stepped forward. "Okay, Mrs. Manoban, we're ready to push!"

Jennie yelled, "I'VE BEEN READY SINCE THE MOMENT I GOT HERE!"

———

The first push came, and Jennie let out a scream worthy of a horror movie.

"AHHHHHHHH! THIS HURTS! LALISAA! DO YOU FEEL GUILTY? YOU SHOULD FEEL GUILTY! YOUR GENES—THEY'RE CURSED! PULL IT OUT NOW!"

Lisa, on the verge of tears, kissed her knuckles.
"I'm sorry! I'm so sorry! I... I can't do it for you, Nini! Push! You're doing amazing!"

Jennie kept screaming.
"No I'm not! I'm dying! I'm literally dying! I see the ancestors calling me!"

"You're not dying, love—"

"DON'T ARGUE WITH A WOMAN IN LABOR!"

Lisa shut up instantly.

———

Jennie groaned and fell back onto the bed between pushes, drenched in sweat.

Lisa dabbed her forehead. "Water? Ice? Air? A new husband who can't get you pregnant?"

Jennie weakly pointed at her.
"You are... SO lucky I can't stand up right now."

Lisa kissed her forehead. "Yeah, yeah. I know."

Jennie whimpered, voice trembling.
"Lisa... if I don't survive this... block your number from every girl on Earth."

Lisa blinked. "I—of course?"

"And bury me with my Chanel bags."

"Noted."

"And don't let your stupid sperm near me ever again."

Lisa laughed nervously. "Okay... but can we survive this childbirth first, Ninj?"

———

Thirty Minutes Later...

Jennie pushed like she was about to rip the bed in half. Lisa counted along with the doctor, almost fainting twice.

Then—

A cry filled the room.

The first twin slipped out.
A baby girl.

Jennie collapsed backward, chest heaving, soaked in sweat. She looked at Lisa with a face that said she wasn't sure whether to kiss her or kill her.

"A girl... AGAIN?" Jennie croaked.

Her glare could melt metal.

Lisa laughed through her tears. "We got another beautiful little girl!

And she's perfect!"

Jennie closed her eyes, exhausted.
"Perfect. Perfectly mine. But you're dead after this."

Lisa kissed her forehead again. "That's fair."

Jennie raised a shaky finger at her.
"And don't you dare smile at me like you didn't put me through pain."

Lisa held her hand tighter. "I'm sorry."

Jennie sighed... then winced.

"Wait... there's still one more baby, right?"

Lisa nodded nervously. "Uh... yeah."

Jennie stared at the ceiling.
"...God. Please give me strength. Or give me a break. Or give Lisa the pain instead."

Lisa panicked. "Wait—WAIT—"

Jennie grabbed her wrist.
"Round two, Lalisa. Let's go. And this time... don't breathe near me."

—

The second twin was taking her sweet time — like she was leisurely packing her bags in there — and Jennie had to push for an entire hour.

Jennie was drenched in sweat, hair sticking to her forehead, gripping Lisa's hand with a strength that could break steel.

"LISAAAAAAAA!" she screamed mid-push, voice cracking. "I swear, if this is another girl, I'll—AHHHHH! I hate you! Push, push! Faster. Ahhhhhhhh, please get out of my stomach now!"

Lisa tried to keep her voice calm, even though she looked one

second away from fainting.
"You're doing amazing, Nini... she's almost out! Just—just breathe —"

"STOP TELLING ME TO BREATHE! I'M BREATHING!" Jennie yelled, her voice echoing off the walls.

Another contraction hit — hard.

Jennie grabbed Lisa by the collar.
"I'm serious, Lisa... if this is another girl, your sperm is officially cursed. CURSED!"

Lisa swallowed. "I—uh—I can't control that—"

"SHUT UP! YOU CONTROL EVERYTHING! YOU'RE A CEO and DOCTOR! CONTROL YOUR SPERM TOO!"

Lisa squeaked, "That's not... how that works..."

Jennie didn't care. She was possessed.

She screamed again.
"AAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH! THIS BABY IS TRYING TO KILL ME! LALISAAAAA DO SOMETHING!"

"What do you want me to do?! Go in there and pull her out?!" Lisa panicked.

Jennie glared. "YES! DO SOMETHING USEFUL FOR ONCE!"

The Doctor Seulgi tried to guide her gently. "Okay Jennie, deep breaths—"

Jennie snapped.
"DON'T DEEP BREATH ME SEULGI! If one more person says 'breathe,' I'm switching hospitals!"

Lisa leaned close. "Nini, please... please don't switch hospitals... we're already here..."

Jennie groaned loudly, her whole body exhausted.

"YOU... I never... letting you live after this...
AHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

She pushed again with everything she had, shaking Lisa's arm.

Lisa yelped. "My hand! Nini, my hand—!"

Jennie hissed, "YOU DON'T NEED BOTH HANDS ANYWAY!"

———

Another long push.
Another scream.
Another threat toward Lisa's ancestors.

Jennie sobbed dramatically.
"Why is this one so slow?! Why?! Is she packing a suitcase?! Tell her to come out! I'm tired! I'm DONE!"

Lisa tried not to laugh.
"She's almost out, Nini love. Just one more strong push—"

"ONE MORE?!" Jennie looked betrayed. "YOU SAID THAT THIRTY MINUTES AGO!"

Lisa gulped. "This time I mean it?"

"You better."

"Ahhhhhhhhhh"

Another push.
Another scream.
Another round of Jennie blaming Lisa's DNA.

———

Finally...

At last — after what felt like Jennie battling a demon — the second baby slipped out.

A soft cry filled the room.

The doctor smiled.
"It's... a girl!"

Silence.

Jennie froze.

Her eyes widened like saucers.
Then she slowly turned her head toward Lisa with the most exhausted, betrayed expression on Earth.

"I... I hate you, Lalisa... again! All girls! YOur genes... evil! NO MORE!"

Lisa let out a tiny nervous laugh, tears falling from relief.
At least Jennie and the babies were safe.

Lisa gently squeezed her hand.
"We will see..."

Jennie narrowed her eyes dangerously.
"No. We will NOT see. We're BLIND. We're blind forever. No more babies. NONE."

Lisa kissed her forehead softly. "Okay, okay... let's talk about it when you're... not in war mode."

Jennie wheezed dramatically.
"There's no talking. Only survival. And revenge."

Lisa smiled nervously. "Love you."

Jennie pointed a shaking finger at her.
"Love you too. But don't touch me for the next ten years."

Lisa laughed quietly, wiping her tears.
"You said that after the last pregnancy."

"And I meant it both times."

—

Lisa's parents, Jennie's mom, Rosé, and Jisoo arrived a little later, each one carrying one of the twins, Lily and Jane. The toddlers were already bouncing with excitement, running around as they waited to meet their new sisters, while the adults hovered nervously outside the delivery room. Inside, the doctor was wrapping up the final checks, cleaning the babies, and getting them ready to be brought in — but even before that, chaos was already starting.

Lisa's mom leaned back in her chair, laughing heartily. "Another girl! Still beautiful! Lali, your genes are just strong in the girl department. You could start a girl empire at this rate!"

Jennie's mom smirked. "Stubborn little things, just like their mom. Jennie, you had a hard time pushing them out! I don't blame them for taking after you."

Lisa chuckled nervously, trying not to fidget under Jennie's exhausted glare.

Jennie, still panting and glaring like she could literally kill someone, shot Lisa a look that could have frozen water. "Not funny, Lisa. Not funny at all! I just birthed two babies! Two girls! Are you secretly planning this or laughing at my pain?!"

Lisa lifted her hands in surrender. "I swear, I'm not plotting anything! I just... love them. And I love you. And maybe... maybe the universe just really likes giving us girls?"

Rosé and Jisoo leaned in, laughing. "Lisa, you better start practicing tea parties and hair braiding—like, immediately!"

Jennie let out the most dramatic groan, shooting Lisa a warning look. "No more babies, Lalisa. I'm serious. I survived twins twice. I'm done. That's my limit. Never again."

Lisa laughed nervously, nodding like a caught student. "Yeah... yeah... we'll see..."

Jennie's eyes narrowed. "Don't you dare 'we'll see' me. If you even think about doing this again, you're banned from sleeping next to me forever."

Lisa nodded fast, trying not to laugh. Deep down, she knew Jennie couldn't sleep without her—and her clingy side was already peeking out even through the exhaustion. "Okay, okay, your rules. I'm a completely obedient wife," she said, smirking as she pictured Jennie's future cuddles.

The whole family burst into laughter, still teasing as they gathered around.

Lisa's mom nudged her with a grin. "Well, Lali, you're officially a mom of four girls now. Better start buying matching bows!"

Jennie, exhausted and deadly, shot everyone a warning look—though a tiny smirk was trying to slip out. "Don't even start... Lisa, if you dare—"

Lisa immediately raised her hands. "Okay, okay! No bows, I swear! Maybe just... tiny hats. Only on weekends."

Jennie grumbled under her breath but didn't stop the teasing, giving Lisa that "try laughing and see what happens" kind of glare.

———

They decided to name the babies Luna and Jemmie—identical twins who looked almost exactly like Jennie. Tiny Jennie clones. The universe was definitely on Jennie's side.

Finally, after the doctor finished cleaning, checking, and feeding them, the babies were bundled up and carried into the room. Lisa carefully held Luna in one arm, while Jennie held Jemmie, both of them wrapped like the tiniest burritos.

Lily and Jane sat beside Jennie, eyes wide, practically vibrating in their seats as they stared at their new baby sisters.

"Mommy, they're so small!" Lily whispered.

Jane nodded seriously. "Like marshmallows."

Jennie let out a tired laugh, leaning heavily against the armrest, her whole body numb from exhaustion. "Two little troublemakers," she

murmured. "And they mostly look like me, obviously."

Lisa leaned over and kissed Jennie's sweaty forehead, gently squeezing her shoulder. "Mostly you, yes... but I love all of you. Our family just got bigger, crazier, and so much cuter. And we survived."

Jennie side–eyed her, that familiar glare returning. "Don't think this is funny, Dada. I'm warning you."

Lisa grinned. "I didn't laugh."

"Yes, you did."

"I laughed in my heart."

Jennie groaned. "Exactly. That's illegal around me right now."

Lisa kissed her temple. "Okay, okay. No joking. But seriously... look at them, Nini. We did it. Again. And they're perfect."

Jennie stared at the babies, her expression softening completely as Luna let out a tiny squeak. "Ugh... why are they so cute... I can't even stay mad..."

Lisa chuckled. "That's how they get you."

Jennie shot her a tired glare. "No. No, Lisa. Listen to me. No more babies. I mean it. I'm done. I'm officially retired. My body has filed a resignation letter."

From the corner, Lisa's mom tried not to laugh. "I think she's serious this time, Lali."

"I am," Jennie insisted. "If Lisa even breathes the idea of another baby, I will—"

Lisa raised her hands. "Okay! Okay! No more babies! I hear you loud and clear!"

Jennie narrowed her eyes. "Say it properly."

Lisa took a deep breath. "No. More. Babies."

Jennie raised a brow. "Say it like you believe it."

Lisa sighed dramatically. "NO. MORE. BABIES."

Jennie nodded in satisfaction. "Good."

But the smirk on Lisa's face betrayed her true feelings.

Jennie noticed. "Lisa."

Lisa looked away innocently. "What? I didn't do anything."

Rosé nudged Jisoo, giggling. "Lisa is so dead. Wait until these two grow up and join forces with the older twins."

Jisoo snickered. "Four Jennies vs one Lisa. I give her three business days."

Jennie smirked tiredly. "If they inherit your stubborn genes too, Lalisa? You're dead. Fully dead. Buried."

Lisa pressed a hand dramatically to her chest. "Wow. Not even a chance to defend myself."

"No chance." Jennie lifted her chin like a queen. "I've carried four of your children. I make the rules."

Lisa kissed her cheek. "Yes, Mommy Queen."

Jennie rolled her eyes but leaned into her anyway. "Whatever. Just... hold us."

So Lisa did—snuggling close, her arm wrapped around Jennie and the babies, while Lily and Jane scooted closer and rested their heads on Jennie's arm.

"Dada," Lily whispered, "they're gonna cry a lot, right?"

Lisa nodded. "Probably."

Jane sighed deeply. "Then Mommy needs chocolate."

Jennie let out a weak laugh. "Yes... Mommy needs chocolate... and sleep... and maybe a massage every day for the rest of her life."

Lisa brushed her hair gently. "Done. All of that."

Jennie yawned, eyes fluttering. "Good... you owe me... twins... twice..."

Lisa whispered into her hair, "Anything for you."

The room slowly settled into a warm, chaotic kind of calm. Luna squeaked. Jemmie squirmed. Lily poked Jemmie's tiny foot. Jane tried to copy. Rosé and Jisoo giggled nonstop. Jennie dozed off mid-sentence. Lisa tried to keep everyone quiet and failed.

For now, it was peaceful.

Before the toddlers woke the babies.

Before the babies woke each other.

Before all four decided to scream at once, forming a perfect little girl-powered rebellion.

But for this moment?

It was just warmth, laughter, and love—messy, loud, chaotic, perfect love.

—

Life can get messy, loud, and completely chaotic—just like a house full of kids. But that chaos? It doesn't make it any less amazing. In all the laughter, love, and total exhaustion, families grow closer, bonds get stronger, and you realize that getting through the madness together is what really matters.

And for Lisa and Jennie? That's exactly what happiness looks like.

□□

EL PLUS

[image]
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Years had passed, Lisa and Jennie's life was a glorious mess of chaos, laughter, and sleep deprivation. Their first set of twins, Lily and Jane, had grown into little mini-hurricanes. Lily had Lisa's mischievous grin, always plotting harmless trouble, while Jane inherited Jennie's sharp gaze and fiery attitude—ready to glare down anyone who dared question her authority.

The second set of twins, Luna and Jemmie, were nearly the same age as their unnies but already showing a flair for mischief that matched their older sisters. Their house never had a quiet moment, but somehow, it worked. The walls echoed with laughter, occasional yelling, and constant movement. And amidst the chaos, Lisa and Jennie thrived—exhausted, yes, but happier than ever.

It all began after that first chaotic twin birth. Jennie had sworn—loudly and dramatically—"No more babies, LISA. I survived twins twice. That's it!"

Lisa had just smirked. "We'll see..."

And, predictably, they did see.

—

Two years later, Jennie gave birth again—a sweet little girl they named Jaela, the first baby who didn't come in a pair. Everyone in the family joked that she was the "miracle single baby."

Lisa cried the moment she held her. Jennie teased her about it every day.

"Dada's soft," Jennie would say, poking Lisa's cheek.

Lisa would just rub Jaela's tiny back and reply, "I'm soft for my girls, thank you very much."

Jaela grew up adored by everyone—especially her four older sisters who treated her like a living doll. They followed her everywhere, took turns feeding her, and even argued about who got to sit beside her. Jennie often joked that Jaela didn't have four sisters—she had four bodyguards.

One afternoon, Jennie sat on the couch, watching the five girls play while rubbing her temples. "Dada... we really need a soundproof room. For me. Just me."

Lisa laughed, placing a kiss on her head. "You mean a getaway room?"

Jennie groaned dramatically, collapsing onto the couch. "A sanity room, Lisa. I swear, I'm losing it. Every day they scream 'Mommyyyyy!' at least hundred times. HUNDRED!"

Lisa wrapped her arms around her from behind, resting her chin on her shoulder. "You mean... our secret sex room? You know, so no one can hear us when we... scream... Mommmyyy!! Dadddyyy, FASTER—AHHHHMMMMM?"

Jennie snorted, spinning her head to glare at Lisa. "Your pervert mind, Lisa. Seriously. You always turn everything into a sex joke. Easy for you to make fun of me when I'm completely exhausted!"

Lisa smirked, pressing a quick kiss to her temple. "Hey, someone's gotta keep things interesting. Besides... I think you secretly love it when I make fun of you."

Jennie rolled her eyes, but the corner of her mouth twitched like she was fighting a smile. "I do not. And if you dare laugh at me in front of the kids..."

Lisa tilted her head innocently. "Oh, come on... speaking of the kids, at least they love you, Mommy Nini. You're their favorite... right?"

Jennie scoffed loudly. "No! You're their favorite. I'm the one who scolds them, punishes them, and catches them doing literally

everything wrong."

Lisa laughed, tightening her hug. "Exactly. You're the scary mom. I'm the cute one. The fun, bribing-with-snacks-and-toys Dada."

Jennie narrowed her eyes. "Cute? Me? Please. They only listen to you because you spoil them! You let them get away with everything!"

Lisa nudged her playfully. "Smart parenting. You handle the discipline; I handle the motivation. It's a perfect system."

Jennie shoved her lightly, muttering, "Unfair parenting and you're the reason they run circles around me sometimes..."

Lisa laughed softly, leaning in to whisper in her ear. "Hey, I spoil them... but I also make sure they know who's boss. Don't worry, Mommy Queen. You've still got full authority. I just... make the ride more fun."

Jennie huffed, crossing her arms, though she couldn't hide the tiny smile tugging at her lips. "I swear, you're impossible."

"And you love me for it," Lisa teased, kissing her cheek.

Jennie groaned again but relaxed into her wife's arms. "I wouldn't trade it for anything. Even if my sanity is hanging by a thread."

Lisa pressed her forehead to Jennie's, smiling. "Neither would I. Because even with all the chaos, the screaming, and the endless 'Mommy and Dada!' calls... we have our little perfect messy ruckus. And that's worth everything."

Jennie chuckled softly, resting her head against Lisa's chest. "Fine. Maybe a little... chaos is kind of nice when it's with you."

Lisa grinned, hugging her tighter. "Exactly. And remember... the kids aren't the only ones who get spoiled around here."

Jennie rolled her eyes but couldn't stop laughing, the room filling with warmth, love, and the faint echo of tiny giggles from their little tornadoes just outside.

———

Then, two years after that, Jennie found herself lying in a hospital bed again—except this time, she was glaring at Lisa like she wanted to punch her straight in the soul.

"Another set of twins? AGAIN?!" Jennie groaned so loudly the nurses at the door tried not to laugh. "Lisa! I swear... the girls are taking over! God, we wanted a boy at least once!"

Lisa, holding both newborn girls—Lyla, who was crying like the world offended her, and Jasmin, who was staring at Lisa like she was judging her whole existence—burst out laughing.

"Nini... you're only mad because you can't glare at your daughters," Lisa teased, rocking the crying twin. "They glare and roll their eyes right back! They're literally mini versions of you!"

Jennie dropped her head back dramatically. "Because you spoil them too much!" she complained. "They're afraid of me for like—two minutes. Two! Then boom—they run to you like you're some celebrity."

Lisa puffed her chest out proudly. "They're Dada's girls. They love me more than you—sorry, not sorry, my jealous wife!"

Jennie slowly turned her head, squinting at Lisa like she was personally offended.
"Oh, I'm jealous. Very jealous," she said flatly. "You're paying way more attention to them than me. Excuse you? I need your love too, Dada. I'm still here, you know. Living. Breathing. Loving you." She pointed at herself dramatically. "And hello? I'm literally your first girl. Don't forget that. Right after your mom, it was me, remember? I was there first, before anyone else even had a chance."

Lisa paused, then tilted her head, clearly amused. "Wow," she said, smirking.

"That was... passionate," Lisa said with a teasing grin. "But sorry, not sorry, Nini—you're not my first love," she added, laughing softly. "Hehehe."

Jennie immediately crossed her arms, her lips turning into a pout. "I'm serious," she said, eyes narrowing a little. "Don't laugh. I'm actually serious right now. You can't just say that and expect me not to react."

Lisa chuckled and stepped closer, clearly amused but gentle, lowering her voice. "You're really jealous of our kids," she teased, reaching out to poke Jennie's arm lightly. "I can see it all over your face. But listen—yeah, they came first in a different way, but you? You're my last. My forever. The one I chose and keep choosing every single day."

"Yes," Jennie replied immediately, lifting her chin. "And I'm not ashamed."

Lisa laughed, shaking her head. "You're unbelievable."

Jennie pouted. "I carried them. I carried you emotionally. I deserve attention."

Lisa leaned down, voice teasing. "Don't worry," she murmured, smirk widening. "I'm all yours at night, Nini."

Jennie's eyes narrowed. "That's not the reassurance you think it is."

Lisa laughed even harder. "Relax. You're still my favorite."

Jennie huffed. "...You better mean that."

Lisa kissed her forehead. "Always."

Dr. Seulgi nearly choked on her laugh, covering her mouth.

"Oh my gosh... you two are impossible," she said, shaking her head.

"Yah, right," Lisa shot back, grinning playfully.

Jennie rolled her eyes dramatically. "Sure... until another set decides to pop out again. They might have nannies and our parents around, but ultimately, they're our responsibility. And at least boys might respect me someday, instead of glaring back like tiny bosses."

Lisa laughed, adjusting both babies carefully. "We don't have a choice. They got your attitude—tenfold. That glare and those eye-rolls? Hereditary. From you Mommy Nini."

Jennie glared at her—of course—but the corner of her lips betrayed her, curving upward. "You're impossible, Dada."

"Guilty as charged," Lisa chuckled, reaching over to fix Jennie's messy hair. "But look at them... Lyla and Jasmin. Our ruckus princesses. They're perfect."

Jennie let out a soft sigh, her eyes lingering on their newborns, taking in every tiny feature and movement. Then her gaze drifted toward the hospital window, where the other five girls were practically glued to the glass, their little faces full of excitement. Their parents stood behind them, smiling and laughing, while Rosé and Jisoo waved energetically, joining in the commotion. She could hear the girls' excited shouts carrying through, "Mommy, is it another baby?!" Their enthusiasm was contagious, and Jennie couldn't help but smile despite the exhaustion tugging at her.

"Perfect..." Jennie muttered. "But still, I want your attention, Dada. Not just theirs. Don't forget me."

Lisa leaned in closer, her fingers gently brushing through Jennie's hair with a tenderness that made her heart melt. "Nini... you've got me," she said softly, her voice full of warmth. "Always. No matter what. Even when our daughters decide to form their little girl gang just to gang up on us. Even when we're buried under a mountain of diapers and endless baby chaos. Even when they give you those death glares—which, let's be honest, they clearly picked up from you."

She smiled, nudging Jennie playfully with her shoulder. "Through all the chaos, the noise, and the mess, I'm right here. You don't have to face any of it alone. Ever."

Jennie scoffed. "I hate you."

Lisa kissed her forehead softly. "No, you don't."

Jennie pouted but smiled anyway. "Yeah... I don't."

Lisa grinned, looking insanely proud. "Good. Because we've got seven daughters now... and you're stuck with me for life."

Jennie groaned loudly, flopping back on the pillow. "God help me."

Lisa whispered smugly, "You love it."

Jennie, despite everything—the chaos, the exhaustion, the curses she wanted to throw at Lisa—couldn't hide the soft smile spreading across her face.

"Yeah... I really do."

—

Even with their crazy parenting schedules, Lisa and Jennie always found a way to steal moments for just the two of them. They left the twins with their parents and slipped away for a little date, sneaking into Lisa's Range Rover.

As soon as the door closed, Jennie leaned over and pressed a soft, lingering kiss against Lisa's lips. Lisa smiled, her hands finding Jennie's waist as they drew closer. "You're impossible," she teased, pulling Jennie into a warm embrace.

They drove for a while until they found a quiet, secluded spot, the kind of place where the world felt like it had paused just for them. Lisa parked, and before they even had a chance to breathe, they were wrapped in each other's arms, laughing and kissing like teenagers.

Lisa lifted Jennie onto the seat, holding her close as their laughter turned into tender touches. Jennie buried her face in Lisa's neck, sighing happily, "I missed this... missed you."

"Me too," Lisa murmured, brushing Jennie's hair back. "We need to do this more often."

Lisa leaned over Jennie, kissing her deeply, her desire obvious. After a moment, she pulled back and helped Jennie slip out of her

clothes, leaving them both in just their underwear.

"Mmm" Jennie moaned as Lisa kissed down her body.

"Lili hurry up and fuck me" Jennie whined

"Ok My queen" Lisa smirked as she went up to Jennie's face kissed me once.

Lisa took out her dick, stroked it a bit and pulled Jennie's panties to the side. Then Lisa slid in carefully.

"LILIII——ahhhhmmm" Jennie moaned as she clenched anything I could reach.

Lisa thrusts got faster to where the car was shaking.

"Lili——!! Fuck" Jennie screamed."

"Scream my name Nini" Lisa moaned as she went harder.

"Oh fuck daddy Lisaaa!!!!" Jennie screamed again.

"A——aaaah Nini" Lisa moaned

"I'm gonna cum, I'm gonna CUM!!! I'M GONNA CUMMMMMM ——!!!!" Jennie screamed
"Me too Nini just wait" Lisa groaned
"Lili!! Fuck——AHHHHHmmmmm!!!" Jennie screamed as she tried to hold in her release.
"Fuck Mom——mmmmy l'm gonna cum too" Lisa said as she came inside of Jennie's pussy. And they came together

"Oh fuck——" Jennie said ahh

"AHHHHHmmmmm——mm"

They really hope nobody saw that from outside. After that they get tired

They spent the evening wrapped up in each other, playful and intimate, feeling that special connection that made every stolen

moment worth it. Eventually, tired but smiling, they leaned against each other, enjoying the quiet after their little adventure, hearts full and hands entwined.

—

And then it finally happened—exactly what they'd wished for.

Three years of sneaking around later, Jennie finally gave birth to a baby boy. They named him Jasper Liam—a little guy with Lisa's face, those chubby cheeks, and that irresistible charm that already screamed "future heartbreaker." Even the nurses couldn't help but comment, "Oh, he's gonna be trouble when he grows up," and Lisa just grinned, nodding like, yep, that's my kid.

The moment Lisa held him, she practically lit up like Christmas. "FINALLY! One boy to carry the Manoban name!" she announced dramatically, lifting Jasper like he was Simba in The Lion King. "Among all these girls, we finally have some male ruckus to balance things out! Thank God!"

Jennie, exhausted, sweaty, and still half-asleep from labor, rolled her eyes so hard it almost hurt—but she still laughed.
"Okay, okay," she said, waving a weak hand. "One boy. ONE. But that's it. No more. Our family is complete, Lisa. Completed. Stamped. Sealed. FINAL."

She pointed at Lisa with what little strength she had left. "If you even think about another one, I will personally haunt you."

Lisa gasped dramatically. "Threats already? He's not even an hour old."

Jennie groaned. "I just pushed a whole human out of my body. Let me threaten in peace."

Lisa chuckled, completely unfazed, and looked down at the baby in her arms, her eyes immediately softening, sparkling.
"Look at him, Nini..." she murmured. "He's perfect."

Jennie peeked at the baby, trying not to smile. Failed. "Don't manipulate me with cuteness."

Lisa smirked. "Too late."

She gently adjusted Jasper in her arms. "He's gonna protect all his noona."

Jennie snorted. "He can't even hold his head up."

Lisa grinned. "He'll learn."

Jennie sighed, sinking back into the pillows. "You're already planning his future."

Lisa leaned over, teasing, "What? Future bodyguard. Big brother duties. It's a calling."

Jennie glared at her. "I swear, if you start saying 'just one more'—"

Lisa laughed, kissing her forehead. "Relax. Final. Stamped. Sealed."

Jennie squinted. "You said that too easily."

Lisa smirked. "Sleep, Nini. You'll need the energy."

Jennie groaned and snorted at the same time. "I married a menace... and now the girls are already planning to boss him around too."

As if on cue, Lily's voice echoed outside the delivery room window. "DADA! MOMMY! IS HE CUTE?! WE WANT TO SEE HIM NOW!"

Jane added, "Tell Mommy she did a great job! But also tell her we want a snack!"

Jennie pressed her palm to her face. "See? They don't even care about me, they want food."

Lisa laughed. "That's your fault, Nini. You raised food addicts."

Jennie jabbed her in the ribs. "I birthed six girls, Lisa. SIX. Let me rest."

Lisa raised an eyebrow. "Actually, seven. Don't forget Jaela."

Jennie's eyes widened dangerously. "Exactly my point! That's why

I'm telling you—WE. ARE. DONE."

Lisa smirked like she knew more than she should. "You know how we work, Nini. One more twin might sneak in."

Jennie shot her the ultimate death glare. "Lisa... if you even think about blinking at me wrong, I SWEAR—"

Lisa burst out laughing, almost doubling over while holding Jasper carefully. "Relax, Mommy! I'm kidding! No more twin jokes! At least not today."

Jennie pouted, crossing her arms weakly. "I mean it. No more. My uterus has retired. It's filing for early termination."

Lisa sat beside her, placing Jasper on her chest gently. "Hey... hey. Come here."

Jennie's face softened instantly as she looked down at her tiny son.

Lisa brushed Jennie's hair back and whispered, "I just want you to survive breakfast without yelling at me. That's all."

Jennie snorted. "Impossible. You never listen during breakfast."

Lisa kissed her cheek. "Then I'll listen during lunch."

Jennie rolled her eyes but smiled tiredly. "Idiot."

Lisa smirked. "Your idiot."

Jennie looked down at Jasper again, her expression melting into pure warmth. "Okay... this one's really cute. Fine. ONE boy."

Lisa wrapped an arm around her. "One boy... and seven little queens. Our family is crazy, but I love it."

Jennie sighed dramatically. "It's insane. Loud. Chaotic. Exhausting... but yeah. I love it too."

From outside, one of the girls yelled again:
"CAN WE HOLD HIM FIRST?! MOMMY HELD HIM FOR NINE

MONTHS AND THAT'S UNFAIR!"

Jennie groaned. "And the ruckus begins."

Lisa laughed proudly. "Welcome to being the only boy, Jasper. Good luck."

And Jennie couldn't help but laugh too—because even though she was tired, overwhelmed, and swearing she'd never give birth again... she was happy. Their little boy completed their chaotic, love-filled world.

—

They still did their little "sneak-out dates" whenever they could, escaping the kids and pretending they were still just two girlfriends sneaking around. And somehow, Jennie always forgot that she "hated" Lisa for knocking her up in the first place — especially whenever Lisa showed up in one of her stupidly hot suits. Jennie always complained, but everyone knew she melted inside.

They checked into a luxury hotel with a full view of Namsan Tower and the Han River. The room was massive—huge windows, an oversized bed, and a bathroom so ridiculously big it looked like it was made for some very serious romantic moments.

"I'm gonna shower first," Lisa said, already loosening her tie.

Jennie only hummed, pretending she wasn't staring at her wife like she was about to commit a crime.

She tried to sit on the bed and behave. Tried. But then she heard the water running, imagined Lisa under it, and yeah... self-control? Gone.

Jennie slipped into the bathroom. The door wasn't even closed properly — classic Lisa. She saw Lisa's silhouette behind the fogged-up glass, and without hesitation she stripped and stepped in.

Lisa turned, surprised for one second before that smug little smile appeared. Jennie rolled her eyes and kissed her first just to shut her up.

The kiss got heated fast, water running down both of them as Lisa held her close. Jennie felt her knees weaken when Lisa kissed down her neck — stupid woman always knew her weak spots — and she gripped Lisa's shoulders just to steady herself. Lisa loved that.

After a long moment, Lisa pulled back slightly, brushing Jennie's cheek.

"You okay with this?" she asked softly, even though they'd been married forever. That was something Jennie loved about her. Respect first. Mischief second.

Jennie nodded, already breathless.
Lisa smirked, lifted her by the waist effortlessly, and Jennie wrapped her legs around her.

The city lights behind them glowed through the glass, making everything feel a little unreal, like they were characters in one of those late-night K-dramas adults definitely shouldn't watch at work.

Jennie didn't even try to stay quiet — different from home where she always had to bury her face in a pillow so the kids wouldn't hear. Here? No kids. No problem.

"Lili, baby... please," Jennie whispered, clinging to her, her voice shaking. "Fuck me. Go faster. I want you deeper, harder. Please... please... please..."

Lisa let out a breathless laugh, her forehead dropping forward as she smirked. "Bossy," she teased, clearly loving every second of it.

Without any warning, Lisa slammed into Jennie, jolting her forward against the cool counter. She pulled back just as quickly before driving into her again, over and over, somehow hitting places Jennie didn't even know she had. Lisa was relentless, her movements rough and unyielding, her thighs smacking against Jennie's backside as her hands gripped Jennie's hips hard enough to leave bruises by morning. Jennie barely had time to catch her breath, only managing to pant out Lisa's name between broken, breathy curses.

"Lalisaaaadaddyyyyy—aHHHHHmmmmmfuckkkkkkkk"

Lisa slid her hand off Jennie's hip and tangled it into her hair, tugging just enough to make Jennie lift her head and meet their eyes in the reflection.

Lisa bit down on her bottom lip as her hips moved in a slow, looping rhythm, finding places Jennie didn't even know existed, leaving her completely breathless.

Jennie's mouth fell open as she moaned, the sight of their reflections only turning her on even more. It felt primal, almost animalistic—nothing but raw lust and desire rushing through their bodies. She arched her back when she felt that familiar heat build, the fire inside her getting ready to explode.

Her eyes locked with Lisa's, neither of them looking away as the wave finally hit. It tore through Jennie, leaving her gripping the edge of the counter so hard her knuckles turned white. She watched Lisa watching her in the reflection, watched herself come undone beneath her, completely overwhelmed and unguarded.

Lisa's eyes grew heavy as her movements started to lose their rhythm, her thrusts turning messy and desperate. Low, unfiltered words slipped from her lips as she tightened her grip—one hand firm on Jennie's hip, the other tangled in Jennie's hair. She held on like that as the wave finally crashed over her, her body shuddering as she let it take over, staying right there with Jennie as she came undone too.

When it was over, Lisa collapsed forward, her sweaty body draping over Jennie's, their skin warm and sticking together as they both struggled to catch their breath. For a few quiet seconds, there was nothing but heavy breathing and racing hearts. Then Lisa slowly lifted her head, and their eyes met again in the mirror. They shared the same knowing look, the same smug, satisfied smirk curling on their lips, like they both knew exactly what they had just done to each other—and loved every second of it.

"I have to say, Nini... I love watching us fuck," Lisa whispered in Jennie's ear, a sly, mischievous smile tugging at her lips. She pulled

back just enough to catch Jennie's gaze, then took her hand and led her toward the huge bed. With a playful glint in her eye, Lisa gave Jennie a gentle toss onto the mattress, making it look like she weighed nothing at all, and laughed softly at how effortlessly she fell.

Jennie let out a squeak mixed with laughter, reaching up to tug Lisa down beside her.
"My turn," she said, sliding onto Lisa's lap with that mischievous smirk Lisa could never resist.

"Alright, mommy," Lisa teased back, both of them laughing together, the sound filling the room as their playful game continued.

The teasing, the kissing, the heat—it all melted together until they were just a tangled mess of giggles and breathless whispers. Two people who'd been together for years but still acted like newlyweds on their secret little dates. For a moment, they could forget about the eight kids waiting at home, the chaos and noise, and just let themselves rest. They knew the kids were safe with their parents, cared for and out of the way, giving Jennie and Lisa a rare moment to simply be together without the ruckus.

Their noses were pressed against each other as Lisa slowly moved the blunt tip of her cock through Jennie's wet folds, their hot breath mingling as their breathing got heavier.

"Ready?" lisa asked quietly. Jennie nodded. Lisa pushed the first couple inches into her, feeling Jennie's stretch around her as she gasped and moaned beneath Lisa. The urge to start pounding into her was strong but Lisa continued to go slow, waiting to let her pussy adjust to her size as she pushed the rest of her length into Jennie. Jennie moaned loudly when Lisa finally reached the hilt, their hips resting against each other.

"How do you feel?" Lisa asked her. She gasped and panted a reply.

"So good. I feel so full." Jennie scratched her nails down Lisa's back, making her groan against Jennie's neck. "How does it feel for you?"

"Fucking incredible, Nini," Lisa moaned as she began rocking herself into Jennie slowly. "You're so tight and wet and warm. God, your pussy feels so good."

Lisa was claiming Jennie as her own, holding her close like she belonged to no one else but her. Every look, every touch, was a quiet promise—Jennie was hers, completely and utterly, and Lisa wouldn't have it any other way. Her hips started thrusting her thick cock into Jennie deeper and faster, only being more spurred on by the loud moans that were nearly screams. Lisa's name fell from her full lips like a prayer as she rocked into her, Jennie's fingernails scratching bright red marks into Lisa's back that she wear like a badge of honor.

Jennie's back arched and her legs shook, a string of obscenities falling from her mouth as another orgasm took over her body. Lisa felt herself nearing the edge at the feeling of her already tight walls contracting even more around her.

"I'm close, Nini," Lisa grunted. "Should I pull out?"

"No," she sternly replied, wrapping her legs around her waist to lock Lisa into place. "I want it all inside me, please. I need it."

"Fuck!" Lisa groaned loudly against her neck, her hips stilling as she pumped her seed into her.
They collapsed into a sweaty mess of naked limbs on the bed, both of them staring at each other with dreamy eyes full of lust and love and awe.

"Holy shit!!!," Jennie sighed, leaning into the warmth between them, her breath soft and shaky., feeling Lisa's cum drip out of her. "That... was magic," Jennie whispered, her chest rising and falling as she pressed closer.

"Wow... that was intense."

By the end, they were both completely exhausted, tangled up together on the bed, bodies pressed close. Their hair was still damp from the shower, clinging to their skin, and their cheeks glowed with warmth. Breaths came in slow, uneven waves as they held

onto each other, hearts still racing, savoring the quiet intimacy of just being together after everything.

Jennie nuzzled her face into Lisa's chest, her eyelids already heavy as sleep began to take over.
"Tomorrow... chaos again," she mumbled, her voice soft and muffled against Lisa's shirt.

Lisa let out a tired chuckle, pressing a gentle kiss to the top of her head. "With our kids? Always," she replied, her hand lazily stroking Jennie's hair as she felt the steady rise and fall of her breathing.

They stayed like that for a while, wrapped up in each other's warmth, letting the quiet settle around them. The world outside—the noise, the mess, the endless responsibilities—could wait until morning. For now, it was just the two of them, peaceful, content, and holding onto each other, ready to face whatever the next day would bring.

—

And of course — with Lisa's irresistible charm, her little mischievous streaks, and Jennie's endless jealousy — things always ended up messy in their own way. Jennie would huff and complain nonstop, pretending to be annoyed, but everyone who knew them could see how she actually melted every single time. Lisa knew every one of her little weaknesses, and those secret, stolen moments they shared? Yeah... no one was ever fooled. The way they looked at each other, the way they laughed and teased, it was obvious to anyone paying attention that they belonged completely to one another.

And in true chaotic Manoban fashion, about a year later, Jennie burst into their bedroom like a woman on a mission, brandishing a pregnancy test kit like it was some kind of weapon of mass destruction. Her hair was slightly mussed, her cheeks flushed from whatever sprint she'd made through the house, and her eyes were wide with a mix of disbelief and panic.

Before Lisa could even get a word out, Jennie flung the test at her.

Lisa yelped, ducking instinctively. "YA! Are you trying to kill me?!"

Jennie planted her hands on her hips, chest heaving as if she'd just finished a marathon. "LISA... I CAN'T—ARE WE REALLY DOING THIS AGAIN?!" she groaned, collapsing dramatically onto the bed like she was auditioning for a soap opera. "I swear, my uterus is officially suing you!"

Lisa couldn't stop herself from laughing, crawling over to sit beside her and tucking a loose strand of Jennie's hair behind her ear. "Hey, hey... calm down, Nini. Whatever it is, we'll handle it together. Like always."

Jennie let out a long, exaggerated sigh, letting her hand soften into Lisa's for a brief second... before smacking Lisa's arm a few times in pure exasperation.

"YA! Nini! Stop hitting me! Domestic violence!" Lisa cried, laughing and raising her hands defensively.

"I SWEAR, LALISA MANOBAN! I'm turning into a baby-making machine because of you! AND YOU LOVE IT! I hate you!" Jennie shouted, still flailing.

Lisa grabbed her hands to hold them still, laughing despite the playful assault. "Ouch! Only your babies, my love. Always yours. And don't pretend you don't secretly love our huge, messy, chaotic, wonderful family."

Jennie rolled her eyes so hard they nearly spun out of her head. "I DON'T LOVE IT. I hated it the second I saw that test! I AM NOT A FACTORY, LALISA!"

Lisa smirked, leaning closer, her eyes sparkling with mischief. "Factory? Nini... you're more like the cutest, most productive little baby production line I've ever seen."

Jennie gasped dramatically, throwing her hands in the air. "OH MY GOD—YOU ARE IMPOSSIBLE. I officially hate you."

Of course, she couldn't keep up the dramatic act forever. Sometimes, Jennie just... lost to Lisa.

Lisa leaned in, brushing her lips against Jennie's temple with a teasing wink. "Guilty as charged. But think about it... one more little troublemaker—or maybe even twins."

Jennie's eyes went wide as if she'd seen a ghost. "DON'T EVEN SAY THE WORD TWIN! Don't you dare manifest that!"

Lisa laughed, smug and playful, nudging her shoulder. "What? Twins are adorable! Double the giggles, double the hugs!"

Jennie slapped a pillow over her face, muffling a groan. "Exciting?! I've got seven daughters and one son bouncing off the walls, a wife bribing them with snacks like she's running a mini supermarket, and NOW—ANOTHER BABY?! YOU are literally the reason I'm aging faster than normal!"

Lisa laughed so hard she almost toppled off the bed. "You have me, Nini. That's the gift... and the curse."

Jennie groaned, flopping back dramatically. "Curse. CURSE! You and your... strong sperm! Don't even look at me like that!"

Lisa bit her lip, leaning closer to tease her. "Nini... I'm just really fertile."

Jennie screamed into the pillow. "STOP TALKING!"

Lisa wrapped her arms around her from behind, pulling her close, letting her warmth press against Jennie's back. "I love you."

Jennie jabbed a finger at her shoulder. "Love me from a distance. Your love is dangerous."

Lisa pressed a soft kiss to her cheek. "You love the danger."

Jennie mumbled, just quietly enough for Lisa to hear, "Unfortunately..."

Lisa grinned, her voice low and playful. "So... baby number nine?"

Jennie groaned, narrowing her eyes. "I swear, Lalisa, if twins come out again, I'm throwing YOU in the delivery room bed next time."

Lisa winked. "Worth it."

Jennie threw her hands in the air in defeat. "Ugh. I hate you so much."

Lisa hugged her tightly from behind, smirking. "No, you don't."

Jennie sighed, finally giving in, a faint smile tugging at her lips. "...Yeah. I don't."

———

And, of course, Lisa's "manifestation" had come true—it was twins.

When Jennie found out, she went full-on dramatic mode, pacing their bedroom like a tiny hurricane, fists swinging, and occasionally "hitting" Lisa in mock rage.

"LALISA! TWINS AGAIN?! Are you kidding me?!" she shrieked, flinging a pillow at Lisa. "This is impossible! This is—THIS IS UNBELIEVABLE! Your sperm... it's cheating! I only had two single babies... but FOUR sets of twins?! WHAT KIND OF BLACK MAGIC IS THIS?!"

Lisa ducked, laughing, and shook her head. "Nini... science is on my side. And apparently, super-strong Manoban sperm."

Jennie spun, hands on her hips. "SUPER-STRONG? STRONG?! Lisa, I feel like I'm carrying a small football team in here! And my hormones... my moods... my cravings... I'm moody, hungry, angry, crying, and don't even think about joking about it!"

Lisa smirked, teasing, brushing a strand of hair behind Jennie's ear. "Oh, come on, Nini. You secretly love my teasing. Admit it. You're enjoying the chaos as much as I am."

Jennie shot a glare—but it barely masked the twitch of her lips. "Secretly? I HATE it. I hate these mood swings. And I just cried because my ice cream melted. I HATE EVERYTHING!"

Lisa laughed, hugging her close. "Everything except me, right?"

Jennie sighed, resting her head on Lisa's shoulder. "I suppose... except you."

———

Over the next few months, life became a whirlwind of cravings, naps, and mood swings—but also quiet, intimate moments just for them.

Some days, Jennie would collapse onto the couch, exhausted, and Lisa would curl around her, rubbing her back and pressing little kisses into her hair while whispering jokes to make her laugh. Other times, Lisa would sneak in a midnight snack for them both, making Jennie giggle even through her crankiness.

"Lisa, I cannot eat pickles dipped in chocolate!" Jennie groaned one afternoon, glaring while flopped across the couch.

"I do," Lisa said with a mischievous grin. "For the adventurous Mommy Nini."

"Adventurous? I'm carrying twins, TWO BABIES. I'm dying here, and you're experimenting with my taste buds. Evil," Jennie pouted.

Lisa laughed and pressed a gentle kiss to her temple. "Totally evil. But worth it. Every second of this chaos is perfect—especially when it's with you."

Some days, their playful bickering would turn into cuddles, with Jennie resting her head on Lisa's chest and Lisa stroking her hair, listening to the little kicks and rolls inside her belly.

Other times, they would laugh over Jennie's dramatic reactions to cravings, her mood swings, or the random lists of ridiculous baby names Lisa would suggest just to see her mock outrage.

"Lisa, who even thinks of this name?" Jennie demanded one night, pointing at the list.

"I do," Lisa said innocently, draping herself over Jennie. "For the adventurous Mommy Nini."

Jennie groaned, a smile breaking through. "Adventurous? I'm carrying twins! I'm exhausted! And you're evil."

Lisa kissed her forehead again. "Evil, yes. But completely in love with you. And documenting it all, too. Every meltdown, every craving, every dramatic sigh—you're my favorite chaos."

Jennie rolled her eyes dramatically but let out a small laugh. "Just survive my midnight ice cream demands and sudden yelling fits, and you're fine."

"I'm a pro," Lisa said, holding her hand tight. "Been through it before, my dramatic, pregnant queen. Still, I'll take notes... just in case."

And through it all—through the chaos, the cravings, the laughter, and the tears—they clung to each other. Exhausted, messy, dramatic, and entirely in love. The twins would come eventually, but for now, it was just them, their little private world of chaos, comfort, and secret, endless affection.

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The weeks flew by, and life in the Manoban household had officially reached peak chaos. With eight kids running around, the house sounded more like a daycare than a home. Toys were scattered across every room, socks were mysteriously disappearing, and every time Jennie tried to sit down, one of the younger ones would climb into her lap, claiming they needed comfort—or just wanted to boss her around.

"Mommy! Mommy! Watch this!" one of the twins yelled, holding up a precariously stacked tower of blocks.

Jennie groaned, carefully adjusting herself on the couch to avoid squishing anyone. "I swear, if that falls..."

"Don't worry, Nini," Lisa interrupted with a grin, brushing past Jennie to catch the toppling tower before disaster struck. "I got it. You focus on not breaking your back carrying twins-in-training."

Jennie shot her a glare, though it was softened by a tired smile. "I'm

literally carrying twins-in-training. And you're just lounging there, making jokes, like usual."

"I am helping you," Lisa said, wiggling her eyebrows. "By keeping you entertained. Someone has to appreciate your dramatic flair every day."

Jennie rolled her eyes but laughed, letting herself sink into Lisa's side as she attempted to rest. "I don't know how you do this, Lili. I can barely move without someone needing me, and my mood swings are... legendary right now. I swear, one wrong word and I'll start crying because—oh, I don't know—someone touched my ice cream."

Lisa chuckled, leaning down to press a soft kiss to Jennie's temple. "That's why I'm here. To survive the ice cream meltdowns, the random mood swings, the endless laundry... and still love you at the end of the day."

Jennie huffed dramatically but nuzzled closer anyway. "You are too good to me, you know that?"

"And don't you forget it," Lisa whispered, brushing a strand of hair from Jennie's face. "Besides, the kids are learning from the best. Chaos is basically our family business at this point."

"Speaking of chaos," Jennie said, wincing as one of the older kids barreled past her, nearly toppling the lamp. "I can't wait for these little ones to arrive. Then maybe... just maybe... I can sit down without someone using me as a jungle gym."

Lisa laughed, gripping Jennie's hand. "Oh, you'll get your chance... eventually. But until then, I get to watch my favorite drama queen handle everything with her signature flair."

Jennie smirked, though she leaned into Lisa's side for comfort. "Flair, huh? That's one way to put it."

Lisa's eyes softened as she tucked Jennie's hair behind her ear. "Seriously though... you're amazing, Nini. Every single day, you're amazing. And I know you're going to handle these twins just like

you've handled everything else—like a queen. With a little help from me, of course."

"I may need a lot of help," Jennie admitted, letting out a tired laugh. "I swear, if one more kid climbs into my lap right now, I might lose it."

"Then I'll be right here to catch you," Lisa said softly, pressing a kiss to Jennie's forehead again. "And when the twins finally arrive, it's still you and me. All the chaos, all the mess... we handle it together."

Jennie smiled, letting herself relax for a moment, the tension of the house and pregnancy momentarily melting away. "I suppose... but you owe me, Lili. After this, you're handling at least half the diaper explosions."

Lisa laughed, playful and loving as ever. "Deal. But only if you promise to still let me sneak in kisses during your dramatic moments."

Jennie groaned but couldn't help laughing, bumping her shoulder against Lisa's. "Fine... but only because I love you, you know that?"

"I know," Lisa said, smirking, pulling Jennie close as the chaos of the house swirled around them. "And I love you too... every messy, dramatic, loud, beautiful second of it."

And with that, amidst the laughter, the spilled toys, and the constant shouting of their kids, Jennie and Lisa found a rare moment of peace—just the two of them, ready for whatever the next chapter of their wild, messy, beautiful life would bring.

———

A few months later, their last set of twins—and Jennie's official final pregnancy—finally arrived. By this point, they already knew the genders and had picked the names: Levi and Jace. Honestly, they felt so lucky this time. Finally, some balance in the house—boys! It meant Liam wasn't the only one surrounded by a sea of seven chaotic, noisy little princesses anymore.

For Jennie, it was definitely the final stretch, the last time her body would go through the madness of pregnancy. She was exhausted but also relieved, knowing this chapter was closing.

But for Lisa, babies were always pure blessings from God, no matter how messy, loud, or mischievous they were. She couldn't help it—every single one of them had her whole heart, and she loved them fiercely, from the tiniest finger to the biggest tantrum. Watching their little family grow, seeing Jennie cradle the twins, Lisa felt a mix of awe, gratitude, and that familiar, unstoppable warmth that came from knowing they had built this crazy, perfect life together.

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Jennie, on the other hand, let out a low groan with each contraction, caught somewhere between pain and disbelief. She couldn't help but feel a little amused at the whole situation, shaking her head slightly as if to say, *I can't believe this is happening again* , even as her body tensed with every wave.

"LALISA... I swear... this is the last time! You're officially turning me into a baby factory! Ten is enough—I don't need a whole soccer team!"

Lisa smiled, squeezing her hand and brushing sweat from Jennie's forehead. "Relax, Nini. This time we'll be calm. You've done this eight times before—you're basically a labor pro at this point."

The labor this time was slower, calmer, almost peaceful compared to the chaos of the past. The room felt quieter, the air stiller, and for a moment, it almost seemed serene. But for Jennie, calm didn't mean it was any easier. Each contraction still slammed into her like a tidal wave, making her grit her teeth and let out a string of muttered curses between deep, shaky breaths. Lisa stayed close, offering quiet reassurances and steady hands, but even with her there, Jennie felt every surge and every ache as if it were all hers alone to bear.

"You see what you've done, Lalisa?" Jennie groaned, her body trembling as another contraction hit, tears streaming down her cheeks. "Ten kids... ALL because of your evil charm and evil sperm!"

Lisa chuckled softly, brushing damp strands of hair from Jennie's face before pressing a gentle kiss to her sweaty forehead. "Only your kids, Nini," she murmured, her voice warm but teasing. "And I wouldn't have it any other way. You're incredible."

She squeezed Jennie's hand tightly, eyes flicking with concern as she watched her wife tense and breathe through another wave of pain. "Breathe for me, yeah? You're doing amazing... even if you do make me feel guilty for every single one of them." Lisa smirked, trying to lighten the tension, "Seriously, do you have to be this stubbornly perfect at everything, including labor?"

Jennie managed a shaky laugh between groans, and Lisa leaned closer, murmuring encouragements and playful teases, making sure Jennie knew she was right there with her—through every painful, exhausting, miraculous moment.

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Hours passed, and Jennie pushed with everything she had, her arms gripping Lisa's hands so tightly they left marks. Sweat plastered her hair to her forehead, and each breath came in ragged gasps. She whimpered, groaned, and cried out, "Ahhh—ugh! It hurts so much!"—but she was determined, pushing through every wave of pain.

Finally, after almost an hour of pushing for the first baby, Levi emerged with a loud, healthy cry. Jennie collapsed back onto the bed, completely spent, panting, tears of relief and exhaustion streaming down her face. Lisa held him close, brushing her hair from Jennie's forehead.

"Look at him... he's all mine," Lisa whispered with a proud grin. Levi's tiny features were a total copy of her—his mischievous little nose, big round eyes, and that curious look already forming on his face. Lisa carefully cut Levi's cord, her hands steady and gentle.

Jennie barely had a moment to breathe. Her chest was still heaving, her body trembling from pushing out Levi when the contractions surged again—harder, sharper, almost angry.

"Already?!" Jennie cried, grabbing Lisa's arm. "Give me... five minutes to live, please!"

But Doctor Seulgi were already guiding her.

"Alright, Jennie, one more baby and push. You've got this," she said, cheering her on.

Jennie groaned like her soul was leaving her body. The next twenty minutes felt like the longest of her life. Every push burned through her, her nails digging into Lisa's hand as she screamed through the pain. Tears streamed down her cheeks, not just from the physical pain but from exhaustion piling on top of everything she'd already endured.

"Lisa... I'm gonna rip your hair out after this!" Jennie cried as another contraction hit.

Lisa kissed her temple, whispering, "You're doing amazing, Nini. Just a little more. I'm right here."

Finally—after one last, desperate, painful push—"Ahhhhhh—mmmmm!!" she groaned, the sound tearing from her in a mix of pain and strain, her body tensing with every pulse.—Jace slid into the world with a loud, sharp wail that echoed through the room.

Jennie's tears only grew louder, her body shaking from the intensity. But the moment she heard that cry... her exhaustion softened into awe. Relief. Love. Everything at once.

Lisa gently handed baby Jace to her, and Jennie pulled him close despite trembling arms. Tears rolled down her face as she studied him.

Jace had Jennie's soft mandu cheeks, her delicate lips, and those tiny feline eyes that opened immediately—already glaring at the world like a miniature CEO.

Jennie sniffled, giving a small, tired smile. "He's... he's mine. He looks like me, Lili—a little boy version of me."

Lisa brushed a kiss on her forehead. "He does. He's perfect... just

like you."

"They're... they're perfect," Jennie whispered, shaking her head in awe. "Levi... yours—a little version of you. And Jace... mine. My boys."

Lisa carefully cut the cord of their second baby, her hands steady even though her heart was racing. Then she lifted both tiny boys, holding them close before leaning down to press her forehead gently against Jennie's in a soft, intimate moment.

"All right... Levi and Jace," she murmured with a big grin. "Welcome to the ruckus circus of the Manoban family."

Jennie, completely drained but smiling through her tears, leaned back and whispered, "Dada... I did it. We did it. I can't believe... ten kids."

Lisa kissed her temple. "We survived. And they're perfect, just like you."

Jennie laughed softly through exhaustion. "I hate you... but I love you. And them. God... ten is enough."

Lisa hugged her tightly, smiling. "Agreed, Nini. But just look at them—worth every single second of chaos and pain."

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Jennie leaned back, completely exhausted but glowing in that post-labor haze. "You know what, Dada? Ten is enough. Ten. No more.. I don't care how clingy or jealous I get... or how ridiculously hot you are... ten is plenty to drive us crazy for life."

Lisa laughed, pulling her close and wrapping her arms around her and the twins. "Agreed. And we survived every single one. I'm proud of us... and I'm so proud of you, Nini. Thank you for giving me our kids—they're honestly the cutest ever."

Jennie shook her head, letting out a tired, exasperated groan as she sank back against the pillows. "Next time... well... you know... we'll actually use protection," she said, managing a weak, humor-tinged

smile. "Your sperm is too strong, Dada Lili. I swear, we are officially done with the ruckus factory." She pressed a hand to her forehead, letting out a long, dramatic sigh. "I mean, ten kids... TEN! Who even needs that many alarm clocks and tiny humans running around?"

Lisa reached over, brushing a strand of sweat-damp hair from Jennie's face, laughing softly despite the exhaustion that clung to both of them. "Sure, Mommy Nini... no more ruckus," she teased, her voice full of warmth. "But you know, I can't help loving you for all of it. Every last messy, noisy, chaotic second—you, me, the kids... it's perfect."

Jennie rolled her eyes but couldn't stop the smile creeping across her face. "Perfect, huh? More like exhausting," she muttered, playfully nudging Lisa with her shoulder. "But... yeah. I wouldn't trade it for anything. Not even for a full night of sleep."

Lisa leaned down and pressed a soft kiss to her temple, grinning. "Exactly. And besides, you know I'd never let you take pills just to 'control the chaos.' You're too important to me—I want you healthy, happy, and still able to yell at me when the kids go crazy."

Jennie laughed, letting out a shaky breath. "Fine... fine. But you owe me a week of absolutely zero ruckus. Just... quiet. And maybe chocolate."

Lisa chuckled, tucking Jennie close. "Deal. But don't think this lets you off the hook for loving me through all the chaos."

Jennie snorted, shaking her head. "I wouldn't dream of it, Dada Lili. Never in a million years."

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Jennie rested her head on Lisa's shoulder, letting out a soft, tired sigh. "Remember the old times?" she began, her voice quiet but full of emotion. "I wasn't really into someone like you at first. You weren't my type—before it was your cousin Kai, that tall, mestizo one. But... somehow, your charm got me. You made me weak, Lili, just by being yourself, determined and impossible to resist. When we first got together... that was honestly my happiest time. Everything felt simple, exciting, new."

Her fingers traced absent patterns on Lisa's arm, and her lips curved into a small, nostalgic smile. "And then... when we broke up the first time? Lili, I was so hurt. I hated you. Or at least, I hated what I thought you did. We hurt each other badly. I honestly thought you cheated on me, but it wasn't you. It was my father's plan—my mom told me about the secret later. It hurt so much, but I couldn't stay mad at them. I understood why my dad did it... his resentment toward your family. I love them, but that time... my heart and mind were at war. I even saw things that made me believe you had betrayed me. But deep down, part of me always knew you would never cheat. You're just... a magnet, Lili. All the girls fall for your charm, but not me. I was yours."

She laughed softly through a tear, shaking her head. "And then... we married on paper. Just business. Just to help my mom with her operation, and... to give you heirs. Nothing more, or so I thought." She looked up at Lisa, eyes bright with memory and warmth. "And yet... here we are. Completely, happily exhausted, emotionally

drained at times, running around after ten crazy kids... and somehow, I wouldn't change a single thing. Not one moment. Not one messy, loud, chaotic day. It's all ours, and in its own crazy way, it's perfect."

Lisa smiled softly, leaning down to press a gentle kiss to Jennie's forehead. "You can't resist me, Nini," she teased, her grin mischievous. "Like the other girls... I may not be as white as my cousin, but I'm hotter than him. Pretty, handsome, all in one." They both laughed, and Jennie had to admit... in her heart, it was true.

Lisa's voice softened, sincere and low. "We thought it was the end back then, but we weren't really over each other. Never. And I would fight for us—always, Nini. Always."

Jennie smiled against her shoulder, feeling the weight of years, chaos, and love all wrapped into one. "I know, Lili... and I'd fight for us too. Every single time." She smirked, playful even in her exhaustion. "NOT OVER YOU. Not then, not now, not ever."

Lisa leaned closer, whispering into her ear, "Exactly. Ten kids, a house full of mess, a lifetime of love. We made it through all the chaos of life... together."

Jennie chuckled softly, nudging Lisa with her shoulder. "And you'll survive the next decade of my mood swings, my midnight cravings, and the crying sessions too, right?"

Lisa grinned, brushing Jennie's hair back. "Oh, Nini... I wouldn't miss it for the world. Bring on the chaos. Even when they all gang up on me, even when someone wets the bed or throws a tantrum over broccoli, I'm here."

Jennie laughed, rolling her eyes but snuggling closer. "You're insane. But... I love you. And maybe, just maybe... I secretly love the chaos too."

Lisa kissed her temple, smirking. "I know, Nini. I know. All of it—the laughs, the mess, the chaos... and you."

Jennie sighed, smiling faintly as she looked over their tiny,

wriggling children scattered in the nursery. "Do you remember the first time Lily tried to climb out of her crib? Or when Jane cried because Luna stole her toy? Or when Jasper hid in the pantry just to scare me?"

Lisa laughed, ruffling Jennie's hair. "Oh, I remember. "And don't even get me started on the time Jaela tried to eat crayons and Liam turned poor Kuma into a jungle gym."

Jennie groaned, dramatically flopping her face onto Lisa's shoulder. "I swear... if we survive this, we deserve an award. Like, a gold medal for parents of the year or something."

Lisa laughed, tightening her arms around her. "We do. But honestly... I wouldn't trade a single second of it. Even the chaos. Even the sleep deprivation. Especially... you."

Jennie lifted her head slightly, squinting at Lisa. "You always say that."

Lisa smirked, brushing a loose strand of hair from Jennie's face. "Because it's true. Admit it—you secretly love all the madness."

Jennie huffed, rolling her eyes. "Secretly? I hate it. Mostly."

Lisa laughed softly, nudging her playfully. "Mostly? So... there's some part of you enjoying it? The part that gets all flustered when I tease you?"

Jennie groaned again, burying her face back into Lisa's shoulder. "You're impossible."

"And you love it," Lisa whispered, pressing a gentle kiss to her temple.

Jennie peeked up at her, narrowing her eyes. "I do not."

Lisa grinned mischievously. "Uh-huh. Sure. Keep telling yourself that, Nini."

Jennie pushed lightly against Lisa, but a small smile tugged at her lips. "Fine. Maybe I like it a little. Just... a little."

Lisa laughed, hugging her even tighter. "I'll take it. That's all I need. You, me, and our little crazy circus. And maybe, maybe we'll actually survive the next week."

Jennie snorted. "With your optimism? Highly doubtful."

Lisa smirked, brushing her nose against Jennie's. "Oh, come on... admit it. You love being stuck with me."

Jennie groaned again—but this time it came with a soft laugh. "Yeah... yeah, I guess I do."

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And in the Manoban mansion, ten kids later, life was pure chaos—and they wouldn't have it any other way. Toys were scattered across every room, tiny shoes abandoned in hallways like breadcrumbs, and blankets draped over chairs had turned into elaborate forts, castles, or impromptu obstacle courses. Laughter, chatter, and the occasional dramatic squeal bounced off the walls, mixing with the sounds of tiny feet running, a toddler calling for Dada, and someone inevitably crying over a lost toy. Silence was a myth here; peace was a rare guest—but somehow, that was exactly how they liked it.

Every corner of the mansion told a story. Crayons scribbled on tables, building blocks teetered in towers that would inevitably collapse, and stuffed animals claimed spots on couches, beds, and kitchen counters alike. But despite the mess, the noise, and the unpredictable chaos, the house breathed life and warmth. It wasn't perfect in the picture-book sense—but it was perfect for them. Truly home.

Lisa remained the calm anchor in the storm, the ever-patient Dada who could soothe a tantrum, chase down a runaway puppy, and negotiate disputes over toys all in the same breath. Her presence was steady, grounding, and somehow magical—because no matter how loud it got, the children felt safe and loved under her watch. Jennie, on the other hand, was a force of nature: fierce, loving, and unafraid to lay down the law. Her hugs were as strong as her discipline, and her laughter could cut through the wildest chaos, turning panic into giggles. She was the heart that held the family

together, the one who made sure every kid felt seen, heard, and adored.

Together, Lisa and Jennie navigated this messy, loud, beautiful life with a mix of patience, humor, and endless love. They cheered the small victories—first steps, first words, bedtime battles won—and weathered the storms, big and small, with arms and hearts wide open. They shared quiet mornings with coffee while the kids still slept, stolen kisses in hallways, and loud, silly dances in the kitchen that left them breathless and smiling.

It wasn't always easy, and the house certainly wasn't Instagram-perfect, but every squeal, every mess, every little argument over toys or attention was proof of a life lived fully and joyously. The Manoban mansion may have been chaotic, messy, and loud, but it was theirs—and that was enough. Because in the middle of all the noise, the spilled juice, and the scattered toys, they had everything that mattered: love, laughter, and a family that was perfectly, gloriously theirs.

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The lesson was clear: love isn't perfect at the start. Jennie and Lisa's story proved that in every way. They had walked through lies, misunderstandings, and heartbreak that left scars deeper than they realized. Jennie had even believed Lisa had betrayed her, and that pain had built a wall around her heart, a fortress meant to protect herself from ever getting hurt again. But years passed, and life, with all its twists, brought them back together. That night, when Jennie saw Lisa again, all the anger, all the hurt, all the fears she had nursed for years—they just melted away. Because no matter how much she had tried to bury it, no matter how hard she had tried to convince herself otherwise, her love for Lisa had never really gone away. It had been quietly waiting, tucked deep in her heart, ready to bloom again when the time was right.

And Lisa... well, she had never stopped fighting for Jennie. Every choice she made, every risk she took, was for the woman she loved. Even when it meant pushing boundaries—like using Jennie's mother's illness to move their marriage forward—she didn't hesitate, even knowing it would make Jennie furious. Because for

Lisa, nothing mattered more than Jennie. She had loved her from the very first moment, and no distance, no misunderstanding, no mistake could ever change that. The one who got away? Not really. She had always been right there, just waiting for Jennie to see it too.

Neither of them had ever truly stopped loving the other. Their love was bigger than their mistakes, stronger than their pain, and deeper than the time that had separated them. And when they finally found each other again, it wasn't just relief—it was a quiet, profound joy that filled every corner of their lives.

Together, they built a family, messy and chaotic, but perfect in its own way. Love isn't neat or quiet. It's screaming kids in the middle of the night, spilled milk on freshly cleaned floors, sibling fights that erupt over the smallest things, and endless worries that tug at your heart. It's late nights and early mornings, sleepless hours, and sacrifices you don't even realize you're making. But it's also laughter echoing through a crowded home, tiny hands reaching for yours, and the warmth of someone who knows you completely—and still chooses you anyway.

In the end, they were happy. Really, truly happy. Together, as a family, in a house full of mess, noise, and love. Because that's what love really is: messy, loud, exhausting, but utterly, completely worth it. Every tear, every sleepless night, every hard fight—they had all been worth it for this. For them. For the life they had built together.

—

"NOT OVER YOU, Lili," Jennie murmured softly, brushing her fingers against Lisa's cheek, feeling the warmth of her skin and the steady beat of her heart.

Lisa cupped Jennie's face in her hands, leaning in close. "Never. Not now, not ever. You're stuck with me, Nini. Through the chaos, the mess, the screaming kids... and all of it."

Jennie chuckled softly, her eyes glistening with tears, half from exhaustion, half from love. "I know... and somehow, I wouldn't

trade a single second of it. Even when they're throwing toys at each other, spilling juice everywhere, and waking us up at 3 a.m. for the tenth time this week..."

Lisa laughed softly, leaning in to press her forehead against Jennie's, letting their breaths mingle. "That's exactly what makes it perfect," she said, her voice warm and full of affection. "All of it. You, me... and our crazy, little big family. Every loud, messy, chaotic moment we get—every spilled breakfast, every tantrum, every late-night scramble—it's all ours. And somehow, even in the madness, it's exactly how it's supposed to be."

She brushed a hand gently over Jennie's cheek, smiling into her eyes. "I wouldn't trade a single second, Nini. Not one. Every chaotic, noisy, exhausting moment just makes this... us... more real, more ours."

Jennie sighed, resting her head against Lisa's shoulder. "I used to think love was supposed to be neat and easy. But with you... it's been everything but. And somehow, that's exactly what makes it right. You, me... ten kids... it's exhausting, it's loud, it's insane—but I love it. I love all of it."

Lisa wrapped her arms around Jennie, pulling her close until there was no space between them. "And I love you," she whispered, her voice soft but steady. "Always. Through every tantrum, every spilled glass of milk, every middle-of-the-night cry from our kids... I love you. I love the chaos, the mess, the noise, everything that comes with this life we've built together. You're my home, Nini. Always have been, always will be. No matter what happens, no matter how loud or crazy it gets, this—us—this is where I belong."

Jennie smiled, closing her eyes, letting herself melt into Lisa's embrace. "Then I guess... no matter how crazy life gets, we'll survive it. Together."

Lisa grinned, peeking over Jennie's shoulder at their little whirlwind of children running around the mansion, toys scattered everywhere, laughter and shouts echoing through every corner. "Together. Always."

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And in that lively, chaotic mansion, with ten little feet pounding through the halls, toys strewn across every surface, and laughter bouncing from room to room like music, Lisa and Jennie held each other close. They paused for a moment, just looking around—the mess, the chaos, the scattered shoes and half-built forts—and felt a warmth that went deeper than words. Every corner of the house was alive with their children's energy, with tiny voices calling for attention, giggles spilling out of bedrooms, and the occasional squeal or dramatic protest over a lost toy.

It wasn't quiet. It wasn't calm. And it certainly wasn't tidy. But it was theirs. Every spilled juice, every crayon scribble on the table, every collapsed block tower—they were all reminders of the life they had built together. A life full of love, full of laughter, full of the messiness that comes with raising a family who loved them as fiercely as they loved back.

Lisa squeezed Jennie's hand, her heart swelling at the sight of their children chasing each other across the living room, the tiniest ones clinging to her legs while the older ones argued over a game, and the middle ones sharing secrets that made them giggle uncontrollably. Jennie rested her head on Lisa's shoulder, smiling through the tiredness, the small frustrations, and the beautiful chaos that was their everyday life.

In that moment, surrounded by the noise, the clutter, the cries, and the laughter, they understood something profound: home wasn't a perfectly decorated house or a quiet space. Home was here. Home was the love that filled every corner, the hands that reached for them, the hearts that ran to them no matter what. It was messy, loud, exhausting, and unpredictable—but it was theirs, completely and perfectly theirs.

And as they looked around at their children, at the life they had created together, Lisa and Jennie couldn't help but laugh softly, knowing that this—this loud, messy, beautiful, perfectly imperfect home—was exactly where they were meant to be.

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"Thanks so much for reading my JenLisa fanfic! I really hope you enjoyed all the crazy chaos, the laughs, the drama, and all the little heart-fluttering moments. It means so much to me that you took the time to dive into their messy, chaotic, lovable world. Love you all so much! □ □ "

10,000 words of thanks to all of you!

Thank you so much for reading and loving my story. Being ranked □ #1 in Blackpink, □ #1 in JenLisa, and seeing it in other □ rankings honestly means so much to me. I really, truly appreciate every single one of you. Love you all! □□

Until next time... see you in my next JenLisa story! Please follow me so you'll get updates when I publish new stories soon. I'm starting a new one that was requested by another reader. □□

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